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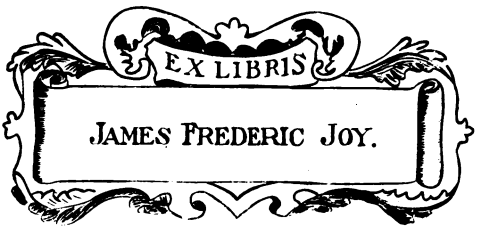
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VOLUME XI

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,
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THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

THE immense advantages to the merchant-commerce of Great Britain with India, and the great additional security for the permanence of English rule in that vast peninsula which must result, were a ship-canal carried through the strip of sand, shingle, and swamp, not more at its narrowest part than about seventy-five miles in width, which separates the Mediterranean from the Red Sea, and popularly known as the Isthmus of Suez, must be apparent to the least observant person. Various plans for effecting this desirable object have been proposed, discussed, and forgotten during the last half-century, and at the first view of the matter it would seem that we are still as far off as ever from its accomplishment. But this, a little reflection will convince us, is by no means the case. Much indispensable preparatory work has during that period been successfully achieved. The chief difficulties, hinderances, and hazards previously believed to be inseparable from the voyage to Bombay or Madras by the Mediterranean and Red Sea have, by the vigilance and sagacity of the Indian and home governments, and the marvellous progress of scientific discovery and invention, been removed or overcome. That highway of the seas is now sentinelled throughout at every pass, save that immediately by Suez, which commands it; and—a matter of perhaps even greater importance—the dangers, uncertainties, and delays, formerly incidental to Red-Sea navigation, no longer exist. A few words will suffice to establish these two propositions.

On glancing at the map, the reader will perceive that there are three points or keys along the overland route, as it is called, from England to Eastern India, which command, and almost, so to speak, shut it in. These

points or keys are Gibraltar, at the entrance of the Mediterranean; Malta, between Sicily and Africa; and Aden, by Bab-el-Mandeb, the Arabian 'Gate of Tears,' at the southern extremity of the Red Sea. Were either of these positions, Malta and Aden more especially, held by hostile forces, it is manifest that, in the event of war, this comparatively short cut to the Indian Ocean would be insecure, if not impracticable. Napoleon Bonaparte well understood this, and it was one of the chief reasons which induced him to declare to Lord Whitworth, previous to the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, that he would rather see the English in possession of the heights of Montmartre than of Malta. It was not before 1839 that the fortress of Aden, which commands the Pass of Bab-el-Mandeb, was by a lucky circumstance, as promptly as audaciously turned to account, taken possession of, and secured by the Anglo-Indian government. In the next place steam has rendered the difficult and dangerous navigation, as it was always held, of the Red Sea, not only practicable during all seasons of the year, but as safe as it is swift and certain. Before that mighty agent of both moral and physical progress had been applied to ship propulsion, it was a common saying amongst nautical men: 'that there were six months in the year when you could not get out, and six months in the year when you could not get into the Red Sea.' There is no doubt something of exaggeration in this saying, although in the main true enough. This long and narrow sea, 1200 miles in length, and so thickly studded with coral-reefs at varying distances from the shore as to render it imperative for vessels of any considerable burthen to keep the clear mid-channel, is swept throughout its entire extent, during the south-west monsoon in the Indian Ocean, by a north-west wind, and during the north-east monsoon by a strong southerly wind. The Red Sea lies between the 12th and 30th degrees of latitude; its main line from Suez to Bab-el-Mandeb is from N.N.W. to S.S.E.; and it is quite plain, therefore, that its navigation by sailing vessels must be always exceedingly slow, if not accommodated to these prevalent and alternating winds. The slight Arab and Egyptian vessels leave the ports of the Red Sea for India during the south-west, and return during the north-east monsoon. Those timid and unskilful sailors, creeping along between the coral-reefs and the shore, and hastily anchoring in some friendly nook, or in the lee of a sheltering highland, at the slightest sign of a gale coming on usually occupy as much time in getting from one extremity of the Arabian Gulf to the other—forty days—as the ancients did. A steamer of fair speed will sweep through in four or five days only, and at any and every season of the year; and thus one main difficulty and hinderance in this route is thoroughly surmounted. Since 1775 the time occupied in the overland journey has been greatly diminished. In that year dispatches were for the first time sent to Bombay from England by the Isthmus of Suez: the winds were favourable, and the task was accomplished in ninety days. Subsequently the distance was traversed in eighty days, and men lifted their hands in astonishment and delight at so wonderful and unexpected a result.

In 1835 a bi-monthly steam mail-service was organised and put in operation, and the British public now, every fortnight, receive letters posted in Bombay only twenty-seven or twenty-eight days previously—a great triumph, it must be admitted, and, as we doubt not, the sign and precursor

of others yet to come. Till the trial, however, made by the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer at the persevering instance of Lieutenant Waghorn—a man to whom travellers to India by the Isthmus of Suez are so much indebted—it was gravely doubted that steam-vessels could be successfully or economically employed in Red-Sea navigation, and a long land-route from Beyrout, on the coast of Syria to the Euphrates and Persian Gulf, including in its devious, but certainly to many attractive line, Balbec, Damascus, and Palmyra, 'Tadmor in the Desert,' was recommended for adoption in preference to the passage over the Isthmus by persons claiming to speak with knowledge and authority. Even Mr Maclaren—whose confidence in the practicability of effecting a sea-way from the Mediterranean to the Arabian Gulf was so complete and unhesitating, that he declared 'it may be safely stated that there is not a spot in the world where a water-communication of equal extent could be made with the same facility, and where human skill would produce so great a change with so small an effort'—only ventured five-and-twenty years ago to suggest 'that were it found practicable to employ steam-power, Bombay might be probably reached in six weeks, the distance being 7200 miles.' When so much has already been accomplished beyond the hopes and expectations of the sanguine and confident, by the union of energy and science, it were surely mere folly to despair of ultimately breaking through the last sole obstacle which impedes the intercourse between Europe and the immense countries skirted by the Arabian and Indian seas.

And this last sole obstacle must—in the paramount interest, much less even of Great Britain than in that of India itself—be broken through. The material interests involved are, there can be no question, enormous—almost incalculable, as regards this country, now that railways and steam-navigation are beginning to open up the vast resources of the great Asian peninsula; but there are other and higher considerations than merely commercial ones, which enforce the necessity of effecting a swift passage for our ships to the Arabian Sea. It is admitted by all just and calmly-reasoning men, that England cannot, dare not, abandon the people of India whom she is slowly but surely rescuing from the impious cruelties of debasing superstitions and the demoralising influences of castes. Under any circumstances, however threatening or adverse, they must be shielded not only from themselves, but from the aggressions of other powers. And to defend effectively and promptly the coasts of India from insult and aggression, a ship-passage through the Isthmus of Suez may be one day indispensable. This is easily demonstrated. The only power which in the present age of the world would be likely to assail Great Britain in India is semi-civilised Russia, in whose councils the project may be said to be traditional. There is but one way in which she could do so with any chance of even temporary success. The land march with which we used to be menaced by certain alarmists is now generally regarded by competent authorities, who have kept in view the present state of military science and the requirements of modern armies, as a mere illusive dream; but if the Suez Isthmus continue sealed against us, the northern hordes might find a practicable, and, did war suddenly break forth, an unmolested road to Bombay or Madras. The Armenian ports on the Euphrates are virtually in the czar's power; his transports might descend that river to

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gradually choked up the passage, and it was not till the conquest of Egypt by Amrou, the general of the Caliph Omar, that it was for the last time re-established. Omar is the same who sent Amrou the pithily-expressed order to burn the Alexandrian Library, for the admirable reason, that if the books contained nothing more than was to be found in the Koran they were useless, and if more, they were false—a story doubted by Gibbon, but which has a strong smack of fanatic likelihood about it: this Omar being desirous of re-establishing a safe and comparatively facile communication between the Valley of the Nile and the holy city of Mecca, ordered the restoration of the works. The narrative of this last attempt to improve and render serviceable the ancient canal by the Moslems, as given by an Arab historian, is worth relating. 'There was,' writes Abdallah ben Saleh—we quote from a French translation—'a cruel dearth at Medina in the eighteenth year of the Hegira (A. D. 639), under the caliphat of Omar, Prince of the Faithful. Omar consequently wrote to Amrou, who was in Egypt, in the following terms:—"From the servant of God, Omar, Prince of the Faithful, to Amrou ben El As, greeting. I swear to thee by my life, O Amrou, that whilst thou and thine are living in abundance, you care nothing though me and mine perish of want. Come to our help then. Come! God will repay thee." To this pressing missive Amrou replied: "From Amrou ben El As, to the servant of God, Omar, Prince of the Faithful, greeting. I come to thy help: I come! I send thee a convoy of beasts of burden, of which the first will reach thee whilst the last is still with me." This, considering Amrou was in the Valley of the Nile, seems a rather long string of animals, more especially as they marched, we are assured, closely at each other's heels, though in single file. Omar was delighted, and determined to promote a constant and easy intercourse between Arabia and so fruitful and abundant a country as Egypt. Having with this view sent for his general, he thus addressed him: "Amrou, the Most High has delivered Egypt to the Faithful. It is a country abounding in riches and eatables of every kind. I must profit by the opportunity afforded me by God himself to insure abundance for the inhabitants of the holy cities, and provisions for all Moslems. For this purpose a canal must be dug from the Nile to the Red Sea." Amrou communicated this order to the chief men of Egypt, who were in despair at the thought that their country was to be impoverished to feed the hungry Arabs, and they prevailed upon Amrou to return to Omar and say, that although it was true that ships had once sailed from Egypt to Arabia, the canal had become so completely blocked up that it would be impossible to re-open it, and to attempt to do so would cost enormous sums. "I swear to thee, Amrou," replied the caliph, "by Him in whose hands is the soul of Omar, that I do not believe thee. The Egyptians have persuaded thee to exaggerate the difficulties of the canal, but I will punish thee if thou dost not dig the canal, so that ships may sail thereon."'

This imperative command Amrou durst not disobey. The canal was re-opened, and its junction with the Nile removed to near Cairo, in order to increase the fall and volume of the water by which the canal was fed. It continued open about a century and a half, during which it bore the name of the Canal of the Prince of the Faithful. This high-sounding designation did

not, however, preserve it from its old enemies—the shifting sands and Arabs of the desert; and so well did they perform their work that, as we have before stated, it became so entirely obliterated during the last thousand years, that a dispute had arisen as to whether it had ever really existed as a navigable passage till the publication of the French survey. M. Hendy says Amrou redug the canal in the 23d of the Hegira, A. D. 643–4, and that it was finished in six months; so that on the seventh vessels passed from the Nile to the Red Sea. It was finally blocked up A. D. 767—according to Ben Ayas—having endured about 125 years only.

It commenced at about a mile and a half from Suez, and was carried in a north-westerly direction till it reached the basin of the Bitter Lake—a distance of about thirteen miles. This basin, which is twenty-seven miles long, and from five to seven wide, formed the second division of the canal or passage. Its bottom is from twenty to fifty feet below high-water at Suez, and at present it contains no water except in the lowest parts, the surface being covered with saline incrustations, and the cavernous depths below sounding distinctly beneath the feet. From Serapeum, at the northern end of the basin, the canal was carried through the long wadi or valley—the land of Goshen of the Israelites, according to Josephus and others—to the lake Abaceh. The bottom of this valley is thirty feet below the surrounding desert, and about as much beneath the level of the Arabian Gulf. To exclude the waters of the Nile when at flood, the wadi was shut in by transverse dikes at Abaceh, Ras-el-Wadi, and Serapeum. The canal ran along the north side, and was carried by another cutting from Abaceh to Bubastis, on the Pelusiac or eastern arm of the Nile, a farther distance of twelve miles. The contrivance of locks was unknown to the ancients, and hence great practical difficulties arose from the different and varying heights of the Nile and the Red Sea. The level of the Arabian Gulf, except for a few weeks during the flood of the Nile, is considerably above that river; and supposing the canal to have been clear throughout, there would have poured a stream of salt brine into the fresh waters of the sacred stream; and as the inhabitants of the Delta have only Nile water for use, rain falling rarely and scantily in Egypt, this could not of course be permitted. The canal must consequently have been so contrived as to be shut off from the Nile when it had sunk below the level of the Red Sea; and it is also quite clear that the canal never absolutely debouched into the Gulf of Suez, the waters of which were no doubt artificially admitted only in sufficient quantities to supply the place of the vanished Nile. The Canal of the Kings — its ancient and certainly appropriate title — was from thirty-six to fifty-five yards in width, and in depth about fifteen feet—Pliny says thirty. Of this communication—ninety-two miles in length—upwards of sixty were cut by human labour; 'and half of that artificial construction is,' says Mr Maclaren, 'now so perfect, or so little damaged, as to require little more than cleaning to render it again navigable.'

This is pretty nearly all that is known and guessed at concerning this great ancient work, begun and carried persistently on, in spite of repeated failures, in times when these islands were uninhabited swamps and forests, and finally abandoned to neglect and ruin as long since as Alfred lived and reigned. It may now be our privilege and glory to restore, complete, and perfect, a highway for Europe through those once famous countries, and

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THE immense advantages to the merchant-commerce of Great Britain with India, and the great additional security for the permanence of English rule in that vast peninsula which must result, were a ship-canal carried through the strip of sand, shingle, and swamp, not more at its narrowest part than about seventy-five miles in width, which separates the Mediterranean from the Red Sea, and popularly known as the Isthmus of Suez, must be apparent to the least observant person. Various plans for effecting this desirable object have been proposed, discussed, and forgotten during the last half-century, and at the first view of the matter it would seem that we are still as far off as ever from its accomplishment. But this, a little reflection will convince us, is by no means the case. Much indispensable preparatory work has during that period been successfully achieved. The chief difficulties, hinderances, and hazards previously believed to be inseparable from the voyage to Bombay or Madras by the Mediterranean and Red Sea have, by the vigilance and sagacity of the Indian and home governments, and the marvellous progress of scientific discovery and invention, been removed or overcome. That highway of the seas is now sentinelled throughout at every pass, save that immediately by Suez, which commands it; and—a matter of perhaps even greater importance—the dangers, uncertainties, and delays, formerly incidental to Red-Sea navigation, no longer exist. A few words will suffice to establish these two propositions.

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by the angel to Hagar in the wilderness—the only relics or symbols of idolism respected by the great Idol-breaker. A marvellous influence did that man's words possess: 'These are no gods, I tell you,' rang over the desert wastes: 'you rub them with oil and wax, and the flies stick on them: these are wood, I tell you;' kindling a fire in the hearts of the enthusiastic Arabs—the Italians of the East, as they have been rightly called—which swept like a tempest of flame over a large portion of the earth. Persia embraced the faith; Egypt, India, bowed their dusky foreheads beneath the flashing sword of Islam; Constantinople saw the sun go down upon the cross and rise upon the crescent; Spain sank beneath the Moslem yoke; and till the victory of Charles Martel restored calm and confidence to startled Christendom, it appeared probable that the religion of the sword would triumph over the whole of the partially-civilised globe.

The contrasts which Arabia present, striking and peculiar as they are, must greatly tend to excite and strengthen the imaginative and superstitious character of the Arab. Amidst pathless solitudes of sand and rock, a luxuriant garden, as at Tayfa, suddenly blossoms amidst the thirsty, arid wilderness; vineyards, rich green pastures, the pomegranate, the melon, the palm, the lotus—every variety of Eastern fruit and flower flourish there in rich luxuriance. We smile at their tradition that Tayfa was floated at the Deluge to its present site; but we cannot marvel that the Arab should be powerfully impressed with the divine work of creative mercy, brought out in such bold relief upon those parched and barren sands, visibly created amidst natural sterility and dearth! The dweller in the desert, oppressed as he must be by an ever-present sense of human helplessness; wandering as he does amidst a moving soil, which the breath of Allah may in an instant convert into pursuing armies, compared with whose swift speed the fleet dromedary is slow and laggard; depending for life itself upon the scattered springs of water, the sudden palm and herbage, which well-up and flourish in unexpected places—tables spread forth at intervals by an unseen, merciful hand, it must seem to him, for the especial sustainment of the fainting wayfarer; and overarched by those intensely-flashing eyes of heaven, which look down from Eastern skies—must ever be an impressionable, enthusiastic being, prone to superstition, but always eagerly listening for some clearer, more distinct revelation of the mysterious Power by whose wonders he is for ever and so palpably surrounded. This consideration may weigh with many persons with much greater force than any commercial advantages that more direct and facile means of intercourse with such countries may offer. Superstitious, and in some sort devout, as the Arab may be, his morality is of the lowest kind; but frequent collision with the higher civilisation of the west could not but ultimately rub off the slimy incrustation of eastern semi-barbarism in which he has been for so many ages enveloped. We do not think it would require a long time to count the years of Black-Stone and Zem-Zem sanctity after a locomotive shall have begun to hiss and puff in their vicinity. The steam-horse proclaims a lesson of intellectual superiority which the dullest minds comprehend; and there can be little doubt that, greatly by its agency, the venerative predisposition of the Arab might be trained in a better direction than it is at present—just as other Asian abominations and superstitions are gradually yielding to the resistless momentum of its influence. A

railway train and the car of Juggernaut cannot in the nature of things long run on together; and from what we know of Bedouin, Thuggee, and other Eastern moralities, the reformation cannot take place too early.

Let us now direct our attention to the south-western extremity of Araby the Blest, where stands the fortress of Aden—the last great stepping-stone on this high-sea route from England to Bombay, upon a little mountainous peninsula connected with the mainland by a spit of sand only. It was here, we are told, the ships of Solomon met those from India and the land of Ophir, and exchanged products. In the time of Constantine it was a great and populous city, and the seat of a Christian bishopric. Three centuries afterwards Mohammed preached there, planted on its towers the green banner of Islam, and it was, there can be no question, the chief mart of Arabia. Fatalism did its ruinous errand at Aden as elsewhere, and the Turkish conquest so thoroughly completed the work of desolation, that in 1836 it contained only ninety decaying houses, inhabited by about 600 meagre Arabs. There were, however, a very numerous race of long-tailed monkeys—the transformed remnant, according to Arab tradition, of the once mighty tribe of Ad, whose ancient seat is by the same authority declared still to exist somewhere in the unexplored wilderness. As a sufficient proof of the formerly-flourishing, or, at all events, populous condition of Aden, we need only mention its wells, about 300 in number, bored through the solid rock, many of them to the depth of nearly 200 feet; its numerous reservoirs and cisterns; and its immense burying-ground. Aden is surrounded by a black, briny desert of lava and volcanic sand, having neither water, tree, nor shrub—clusters of barren rocks, which might fitly be likened to heaps of fused coal out of a glass-house, and the sea. The necessity of the rock-bored wells was consequently a vital one, and by their means Aden is plentifully supplied with that rare luxury of the East—pure, fresh water. Three years only after the English obtained possession of the place the population had increased to 20,000; and now, it is said *thirty* thousand Arabs, Hindoos, Nubians, Albanians, Copts, Jews, negroes, traffic and wrangle in its crowded bazaars. The fortifications have been repaired and strengthened, and it is garrisoned by a considerable British force. There are few incidents in Anglo-Indian history more curious and characteristic perhaps than

THE CAPTURE OF ADEN,

or more illustrative of the promptitude, sagacity, and resolution with which the active agents of British government in the East seize upon and turn fortunate accidents, unexpected chances, to swift account. This key of the Arabian Gulf and half-way stage between the Isthmus and India—it is as nearly as may be midway between Bombay and Suez—is situated at a few miles' distance only from Bab-el-Mandeb, and eager glances had long been turned in the direction of the coveted spot. Its precise condition, and the great uses to which in British hands it might be turned, had been clearly and elaborately set forth in numerous papers and pamphlets, duly labelled 'Aden,' among the archives of Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, but it was not till 1837 that an opportunity occurred of turning that knowledge to account.

That opportunity was eagerly and audaciously seized. Previous to that year rumours had reached the Indian government that the sultan of Lahidge, a place about twenty miles north-west of Aden, was conducting himself very little better than a common plunderer and pirate towards Arab and other vessels that chanced to be wrecked on the coast. As this individual, whose name was Sultan Mhoussin ben-Fondtel ben-Abdul Kevonem ben-Abdallee, was the ruler of Aden, the intelligence was listened to with great interest by the Bombay authorities, and orders were given to the British naval officers on the station to keep a sharp look-out upon his actions. The sultan, however, was prudent enough to abstain from interfering with vessels and persons under the protection of the English flag till 1837, when a stronger temptation than usual fell in his way, and he found himself at once and irredeemably in the iron grasp of the Philistines. In that year the *Deriah Dowlut*, a vessel of 225 tons burden, the property of the titular Nawaub of Madras, sailed from that port for Juddah, laden with rice, sugar, flour, cloth, and preserves, and having on board several pilgrims of both sexes bound for Mecca. The cargo of the *Deriah Dowlut* had been insured for £20,000, a sum greatly above its value, and the supercargo, or agent of the owners, contrived to strand the ship in a bay about seven miles distant from Aden, on the morning of the 17th of February 1837. In conformity with sharp Arab practice the vessel was plundered of everything portable it contained, and the passengers stripped of every article they possessed, except the clothes actually on their backs. The females especially were brutally ill-treated, and but for the kindness of the Peer-Gadeh of the tomb of the Sheik Hydroos, the patron saint of Aden, they would have been utterly unable to continue their journey. All this was done by the treacherous connivance of the sultan of Lahidge, who of course obtained the lion's share of the plunder. Doubts, however, of the perfect prudence of his bold venture appear to have early dawned upon the sultan's mind, for the naquidah, or captain of the *Deriah Dowlut*, was obliged to sign a paper before he could leave Aden, exonerating the authorities there of all blame in the matter of the plunder of the ship. News of the affair soon reached the British agent at Mocha, and Captain Harris of the Indian navy, happening to arrive at that port shortly afterwards, and instantly perceiving the high account to which the opportunity might be turned, set off at once for Aden, to make personal and exact inquiries upon the subject. The sultan at first vehemently denied all cognisance or participation in the plunder of the ship, or the ill-treatment of the crew and passengers, although the stolen property was at the very time being publicly sold in the bazaar, and he exhibited the paper signed by the captain of the *Deriah Dowlut* as conclusive evidence that he, the sultan at least, was perfectly free from blame in the matter. At last, however, finding that Captain Harris was not to be deceived by lying assertions, however bold and vehement, he offered that gentleman one or two cables, and a few old stores, as all of the plunder he could discover. Captain Harris declined this very handsome offer, and immediately afterwards set out for Bombay. The intelligence he brought excited the liveliest interest in Sir Robert Grant and the other authorities there, and it was instantly, unanimously, and indignantly resolved that full compensation and redress for the outrage on the British flag ought to be at once peremptorily

enforced, and that the sultan could in no way afford that compensation and redress effectually except by the cession of Aden as a coal depôt for the steamers to and fro Suez and India, and its harbour as a port of refuge.

Before acting decisively, however, it was necessary to refer the matter to the supreme council at Calcutta. In the meantime Captain Harris could return to Aden, again formally demand redress, and at the same time impress upon the sultan that the cession of the fortress and port of Aden, merely in trust as a coal depôt and place of refuge, and at a reasonable rent, say about the amount levied at the time as duties on the date-boats which arrive there at one season of the year in great numbers, and other trading vessels from Mocha and the Egyptian ports on the Red Sea, would surprisingly smooth away the otherwise immense obstacles to an amicable arrangement. Captain Harris appears to have executed his mission with great skill and spirit. He left Bombay in the Suez steamer, but meeting with the sloop-of-war *Coote* on his way, he shifted to her, shrewdly concluding that she would intimate the serious aspect of the business more effectively than the pacific packet. The sultan of Lahidge was absent from Aden, and the negotiation was carried on with his son Hamed, and his son-in-law—an individual with a name as long as his father-in-law's, being Synd Mhoosin ben-Synd West ben-Haman ben-Ali Suffran—in whom he, the sultan, appears to have reposed great confidence. The first thing Captain Harris did was to seek out the Peer-Gadeh who had shewn the pilgrims kindness, and present him with a gift of fifty crowns, and a handsome letter of thanks from the Bombay authorities. The next was to demand restoration of the stolen property. This was obtained to a considerable amount, and the sultan gave his bond for 4000 German crowns, payable a twelvemonth after date, for the balance. This effected, more important negotiations with respect to the coal depôt were commenced, and ultimately so successfully carried out, that the son and son-in-law agreed that for the yearly payment of 8700 German crowns the sultan should accede to the Honourable Company's wishes in that respect also. This convention was, however, merely a verbal one, and at last it was suddenly and rudely broken off, and a plan concocted for seizing the person of Captain Harris, and forcing him to deliver up all the papers connected with his mission—the bond of course included. This project was defeated by timely information conveyed to Captain Harris, who was on board the *Coote*, and he of course did not trust himself again in Aden. The sultan, on being remonstrated with on the folly of such conduct, denied that he had been in any way a party to the contemplated seizure of the British envoy's person, and Captain Harris again returned to Bombay for further instructions. The council at Calcutta had approved of what the Bombay government had hitherto done; but on being again referred to at this stage of the proceedings to sanction the immediate employment of force for the attainment of the desired object, they determined on first consulting the authorities in England. In the meantime, however, in order to keep the question astir, Captain Harris was once more despatched to Aden in the *Coote*, and furnished this time with a personal guard of thirty men and one officer. His instructions were in substance as follows:—

1*st*. He was to assume for granted that the sultan could have no inten-

tion of scandalously backing out of the cession, by his representatives, of the coal depôt and harbour of refuge; but if, contrary to all reasonable expectation, the sultan of Lahidge were to intimate a disposition to perpetrate so black an act of treachery, Captain Harris was to explain distinctly to him that the goods restored, and the bond given, even if duly honoured, would but satisfy the smallest, the most insignificant part of the demands of the Anglo-Indian government in the matter of the *Deriah Dowlut*. That compensation for the insult offered to the British flag had not been estimated in the indemnity, but had been waived in consideration only of the sultan's cession of Aden, as a coal depôt and harbour of refuge, for a consideration duly set forth and agreed upon.

2*d*. That the plot to seize the person of the English envoy was a second and grievous insult to the said flag, which the Anglo-Indian government were willing to believe, since he, the sultan, so solemnly asserted it, was entered into without his knowledge; but at the same time he must be made to comprehend perfectly that the great, the extreme respect which they felt disposed to attach to his word would be entirely destroyed by a refusal to yield Aden as a harbour of refuge and coal depôt; and the participation of the sultan in the proposed outrage would consequently be by such refusal held to be undeniably proved.

3*d*. That two such grievous insults to the flag of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen of Great Britain and India, could not be effaced by any money-payments or apologies whatever, nor in any other manner atoned for than by the cession of the aforesaid harbour and coal depôt.

4*th*. That should the sultan of Lahidge remain obstinately blind and deaf to the cogency of this argumentation, he was to be informed that it was extremely probable a British force, capable of enforcing the fair and equitable execution of the agreement entered into for a perpetual lease of Aden, would appear very shortly before that place.

Neither the Sultan Mhoussin ben-Fondtel ben-Abdul Kevonem ben-Abdallee, nor Hamed, nor Synd Mhoosin ben-Synd West ben-Haman ben-Ali Suffran, aided by the learning of the gravest of Arabian counsellors, could contend with the irresistible logic of these triangular instructions, wound up and pointed as they were by so very sharp and conclusive a fourthly, and lastly, intimation. The perplexed Lord of Aden endeavoured to secure the services of a neighbouring chief, Hamed ben-Ali Abed, a warrior who could bring, it was said, 5000 men into the field. In addition to other gifts the sultan proffered his daughter in marriage to Hamed ben-Ali Abed, if he would range himself on his side. That sagacious soldier, however, after gravely and carefully surveying the situation, the lady, the *Coote*, and the expected reinforcements, declined the proposed alliance with the sultan, and most unpatriotically offered, on the contrary, to conclude a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the British. This liberal offer Captain Harris politely declined: he had no 'instructions' authorising him to do so, and Hamed ben-Ali Abed quitted Aden and its neighbourhood.

The first measure of coercion (1838) was to blockade the port. This, however, failed to subdue the sultan's obstinacy, and urgent representations were sent to Bombay of the necessity that existed for the adoption of more potent and decisive means to obtain possession of the town and

harbour. By this time a favourable answer had arrived from the Court of Directors in England, and a considerable military force was at once despatched in two transports, accompanied by the *Volage* frigate and *Cruiser* war-brig; which, on the 16th of January 1839, cast anchor before the astonished eyes of the 1200 or 1300 armed Arabs by that time assembled in Aden, at a short distance from the town. Rule Britannia, it was manifest, was now about to be played in serious earnest. On the morning of the 19th a renewed attempt at negotiation having proved abortive, the vessels of war approached the batteries of the place, anchored as closely as possible to them with springs on their cables; their fire opened; an enormous breach was effected before the Arabs had time or power to discharge more than five shots; the troops landed; and the decisive logic of the bayonet finally concluded the dispute. About 300 Arabs, less nimble-legged than their comrades, were made prisoners, and after being deprived of their matchlocks, were left in charge of a few soldiers only. The instant the captives perceived this, a quick mutual intelligence glanced along their ranks; they drew their concealed creeses simultaneously forth, overpowered the guard, and for the most part escaped. The loss of the Anglo-Indian force was eleven men killed and wounded; that of the Arabs was about ten times as great. Thus was this important post secured. Amongst other consequences of the change of rule has been the conversion of a decaying heap of ruins, the resort and refuge of thieves and plunderers, of pretty nearly every degree and nation of the East, into a populous, well-ordered, busy city. The Arabs have once endeavoured to repossess themselves of the place, but their failure was ludicrous, as of course it must ever be where they are opposed to the military science and bravery of Europe.

The only other place on the proposed route requiring notice is that of Suez, situated at the northern end of the Red Sea, at the head of the westernmost of the two arms or gulfs in which that sea terminates. It stands in 29° 57′ 30″ north latitude, and 32° 31′ 33″ of east longitude, on an angle of land between the broad head of the Gulf, the shore of which lies east and west, and the narrow arm which runs up northward from the eastern corner of the Gulf, and is distant about seventy miles east of Cairo. Although the transit of the merchandise of the East to the Nile and Egypt has been through Suez for nearly four centuries, and numerous pilgrims to and from the holy city of Mecca constantly pass through, it has remained till very lately a wretched, ill-conditioned place, containing only about a couple of thousand Moslems, a few hundred Christians of the Greek church, with a sprinkling of course of the ubiquitous Jew. It contains a bazaar or row of shops poorly supplied from Cairo, several caravanseras for the lodgment of pilgrims, and is walled in on three sides, but open to the sea on the north-east, in which quarter the harbour, an insufficient one, with a tolerable quay, is situated. The want of good water and the almost entire absence of herbage must necessarily long militate against the prosperity of this city; still, from the signs, quite visible though faint as yet, of improvement, since steam-navigation has popularised the passage to India by the Red Sea, it is sufficiently clear that Suez would speedily, like all other places along the route, put on a new aspect after the effectual breaking through of the desert between it and Europe had brought Manchester

practically almost as near as Cairo now is, and steam, gas, and soap and water had been fairly brought to bear upon her dingy, dirty streets and population. Good water has been found by boring at the base of the mountains which lie to the west of the Isthmus, and a short aqueduct would bring it in abundance to the town. Even the lack of herbage, of the refreshing green so delightful to man, will not, if we may trust the confident predictions of men who claim to speak with knowledge and authority on the subject, be ultimately wanting. The basin of the Bitter Lake, or Crocodile Sea, alone measuring 103,680 acres, with those of the other lagoons and pools, and a large portion of the long wadi, lying beneath the level of the Nile, may, say they, and would, as soon as a sufficient and paying demand for the produce had sprung up in the flourishing cities that will arise at each end of the sea-way through the now almost desert and uninhabitable Isthmus, be brought under cultivation, by leading over them the fertilising mud of that river. These, and many other health and life giving results which now sound like fanciful exaggerations upon the ear, would, there can be little question, swiftly follow the consummation of this new and intimate union of the young and vigorous West with the rich, glowing, but indolent Orient.

The author of 'Eastern Life,' before quoted, thus speaks (1848) of the quickening impulse already given to Suez and its neighbourhood. Captain Linguist's assertion, by the way, relative to the ancient canal, in opposition not alone to all history, but the positive report of the French engineers, is a very extraordinary one, and we cannot help thinking his auditor must have misunderstood him:—'After a comfortable breakfast at the hotel, *which is kept by two Englishwomen*, we went to an eminence near, where Captain Linguist pointed out to us the well whence only Suez obtains fresh water, and the first station in the Desert, and to the north the end of the Gulf, a stretch of two miles or so of shallow water. A few small vessels lay there, and along both shores to the southwards. Captain Linguist has followed out the traces of the ancient canal, and he can find no evidence that it was ever used or even finished; and he believes, therefore, that it can afford no precedent for the proposed new one, even supposing the state of the waters and shore to be unaltered, which nobody, I suppose, does believe. The next morning Captain Linguist took us in his boat over to the Arabian side. The view of Suez from the water was finer than I should have supposed possible for such a miserable place; but such an atmosphere adorns everything with the highest charms of colour. The light on the sides of the vessels, on the two minarets, and through the shallow waters, was a feast. The coral shoals below, red and dark, contrasted with the pale-green above the sandy bottom. . . . . Captain Linguist was delighted to improvise a luncheon for us at his country-house at the Wells of Moses. He shewed us his garden, which is well irrigated, and as productive as garden can be in such a place. He shewed us the ancient wells, all shrouded in bushy palms, and pointed out indications of moisture, which encourage him to search for another well. . . . . The luncheon he gave us was extraordinary enough in its place to deserve mention. Here, amongst these dreary sands of the Arabian shore, we had butter from Ireland, ale from England, wine from

Spain, ham from Germany, bread and mutton from Cairo and Suez, cheese from Holland, and water from Madras. Truly, the dwellers on the Red Sea may well be advocates of free-trade.' This slight notice of the lady-traveller affords, it will be admitted, hopeful promise; but in the meantime we have to remark, that the harbour of Suez has no great depth of water. True, it is said that the fleets of Solyman the Magnificent once rode therein; but the word fleet bears a very different significance at Portsmouth in these days of Queen Victoria from what it did in those of Solyman at Suez or Constantinople. There is always great danger of misapprehension and confusion of ideas in the application of terms, the essential meaning of which has wholly or partially changed. Herodotus says the vessels which carried the produce of Armenia to Babylon on the Euphrates were of about 130 tons — a respectable figure even in these *Great-Britain* times. But when the explanation comes, we find the said boats or vessels were merely rafts surrounded by and floated upon inflated skins; and the mediæval galleys of the magnificent conqueror of Belgrade were, we may be quite satisfied, not more than about half way at the most between the Armenian rafts of Herodotus and a stout merchant-ship of the present day. Spite, then, of Solyman's precedent, the shallowness of the water both at Suez and along the Mediterranean shore of the Isthmus, presents one of the greatest difficulties attending the construction of the proposed ship-canal with which modern engineering science will have to contend. Having thus briefly touched upon the several interesting localities along and in the neighbourhood of this route to India and Arabia, we proceed to lay before the reader the chief features in the most feasible of the plans that have been suggested for the attainment of the desired object, prefacing the relation with a short account of the way in which the Isthmus is now scrambled over by passengers to and from Europe and Eastern Asia. But first let us devote a few lines to

A GLANCE FROM SUEZ ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

towards Egypt and the Mediterranean, which will perhaps render what we have to say more clear and intelligible than, in the absence of a map, it might otherwise be.

The reader will bear in mind that the Red Sea — the Kolzon of the Arabs—is nearly thirty-three feet higher than the Mediterranean on the northern shore of the Isthmus, the nearest point of which is about seventy-five miles distant, in a direct line, from where we are now standing. The comparatively mountainous land to the east and west of us is broken, you may perceive, by a wide trough or hollow on this shore, so slightly above the level of the Arabian Gulf that a cutting of a few feet in depth only would admit its waters into that great hollow or basin, evidently a continuation of the cavity filled by the gulf, and the bottom of which cavity is twenty feet below the Red Sea at low water. You may distinctly trace it in a north-westerly direction by a succession of lakes, lagoons, and pools—the southernmost and nearest to us of which is the Bitter Lake already spoken of—to the vast surface of the Lake Menzaleh, which has an opening to the Mediterranean on the north-west shore of the Isthmus.

The northward and westward flow of the waters thus admitted would meet with no greater obstacle in their passage to the Delta of Egypt and the Lake Menzaleh than would be offered by the dikes thrown across the wadi to exclude the waters of the Nile; which river itself is only for a few weeks at its highest flood higher at Cairo than the Red Sea, and except during those few weeks very much lower. It is obvious, therefore, that means must be devised of effectually confining the admitted waters of the Arabian Gulf to the required channel, or the whole of the Delta would be hopelessly submerged. The Pelusiac or eastern arm of the Nile, and consequently the nearest to us, like the Canoptic or more western arm with which Alexander connected his canal, terminates in the Lake Menzaleh, or at least did so, for the Pelusiac arm is now so completely blocked up by sand as to be almost entirely obliterated. The Nile has, moreover, two outlets to the Mediterranean at the eastward of Alexandria by the Boghas of Rosetta and Damietta—at the east and west extremities of the base of the triangle formed by the two great branches of the river enclosing the Delta of Egypt. These Boghas are wide but shallow passes through which, especially when the river has fallen, no vessel of any considerable draught could pass. Cairo, on the Nile—considerably to the south of the ancient Bubastis on the Pelusiac branch, near which the ancient Canal of the Kings terminated—is on our left westward, and distant in a direct line about seventy miles. Between Alexandria and Cairo about 170 miles of river and canal intervene, navigable throughout only for a few months in the year, except by vessels of very light draught. By the present route, consequently, the traveller from Alexandria to Suez has to perform a canal, river, and desert journey of about 250 miles. He embarks at Alexandria on the canal that Mohammed Ali dug out at such a reckless expense of human life. This takes him to Atfeh, where there is a narrow barrier of land to keep in the water of the canal when the Nile has fallen low: he there steps on board a Nile steamer, which conveys him to Boulac, a port about two miles to the north of Cairo. From Cairo to Suez across the desert the journey is performed on camels, dromedaries, or asses; in the same manner, in fact, by which Cheops must have passed it if he ever went that road.

It will be now quite clear to the reader that the products and merchandise exchanged between Great Britain and Eastern and Southern Asia will continue to be sent round by the Cape in preference to such a route as this, even during the eight months in the year when the Nile is of considerable or rather tolerable depth. The length of the ancient canal by Serapeum, at the northern extremity of the Bitter Lake to the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, being ninety-two miles, its restoration merely, it is evident, would only lengthen the distance to be traversed, and continue the shallow and fluctuating navigation of Mohammed Ali's canal and the Nile river—a manifestly insufficient and unsatisfactory arrangement, more especially when it is remembered that the French engineers who reported in favour of such a plan, themselves admit that the long water-passage they proposed to effect from Suez to the Mediterranean could only, if their most favourable anticipations were realised, be kept open about eight months in the year. The British view of the subject contemplates another basis of operations; and the question anxiously

sought to be resolved is this: whether it is not possible to cut a navigable ship-canal directly across the Isthmus in its narrowest part from the Bay of Tyneh to Suez on the Red Sea, avoiding the Delta and the Nile altogether; or, if insurmountable obstacles should be found to oppose themselves to so direct a transit, to follow the basin of the lakes as far as Serapeum only, and thence diverge in a straight, direct course to the Bay of Tyneh. The first line named would be much the shortest, but the length of the artificial cutting would be considerably less by the last-named plan, and still less than by that if the natural cavity were followed farther on by the wadi, and thence struck from to the Mediterranean; inasmuch as those points of departure for the straight cutting would be very much nearer to Tyneh than is Suez. The reader has now a sufficiently clear, general conception of the work to be done, and the differing tracks by which the junction of the two seas must be, if at all, effected. It remains, therefore, only to trace them in fuller detail.

The first in priority of date is the once much-lauded scheme proposed by M. Lepère and other French engineers of the Ponts et Chaussées service of France, who surveyed the Isthmus carefully for the purpose, during the occupation of Egypt by the French army under Bonaparte at the close of the eighteenth century. In none of the projects for the aggrandisement of himself and France, and for writing his name in giant and indelible characters on the earth, did Napoleon display more eagerness than in the design he formed for uniting the Mediterranean, the Arabian, and Indian Seas. The extrusion of the French from Egypt of course forbade the execution of M. Lepère's plan; and even if accomplished, it would hardly, one would think, have realised Bonaparte's wishes and anticipations. It was mainly a renewal of the old canal, with changes and improvements, such as locks—contrivances unknown to the ancients—which modern ingenuity has placed at the disposal of engineers; and it may fairly be discussed under the head of

RESTORATION OF THE CANAL OF THE KINGS.

It was to be sure reported that there might be a subsidiary canal from about Serapeum to Tyneh, which would increase the length of the works to nearly 120 miles, but the mainly elaborated feature of the plan was the water-communication of Suez with the Nile on the Pelusiac branch, which was of course to be cleared out: its bed was also to be deepened, and connecting canals at Cairo and Alexandria were to be restored and enlarged. There were to be seven locks constructed, and an immense reservoir formed near the centre of the work where the canal to Tyneh would depart from. By these means an average depth, it was thought, of about eighteen feet might be obtained when the Nile was at its full; but the admitted fact that the communication could not be kept open at all for vessels of any the lightest draught during four months in the year must damage this project irretrievably in the estimation of a great commercial nation whose relations with India are so great and varied as those of Great Britain. The masonry of M. Lepère's canal was to be carried four feet above its highest level, as some protection against its being blocked up by the mobile sands of the desert. The cost of the work from Suez to the

Pelusiac branch of the Nile, it was estimated, would not exceed £691,000—a very small amount, it seems to us, judging by the expense of similar works, for a locked and reservoired canal, upwards of ninety miles in length, without the subsidiary branch to the Bay of Tyneh, which it was calculated would raise the cost to upwards of £2,000,000 sterling. This latter part of the plan was, however, very imperfectly elaborated. One reason for this at the time probably was, that the embouchure on the open shore at Tyneh must have been at the mercy of the strongest maritime power; and the recent destructive fight at Aboukir, to the west of the Isthmus, had settled which that was to be, for some time to come at all events.

This is our opinion. It may, however, be more satisfactory to give the reasons as published by the French engineers for their preference of a long, tortuous, inland navigation to a direct sea-transit across the Isthmus. 'It has been seen,' they say, 'in the accounts of ancient authors, that the different princes who attempted the junction of the two seas only had recourse to the Nile to effect their object after having encountered obstacles almost insurmountable in the extreme mobility of the sands of the desert, in the direction of Pelusium from Suez, between the Bitter Lake and the Lake Menzaleh—which distance cut through would have effected the desired communication. But there existed a more facile means of accomplishing this object, which was the establishment of an interior navigation. On another hand the Egyptians would not have the canal debouch into the Mediterranean, which they called "a stormy sea," lest they should expose themselves to the attacks of the Greeks, whom they appear to have looked upon with dread for a great length of time. The present state of things would no doubt better permit a direct and exclusive opening of the Isthmus; but other considerations militate in favour of the ancient direction: the more so, for where, in the event of such a direct cutting of the Isthmus, could a convenient port be formed on the low shore of Pelusium—a work which, nevertheless, could not be dispensed with? It is only too certain that it could only be with the greatest difficulty that a permanent position could be formed on the maritime front of the Delta, because the soil is entirely alluvial, constantly raised and increased by new deposits of mud which the Nile brings down during its rise, and that access to the shore will be always dangerous. The frequent shipwrecks which take place further establish the danger of such a landing-place, which is not less formidable for navigators than the boghas of the Nile. It is also certain that the ports of Alexandria and the road of Aboukir would soon be blocked up if they were situated to the east of the mouths of the Nile, and exposed to the action of the prevalent north-west winds; for if the port of Alexandria, once so magnificent, still presents some of its pristine advantages, it is less because of works of art provided by the influence of a careless government, than of the bearings and rocky nature of the coast. . . . . And as the communication of the two seas by means of the Nile ought to be in the direction best fitted to establish an active correspondence between the different commercial places of Egypt, we think it would be best to adopt the primitive direction of the Canal of the Kings—leaving the Nile from about Bubastis.'

The first north-western section of this restored Canal of the Kings, as modified by M. Lepère, would have commenced from about the ancient

Bubastis, and been carried to the basin of the Lake Abaceh, a distance of twelve miles. The bottom was to be made level with the Nile at low water, which at Cairo is about ten feet above the mean level of the Mediterranean. It was to be walled up with solid masonry, which, as before intimated, was to be carried at least four French feet above the highest level to keep out the sand. This portion of the work was to be cleaned or scoured by a current from Cairo. The second section, by the line of the wadi to Serapeum, was to be on the same level as the first, and was destined to receive eighteen feet of inundation. This part of the line, it was calculated, would be opened when the Nile had risen six feet, and continue open from about August to March. The third section, through the basin of the Bitter Lake, would be filled alternately by the Nile and the Red Sea. Its waters were to be kept to the level of the low tides at Suez, which would be two or three feet below the level of the second section, by the wadi to Serapeum, during the extreme height of the Nile, and from one to nine feet above the second section at other times. The fourth and concluding section was from the south extremity of the basin of the Bitter Lake to Suez—a cutting of about thirteen miles in length. Six or seven powerful locks, and an immense reservoir, would, it was estimated, secure the partial efficiency of this very insufficient and halting water-way between the two seas. There could have been no lack of a constant supply of water for the fourth or last portion of the canal, as it would have been at all times fed by the Arabian Gulf. The chief difficulty appears to have been at the junction of the third and second sections, from the necessity of barring back the waters of the Red Sea, which would else contaminate and overflow the bed of the Nile. The paramount objection to a more direct communication with the Mediterranean than through the Delta and by Alexandria, which might have been strongly fortified, was no doubt that we have already glanced at; and as war appears to have been looked upon by Napoleon as the normal condition of the world—of the world of England and France, at all events—it is not surprising that the report of the French engineers as to the feasibility of a more direct communication between Suez and Tyneh should have been expressed with so little confidence, and their undoubted skill and ingenuity have been so slightly taxed to devise modes of overcoming the many hinderances which there can be no question interpose between the anxious wish for an efficient ship-canal through the Isthmus of Suez and its fruition. Napoleon who, it will be remembered, in his anxiety to stimulate the exertions of the French engineers, but for the admirable presence of mind he displayed, would have lost his life by the tides of the Red Sea, something after the manner of death which overtook the pursuing host of Pharaoh—Thothmes III., as historical antiquaries assert—was vehemently desirous of giving his name to the contemplated work. This was one of the many visions dissipated by the Nile—the battle thereof, that is, not its waters; and, consequently, among other broken hopes and schemes whispered by, in some respects, eagle, sure-eyed ambition to the ex-emperor, must be assuredly reckoned that of the Egyptian Bonaparte Canal. 'To execute works of such importance,' said his adulating engineers in concluding their report, 'a wise and enlightened, a reconstructive and stable government, such as France, has at last endeavoured to give it, and which is the object

of this memorable expedition, is necessary for Egypt. This memorial, recorded in the work of the commission, a durable monument of the glory of the chief of the Egyptian expedition, will be for our age and posterity an authentic gage of the grand and beneficent views which, in the midst of his most rapid conquests, have always characterised the creative genius of Bonaparte.'

This vaunted, but in many respects discouraging report or memorial, ought not to dismay or influence us. We have loftier, more exigent motives than those of a vulgar, however skilful, aggressive ambition, to spur us on to the great work. We have also—for it is well to look in these very material times to the rough, working, seamy side of human nature—more *paying* considerations to prick us forward. True, we cannot just now, whilst the reaction still pursues us consequent upon the railway mania of 1844–5–6, when it was madly thought to accomplish at a bound—in a year or so—what would task any other country in Europe besides Great Britain a couple of hundred years to effect, and which even she will not accomplish in less than a quarter of a century—we cannot, we say, just now hope to see the breaking through of the Isthmus of Suez either exciting the energies of the British people in a high or sufficient degree, or pressed with enough of earnestness upon the government. The wretched falling off of railway dividends has caused a large portion of the speculative and stirring world to turn away with disgust from projects for improved modes of intercommunication; but this depression cannot very long endure, and amongst the first objects to which the renewed and rebraced energies of the country will, we are very sanguine, be directed, is that of a direct and rapid intercourse with India. Does not *cotton* promise to be speedily one of the staples of that country? And what barrier, removable at any cost, let us ask, can be long permitted to delay its transmission hither, and so enhance its price to the manufacturer and consumer?

One difficulty adverted to by French engineers in their report is no doubt a formidable one, and will require a great and wisely-directed outlay to overcome—namely, the shallowness of the water on the Mediterranean and Red Sea shores. It would be necessary, it is apparent, to throw out long piers, excavate artificial harbours, build large locked docks at either end of the proposed canal, if not merely light-draughted steamers, but heavy merchant-ships, are to be tugged through the channel. The cost of such works, in addition to the cutting through of the Isthmus, must necessarily be enormous, and we therefore always thought that the order of progression in the improvement of the transit between the Mediterranean and Arabian Seas will be—first, by railway; next, as the passenger and other traffic increases—of which increase there can be no question—the construction of a canal for light craft; and finally, the completion of a sea passage, which, with the aid of an artificial harbour on the Mediterranean shore, and the deepening and improving of that at Suez, will admit of the passage of the merchant navies of Europe and the world. This course of progression has already commenced on the western or Panama route, and will no doubt be followed on this, the Suez and eastern one.

A more recent writer upon the subject than either M. Lepère or Mr Maclaren, is Captain James Vetch, R.E., F.R.S., of unmistakable country and parentage, he being 'decidedly of opinion that British capital and

British labour can alone execute the work in a useful and permanent style.' This is certainly a very bold proposition, patriotic as it may be. One does not quite see why the capital and labour of any other great nation might not accomplish the task in 'a useful and permanent style,' had that other nation the same powerful incentives to undertake such a work as the British government and people have. Therein truly lies the main difference; and it is precisely because a swift ship-transit across the Isthmus of Suez to the Indian Ocean will erelong become a matter of prime necessity for Great Britain, that we have, spite of the pressure of many discouraging circumstances, a firm faith in its accomplishment. All nations, all communities, would immensely benefit by that success; and one reason that has been gravely put forth why England should not encourage, or at all events make sacrifices, to forward such a project is, that other European nations, lying nearer to the Isthmus than ourselves, would be greater gainers by the opening of the route than we should. This is merely one of the rags of that old, worn-out, wretched tissue of delusion which taught, and yet stammeringly teaches, that one nation is only rich and prosperous proportionally as its neighbours and customers are poor and miserable: that you must measure your own height, not by its positive altitude, but by the dwarfish stature of your companions in the world! The countries about the Levant would, we have not the slightest doubt, gain considerably by the opening of the Isthmus, and it is a matter of even selfish rejoicing on our parts that they should do so; for we have yet to learn that the richest and most active commercial capitalist of the world will not be, in the necessary course of things, the largest gainer by increased development of commerce, by whatever means brought about or attained. For these reasons we think the proposition of Captain James Vetch, slightly modified, is perfectly correct. It should be read thus: 'that British capital and British labour *will* alone execute the work in a useful and permanent style.' This unquestionably useful, and we doubt not, when concluded, permanent work, Captain James Vetch opines can only be properly effected by

A CANAL DIRECT FROM SUEZ TO TYNEH,

the space to be traversed not being at the utmost more than seventy-five miles. Besides the grand objection to the plan of the French engineers, that their canal would only be open during two-thirds of the year, Captain Vetch urges that the still-water of the canal, as well as the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, would speedily, as heretofore, get blocked up with sand, and that the construction and repair of locks is exceedingly and constantly onerous and expensive. He is also strongly of opinion 'that the basin of lakes or lagoons lying between Suez and Lake Menzaleh, by offering apparent facilities, has drawn attention from the only mode of constructing a truly permanent and effective ship-canal,' which, according to him, can only be accomplished by 'a straight, controllable channel.' This straight, controllable channel he asserts to be much preferable to a tortuous winding one amongst shifting sands, and exposed to unequal influences of various kinds. One of these disturbing influences he considers to be this: that the extremely large surface of the lakes or lagoons, were the waters led through them, would dissipate, or at all events greatly

weaken, the force of the current from the Red Sea—an objection, it must be admitted, of considerable weight. Captain Vetch also positively lays it down that 'a ship-canal between the two seas, which contemplates an extended commerce between the countries of Europe and the Indian Ocean, should be free from disturbing causes arising from inundations, floods, and so on.' This will be freely admitted, and quite as readily, that 'it should be considered irrespective of the commerce of Egypt,' which would, however, be immensely benefited indirectly by the success of the enterprise. His own proposition to cut a canal in a direct line from sea to sea may be very briefly stated. According to the report of M. Lepère, assisted by other engineers, the surface of the Red Sea at Suez, at high water, was found to be 30 feet 6 inches French, or 32 feet 6 inches English, above that of the Mediterranean, on the northern shore of the Isthmus, at low water. The mean rise of the tide in the Arabian Gulf was found to be 5 feet 6 inches French, or rather more than 5 feet 10 inches English, and that of the Mediterranean 1 foot only, French. Captain Vetch, taking the accuracy of these levellings for granted, assumes the mean height of the sea at Suez to be about 30 feet above that of the Mediterranean in the Bay of Tyneh. This would give to his seventy-five mile of canal from Suez to Tyneh a fall of nearly five inches per mile. This fall, he says, if properly economised, and not dissipated or weakened by intervening wide lakes or basins of lakes, will give a *scourage* not only sufficient to keep a channel of the dimensions he proposes—namely, 21 feet deep, 96 feet wide at bottom, and 180 feet wide at top—perfectly clean, but to sweep away the sand and mud which accumulate on the Mediterranean shore, and would else render the northern entrance to the canal difficult, if not impossible of accomplishment, for ships of considerable burden. The soil to be cut through is, he says, though light, sufficiently tenacious to stand without walling; and he is of opinion that strong ribs of masonry, about a mile apart, would quite sufficiently provide for and assure the course and durability of the channel. And this, Captain Vetch maintains, would be a strictly *controllable* sea-way, which that suggested by certain gentlemen would certainly not be, who have off-handedly said: 'Cut through the slight sandy barrier on the south of the Isthmus, a few feet only above the level of the Arabian Gulf, and let the waters work their own course to the Lake Menzaleh, as geologists affirm they once did.' Unlike the passage of the Dardanelles, said to have been accomplished by such agency, there are no rocks on each side of the basin of the lakes to confine, deepen, and direct the channel, and the Isthmus must consequently become a dangerous, shifting sand, abounding in shallows, which would render its navigation impossible except by mere boats, to say nothing of the submersion of the Delta of Egypt. The waters once out, it would be impossible to stay or regulate their course under such circumstances; and even to his own controllable canal Captain Vetch proposes only to admit the Red Sea by means of several openings in solid masonry at Suez, so that the gradual onflow should be duly restrained and regulated. As to the shallowness of the water in the present harbour of Suez, he would get rid of that difficulty by removing the harbour, so to speak, farther down the Gulf, and by the construction of piers and a spacious wet-dock. Piers also on the northern shore are comprised in his

plan, the entire cost of which he estimates at £2,121,600. Let us say two millions and a quarter sterling; for a handful of extra thousands, tens of thousands indeed, must always be allowed for in such estimates, however honestly and carefully calculated. Even that enormous outlay, there could be no fear, were the canal of sufficient capacity to admit ships of considerable tonnage, would be amply repaid by a very moderate duty per ton. Should there be found any unforeseen and insurmountable obstacle to the direct route Captain Vetch proposes—which, however, he does not at all anticipate or apprehend—he would, as the next best course, run the canal straight from Serapeum to the Bay of Tyneh—a distance of forty-seven miles, which, with a cutting of thirteen miles and a half between Suez and the Bitter Lake, would give but sixty miles and a half of artificial construction. This apparent diminution of length of work Captain Vetch, however, fears would have no effect in diminishing the amount of the estimate; as, from the great evaporation and absorption of the Bitter Lake when filled, the channel from Suez would have to be nearly doubled in capacity in order to maintain the lake at the required level, and to pour the waters flowing out of it at a constant and equable velocity.

Such, in rough outline, is the plan of Captain Vetch for promoting the swift, easy, and constant intercommunication of Great Britain and Eastern and Southern Asia. Other schemes have been imagined and set forth, slightly differing in line of route from those of Captain Vetch and M. Lepère, but so slightly that it is scarcely worth while to notice them. The mere reconstruction of the Canal of the Kings, facilitating as it would only the intercourse of the Valley of the Nile with Suez and Arabia, is evidently a matter, so far as Great Britain is concerned, of very minor interest and importance. Captain Vetch's ship-canal, if it can be effected, would accomplish all, or nearly all, that can be desired, and, as at present advised, we are inclined to think it quite possible of achievement. The digging out of the channel would be comparatively nothing. Mohammed Ali's feeble and wretched Fellahs excavated a canal nearly fifty miles in length in less than a year, unassisted by any of the appliances and helps of modern engineering tools and machinery. Still the doubt will again and again recur till actual experience has proved it to be unfounded, whether the old agencies which baffled the efforts of the Assyrian and Persian monarchs —of the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, the Romans, the Caliphs—to keep open a water-way through the Suez desert, will not also prove victorious over all other similar undertakings. The light, shifting sands, moving with the speed of the wind, and put in motion by its slightest breath, can they be hindered from blocking up the painfully-achieved channel?—and will the scour of the water, the fall of five inches to the mile—barely five inches—effectually, as Captain Vetch appears to anticipate, render such a catastrophe impossible? Otherwise it might be found necessary to *wall* in the canal to a considerable height—a precaution that would tell fearfully on the estimate of cost, even if certain to be successful. An ingenious French gentleman, one M. Le Cours, has suggested that trees or shrubs that live and flourish in the desert might be thickly planted on each side of the canal, which would, he imagines, greatly at all events diminish the quantity of sand that must else be driven into the channel. We know not if this expedient is entitled to attention, or may be of any worth, and certainly

a long time must elapse before such plantations, did they take root, which we doubt exceedingly, would offer any effectual defence of a canal against the sandy tempests which sweep over the Isthmus. Still, any contrivance which promises only to aid the scour of the Red Sea in keeping a ship passage clear, would be of immense value. Captain Vetch has also some confidence in another agency for lessening the apprehended difficulty. 'For scouring a channel, I am disposed to place,' he says, 'great stress on the superior efficacy of a salt-water stream over a fresh-water one, as each of these, in coming into collision with their recipient waters, will be materially biassed in the direction of their currents by their respective specific gravities. Thus if the water of the Nile, having a specific gravity of 100°, falls into the Mediterranean Sea, having a specific gravity of 103°, it will naturally be deflected upwards, and lose its useful scour on the bottom; whereas if the Red Sea water has a trifle more of specific gravity than that of the Mediterranean, its bias on meeting will be downwards, and tend to preserve its scouring force. And although I am not aware of the fact, we have every ground to infer that the water of the Red Sea is more saline, and consequently heavier, than that of the Mediterranean.' Captain Vetch, as we have before observed, speaks confidently of success; other gentlemen of scientific eminence do the same. A writer in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' for 1836 says: 'There is little doubt that if the French had remained in Egypt, and especially with Napoleon at the head of the government, they would have carried their canal project into effect. The expense compared with the magnificent result would have been so trifling that the wonder is it has not been carried into effect before now, either by a company having the support of Mohammed Pacha (Mohammed Ali) or by the pacha himself.' Other less sanguine theorists, as we have seen, argue for the impossibility of an effective permanent work of the nature contemplated. But the world is getting accustomed to the performance of 'impossibilities' in the physical world. 'Accomplished facts' are daily increasing the tendency to ignore the existence of obstacles which engineering science cannot break down or overleap, if an adequate object may thereby be obtained. And in this instance who can for a moment doubt that the prize to be ventured for will be a greatly-rewarding one—that it is strongly felt by the thinking people of this country, and will soon become a fixed maxim and tradition of the British government, that it is essential to the healthy life and wellbeing of Great Britain to assist forward, by all possible means, the development of the gigantic commercial power and activity which, aided by steam-power, has already done so much towards bringing the huge limbs of this great empire into closer and more intimate communion with its mighty, throbbing heart? Captain Vetch very pertinently remarks, 'that a great impulse would necessarily be given to trade in the new direction; and that entire new sources of commerce would be opened up between the places adjacent to each extremity of the sea, but which could not, under present circumstances, be attempted with any hope of success from the length of voyage involved; and with these considerations it will not be deemed unreasonable to expect that the commerce passing through the canal annually would in a short time amount to 1,000,000, and might eventually reach 2,000,000 tons.' The energy already manifested in this direction—that of inter-

national communication—has even now rendered this country the centre and mainspring of the traffic of the world—the prime source to which it turns for intelligence of its own present and prospective condition—has, in fact, made Great Britain the mart, the exchange, the storehouse, and fountain of commercial intelligence for all the world. And a great security, every one understands, will be gained for this foremost position amongst the nations, by a successful effort to accomplish a task felt to be one of much necessity and importance in all past time, but which the comparatively feeble energies of the old world failed to permanently or thoroughly achieve.

It is very probable, however, nay, indeed, certain, that the improved mode of transit from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea will commence with

A RAILWAY ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

It is scarcely conceivable that so flat a country can oppose any very serious obstacles to the construction of a railroad over the desert. Mr Galloway, who surveyed the route from Cairo to Suez in 1834 by order of Mohammed Ali, reported that there would not be the slightest difficulty in effecting it. 'His Highness,' observes Mr Galloway, 'foreseeing the probable increase in the intercourse that would take place with India, *via* the Red Sea, by the introduction of steam navigation, decided upon forming a railroad across the desert of Suez to Cairo (a distance of eighty-four miles Mr Galloway makes it), and for that purpose instructed my late brother, Galloway Bey, to make the necessary surveys and estimates, and our establishment was directed to carry out the work, in furtherance of which all the preliminary arrangements were made, and a large portion of the rails and machinery supplied. Unfortunately the agents of foreign powers, who were opposed to this work in a political point of view, used every possible exertion and means to dissuade His Highness from proceeding with it, alleging, among other reasons, that the traffic, the extent of which was then doubtful, would not repay so large an outlay, and the necessary expenditure for working the line.' His Highness was soon afterwards involved and embarrassed by his military aggression on Syria, and nothing further was done in the matter.

Mr Galloway is of opinion that a railway is the only practicable mode of improving the transit between the Red and Mediterranean Seas, and is altogether opposed to a ship-canal, as *not* 'practicable;' adding, however, the greatly-qualifying note, 'that by this I mean that the engineering difficulties may not be insuperable, but will involve so much expense as to render the project *financially impracticable*.' These italics are Mr Galloway's. With respect to a railway as a profitable speculation, Mr Galloway has the following: 'Our estimates shew that with the present passenger-traffic, reduced to one-half in cost to each person, the conveyance of goods in bulk as at present, the travellers to Mecca and various other parts, the conveyance of mails, with a train travelling each way every day, or in that proportion—that with the above items it will produce an adequate revenue upon the investment, and pay the expenses of working.' The reader will remember the allusion we made at the commencement of these remarks relative to the wretched intrigues going on at the pacha's court, and the

foolish jealousy of England, relative to this route, manifested by certain European states previous to 1840. Upon this point Mr Galloway thus confirms what we said: 'Unfortunately for the interests of Egypt, of England, and of Europe, whenever anything is suggested calculated to serve England in common with other nations, the whole "corps diplomatique" are up in arms.'

But it is not by a railway through the Delta, and by Cairo to Suez, that the interests of this country and of Europe generally would be best served. The line which Mr Robert Stephenson is, said he, about to commence forthwith for the Pacha of Egypt, is to be, it seems, from Alexandria to Cairo. This line may be profitable as a source of revenue to the pacha, and if continued to Suez, of great value to overland passengers, but will very insufficiently meet the exigencies of British commerce; and can only be regarded as a make-shift till matters are sufficiently advanced to justify a line direct from the Bay of Tyneh across the Desert to Suez. One objection to a railway compared with a ship-canal, in addition to the expense and delay of transhipments, urged by Captain Vetch is, that for want of the *scour* which the fall of the waters through a straight channel from the Arabian Gulf would afford, the shore on the Mediterranean side would only be approachable in boats. This is certainly a grave objection; but still, with all drawbacks, a direct railway, if no more were done, would be of immense benefit. It might be rendered practically independent of the ruler of Egypt, and the rapidly-increasing passenger and goods traffic would, we have no doubt, soon convince the most timid of doubters that the greater venture of a sea-passage might be hazarded without the slightest commercial hazard, even supposing, what is barely supposable, that the British government were to remain indifferent and supine in the matter. Benefits other than merely pecuniary ones would be also received and conferred. Flourishing towns would spring up at each terminus of the rail-line; the lakes, lagoons, and pools would be, through the easily-obtained agency of the Nile, covered after a few years by a rich vegetation; the lamps of Mecca would pale their ineffectual fires before the dotted line of gas-lights stretching across the deserts; and an irresistible fillip be given to Oriental fatalism and indolence by the life, energy, and spirit of Great Britain working marvels on sterile sands which had for thousands of years baffled the utmost efforts of Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Turkish conquerors and monarchs to bind or to subdue.

A dream! A fantastic, unrealisable dream! exclaims the sceptic—never bankrupt in doubt and unbelief however bare in knowledge or poor in hope. But is it more a dream than only a quarter of a century ago the possibility of being wheeled from Edinburgh to London in nine or ten hours would have been considered? Nay, does it more, or so much resemble a dream, an illusive prodigy, as the magnificent empire itself, with respect to which it in those days has become so vital matter that we should break down or overleap all barriers which separate it from us? Look at the giant steps that have hitherto marked the progress of that marvellous dominion, and then tell us that we regard its future progress with too sanguine a spirit! It was not till 1774 that English ships from Madras and Bombay entered the Red Sea, and sailed up to Suez; an enterprise which called forth the indignant fury of the Grand Signior,

expressed in a firman formally issued, declaring that vessels belonging to the children of darkness—the English especially—should not presume to do such a thing. 'I declare,' wrote the indignant sultan to the pacha of Cairo, 'that the sea of Suez was designed for the noble pilgrimage of Mecca; and that the port thereof is a port of two illustrious cities, which are those that make the light of the truth to shine and the law of the prophet, and are established to promote religion and justice—Mecca the enlightened, and Medina the honoured; wherefore I ordain that all such Christians as come there be imprisoned, and their effects confiscated; and let no one endeavour to set them free.' This remarkable firman, little more than seventy years old be it noticed—but a brief space in the life of nations — proceeds to give *reasons* for the vigorous enforcement of the conservative policy the angry sultan had resolved upon: 'We have informed ourselves from the wise men,' he writes, 'and those who study history, and have heard what has passed in former times from the dark policy of the Christians, who will undergo all fatigues, travelling by sea and land, and they take drawings of the countries through which they pass, and keep them, that by the help thereof they may make themselves masters of the kingdoms, as they have done in India and other places. Memorials have also come to us on the part of the Xerif of Mecca, the much honoured, representing that these Christians above named, not contented with their traffic to India, have taken coffee and other merchandise from Yemen, and carried it to Suez, to the great detriment of our port of Juddah. Seeing, therefore, what has happened, and our royal indignation being excited, particularly when we consider how things are in India by means of the Christians, who for many years have undergone long voyages, and at first declaring themselves to be merchants, meaning no harm or treachery, deceived the Indians, who were fools, and did not understand their subtlety and craft, and thus have taken their cities and reduced them to slavery.' Next follows a Turkish historical version of the Crusades:—'And in the time of Talmon, with like craft, they entered the city of Damascus, under the mask of merchants, who do no harm, and paying the full duties, or even more. At that time it happened that there were differences between Talmon and Labasson, and the Christians turned them to their advantage, and made themselves masters of Damascus and Jerusalem, and kept possession of them for an hundred years, when Saladin appeared—to whom God give glory—and freed Damascus and Jerusalem, killing the Christians without number. Besides, it is well known how great a hatred they bear to Mussulmen on account of their religion, and seeing with an evil eye Jerusalem in our hands. Those, therefore, who connive at the Christians coming to Suez, will be punished by God both in this and the other world. Permit by no means Christian or other ships to pass and repass by Suez. Our royal sovereignty is powerful, and this is our royal mandate: when any Christian ships, *and particularly the English*, shall come to the port of Suez, imprison the captains and all the people, as rebels and offenders who deserve imprisonment and confiscation of their effects, which let them find,' &c. These angry orders of the orthodox grand seignior were not at first obeyed; inasmuch as the pacha of Cairo and chief bey, having an interest in the illicit trade, suffered the firman to sleep. At length a new pacha was sent from Constantinople, with strict orders to

enforce it, and a number of Englishmen were in consequence plundered of the cargoes of several ships, which they were conveying across the Desert from Suez to Cairo, and themselves left wounded and naked on the sands. All perished except one, who was succoured at some Arab huts about a league from Cairo. The *Swallow* sloop of war was despatched to the Gulf in consequence of this outrage, and a similar *coup-de-main* was not again ventured upon. We are certainly now a long way from such a state of affairs—farther, much farther than we are from a ship-canal on which to glide through the Isthmus to that same forbidden Suez. We remember, too, the merry shouts of Quarterly Reviewers at the thoroughly-absurd notion of men and women being shot through the air by steam at the rate of twenty miles an hour, which a presumptuous ignoramus of the name of Stephenson had ventured to say was within the verge of possibility, and many similar mockings, and can afford to smile at barren, unreasoning scepticism. Paralysing doubt and genial hope, pale distrust and sun-bright faith, pursue their course and play their parts in the physical as in the moral world; and the drag-chain, we will not deny, has its uses. Nor do we wish to disparage the great things which have been performed in the twilight of science and knowledge. England has gone to and fro on the earth, and her sounding steps have been those of a giant. 'Her morning drum-beat,' it has been truly and happily said, 'following the sun, and keeping pace with the circling hours, compasses the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of its martial airs.' But we believe she has great works to perform, and other nations have great works to perform, that will cast into shade the brightest passages in hers and their histories, and amongst them we reckon as not the least important the twin tasks of breaking through the Isthmus of Darien and Suez, and thus multiplying and drawing closer the golden links which unite her with countless peoples of every clime, and creed, and colour, beneath the sun, and bind up their prosperity with her welfare, their safety with her power, their freedom with her liberty!

ANIMAL INSTINCTS AND INTELLIGENCE.

THE instincts and mental peculiarities of the brute creation, notwithstanding their immeasurable inferiority to the mind of man, have hitherto presented very high difficulties in the way of their rational explanation. These difficulties are partly real, having their origin in the nature of the subject, and partly artificial, or contracted through a mistaken manner of viewing it—that is to say, from the disposition, always more or less prevailing, to underrate the amount of intelligence, acquired knowledge, and wisdom from experience, actually belonging to the inferior animals.

This last-mentioned circumstance has contributed to keep up an ambiguity in the term 'instinct,' or rather to give to it a false meaning, in opposition to the more correct usage. Instinct properly means the native inborn capacities of a creature, as distinguished from the capacities that are acquired, whether from experience, tuition, or otherwise. The name is improperly applied when it is made to include the entire assemblage of powers and faculties possessed by any member of the lower creation—in other words, when it stands for the same designation to animals that Mind is to man. The brute, in common with the human, nature, is a mixture of instincts and acquisitions, of native gifts with capacities the offspring of culture.

A mistaken fear of submerging the dignity of man should not prevent us from identifying the superior and inferior types of animal existence to the full extent of their agreement. It is by identification and comparison of like things that we derive a large portion of our insight into the obscurities of natural phenomena. The researches of eminent naturalists, brought to a consummation in our own day by Professor Owen, have shewn the exact identity in type of the vertebrate skeleton, and have thereby established a common plan of mechanism in the moving members of the human and animal frame through the whole kingdom of vertebrate animals. It follows as a consequence that the means possessed by this whole class of creatures for working out their ends and plying their various activities must be to a great extent the same; and there must also be a great deal in common in their wants and necessities, and in the mental framework having reference to these. Locomotion, mastication, deglutition, vocal utterance, pursuit, are all determined on an identical plan, with variations in the detail; and to the extent of this identity there is necessarily a mutual sympathy and understanding among the members of the class. We are perfectly justified

in conceiving of the feelings engendered in a flying bird, a cantering horse, or by the loiterings of a flock of sheep; our own bodily states can approach sufficiently near to any of these to enable us to form some estimate of the resulting sensations. If we cannot appreciate the exact shades of effect in each animal, nor enter into all the other feelings mingling with these, the case is not essentially different from our position in regard to our fellow-beings. If a sedentary novelist is at liberty to imagine the experience of a fox-hunter or the happiness of a ploughman, so may an ordinary human being venture to sympathise with the dog or the nightingale in their ordinary avocations and pursuits.

But a community of backbone, limb, cranium, and jaw—the unity of the skeleton—is not the only field of identity in the vertebrate series. The *organs of sense*—the eye, ear, touch, smell, taste, digestion—have a common character throughout, and differ merely in degree and in the mode of setting in the different individuals. Consequently the outer world must impress the sentient organs in very nearly the same way. The picture of the landscape on the retina of a donkey is not radically different from the picture formed on the retina of its master. So the vibrations in the ear arising from the sonorous waves of the air are the same in kind in every vertebrate ear. There must be, moreover, much that is common in the sensations of smell, taste, and digestion; although there is evidently a much greater range of variety and difference in these than in the sensations resulting from sight, hearing, and the movements of the frame. We have, therefore, not only a community of active organs and working mechanism, but an extensive agreement among the sensations produced by the same outward objects on the sentient organs. This agreement enlarges to a still wider limit the basis of sympathy between us and the inferior orders of the vertebrate sub-kingdom.

Anatomists have gone a step farther, and have traced a unity of structure in the mechanism of the *brain* throughout the same series of animals, and to a certain extent through the whole animal kingdom. The brain can be divided into a number of distinct portions, and it can be seen whether these portions continue the same, or what changes they undergo, in the different species of creatures. The distinction between the brain of man and the brain of one of the higher mammalia lies chiefly in the size and proportions of the parts. There are certain portions of the human cerebrum that are wanting in other animals, but the deficiency is connected chiefly with the great inferiority of development of the organ. In man the cerebrum is distinguished by the number and the depth of the convolutions, indicating a much larger amount of the gray or ganglionic matter in which the force of the brain essentially resides.

No doubt can exist as to the identity of type or plan in the nervous system as well as in the skeleton and in the organs of sense. But the nervous system is the medium of all the instinctive, emotional, intelligent, and active processes of the animal; in so far as it is similar in two different creatures, these processes are usually found to be similar. The very great superiority of the human brain, and the inexhaustible train of differences between the human and brute minds, ought not to prevent us from comparing the two to the extent of their ascertained agreement. We shall afterwards see that the endowments we possess as members of the

civilised human family obstruct our view of some of the intelligent operations of the animals beneath us; but there ought not in any case to exist an insuperable bar to the comprehension of the less by the greater.

A fourth point of agreement may be seen in the organs and functions of reproduction so intimately allied with the nervous system, and so largely connected with the whole existence of the animal. In the emotions of sexual attachment and parental care, and in the general feeling of tenderness towards fellow-beings, no essential difference can be traced among the different orders of similarly organised creatures.

The agreements so rigorously traced by anatomists between the skeleton with its muscles, the organs of sense, and the nervous system of the vertebrate animals in general, are in exact accordance with the ordinary actings and sympathies of men towards the brute creation. We always presume in the animals about us feelings and necessities, likings and dislikings, akin to our own. We interpret their demeanour and expression exactly as in the case of our fellow-men. We take for granted that an animal is pleased when it imitates any of the human methods of indicating delight. Possibly we may sometimes be wrong in our interpretations of the signs of feeling and emotion in creatures so much removed from us in point of endowment, but nevertheless we cannot avoid applying our own experience to judge of theirs. The tendency to enter into the feelings of other beings on witnessing any expression of feeling on their part is born with us, and manifests itself with the earliest dawn of our perceptions; and we apply one rule to all cases and to all creatures. After being long in the world, we acquire more refined and indirect methods of judging of other people's states of mind, and depart in some degree from the instinctive method of proceeding; but this last method continues to prevail to the end of life. The discoveries in reference to the vertebrate skeleton, and the unity of type in the nervous system throughout the entire animal kingdom, are a justification of our habitual practice in this particular, such as we might not beforehand have been entitled to expect.

That the inferior creatures should have feelings similar to ours (allowing for differences not impossible to be estimated), and that they should have similar modes of acting and of expressing themselves under those feelings, is an inevitable consequence of the anatomical uniformity of plan observed in our organisation and theirs. If a total absence of a common mechanism had existed among the various creatures that usually club together, the current mode of interpreting one another's feelings would have been unsafe. Some creatures might have betaken themselves to groaning when they were happy, and lain down with an air of fatigue when in the height of good spirits, and all understanding of one another would have been completely nonplussed.

It is not to be denied, however, that there are appearances among the inferior races that, instead of being explained by a comparison with the human type, seem to be rendered more puzzling by such a comparison. We allude to the more mysterious of the animal instincts, and to the performance of acts implying a wide reach of intelligence by creatures evidently not possessed of a high order of mind in general. When we speak of the bee as a geometer, of the swallow as a meteorologist, and of the beaver as an architect, we seem to assume that these creatures have

found a royal road to the sciences, and must be possessed of a mode of intelligence that has no parallel in humanity. It is this imitation of our higher mental processes by creatures apparently not capable of such processes according to our method that has constituted the chief difficulty and the standing wonder of animal instinct. There is required a very strict analysis both of human and of brute capacity to obtain if possible some deeper foundations of agreement such as will reconcile these anomalies. We are not at liberty to take for granted the existence of a wholly distinct mechanism of thought and activity in those remarkable individuals of the inferior creation till we have seen the uttermost that can be accomplished by the mechanism common to them and us. Taking our stand upon the universal susceptibilities and modes of action of the animal nature, we are bound to inquire what effects may be produced by the exaltation or depression of one or more of these, or by those changes in degree that nature makes in so great abundance without departing from the sameness or unity of the general type.

We have made special allusion in the foregoing remarks to the researches that have established the rigorous similarity (or 'homology,' as it is called) of the vertebrate skeleton. Between the vertebrate animals and the sub-kingdoms of mollusca, articulata, and radiata, no such scientific law of unity has been traced. Nevertheless, there is apparently a very great amount of similarity, and in all probability the greatest that could exist between forms and modes of life so diverse as theirs. The functions of digestion, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion maintain a common form so far as it is admissible in the altered structure of the individual. The instruments of locomotion, the organs of sense, the nervous system, still keep up an analogy in the midst of diversity; indeed, creatures that have to live on the same planet must be analogous in some degree; the permissible variety must depend solely on the variety of that planet's surface and constituents—it being one thing to walk on the solid earth, another to float in the waters, and something quite different to burrow under ground. Now, so far as the general outline of each creature and the manner of its subsistence will allow, we find that a common plan of mechanism is observed; and we therefore can do nothing better than to extend our sympathies and our modes of reasoning to the remoter types of animal life, in so far as we see them actuated with impulses analogous to our own. There is no other point of view that we, as human beings, can take towards the shell-fish, the worm, or the insect, than what we adopt for quadrupeds, birds, or reptiles. Our humanity and our science alike demand this universal recognition of relationship.

In the subsequent detail of the present Paper our arrangement will be as follows:—

I. The ANIMAL INSTINCTS, or the inborn capacities belonging to the universal type of the animal nature.

II. ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE, or the indications of intellect, and the means of acquired capacity among the animal tribes.

III. A view of some of the more prominent types of ANIMAL CHARACTER.

IV. The remarkable instances of COMBINING or CONSTRUCTIVE POWER exhibited among the lower orders of creatures.

THE ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

In treating of the various susceptibilities and active capacities of the animal frame that are to be considered as native, or growing out of the original constitution of the individual, we must advert first to the class of feelings termed Sensations. These are to be looked upon as the foundation and starting-point, as well as the motives of activity. If by sensations we understand only the impressions and feelings made on the five senses, it will be requisite for us to notice an additional class of animal susceptibilities, as preliminary to the consideration of the instinctive actions—namely, the class of appetites or impulses to action originating in different parts of the system. Our exposition will, therefore, have to embrace the Sensations, Appetites, and inborn Activities of the Animal nature.*

Animal Senses.

The five senses commonly spoken of as belonging to man and to the higher orders of the brutes, are admitted to be a defective classification of the primary sensibilities of the animal frame. Not only do they omit the extensive class of feelings reflected from the muscular apparatus of the body, but they pass over the important sense of digestion, and of the various other operations of the alimentary canal. The feeling of taste located in the tongue and palate is a mere preliminary to the far more impressive volume of sensation resulting from the processes subsequently taking place upon the food. There are, not including the muscular feelings, at least seven distinct kinds of sensations, having all the commonly recognised characters of such. The superior animals rejoice, along with man, in the possession of seven senses.

It is very important for our present object to recognise distinctly at the outset the full compass of the mechanism entering into each of the senses—a mechanism that could never have been ascertained but for the recent discoveries in nervous anatomy. The supposition formerly entertained respecting sensation, was to the effect that an impression made on the eye or ear was carried into the brain and deposited in a sensorium or store-house of sensations, whence it emerged afterwards as a recollection or some other species of thought. Such a doctrine is wholly at variance with the structure of the brain, as well as a fatal stumbling-block in the way of all clear knowledge of mental workings. There is no such thing as a cerebral closet or receptacle of imagery; the machinery of the nervous system is formed on a totally different plan—a plan, too, that when once revealed by anatomical investigation, agrees far better with the common experience and observation of mankind than the other hypothesis. Looking at the structure of the nervous system, we find it to consist of an apparatus arranged in a circular form—that is, returning to itself, somewhat after the analogy of a voltaic battery. At one part of the circle we find a ganglion or knot of nervous matter, highly vascular—in other words, abounding with minute

* See 'Information for the People,' vol. ii. No. 71, where the human mind is treated of in a manner nearly parallel to the exposition of the animal mind in general, given in the present Paper.

bloodvessels—and from each ganglion proceed two sets of nerves, one terminating in an organ of sense, the other in some organs of motion. A circle is formed of these parts in the following order, beginning at the origin of the sensation: a sensitive surface; a nerve arising in it and proceeding inwards to a certain ganglion; the ganglion itself; and lastly, a nerve issuing from the ganglion towards a moving organ, and terminating in its muscles. If, for example, we take the sense of touch: the parts of the circle are—the integument of the fingers; the nerves proceeding from this integument to the ganglionic centre appropriated to touch; the ganglion itself; the efferent or outgoing nerves of the ganglion, of which a certain number at least proceed to the fingers themselves, or to the muscles that move them. Such is the fundamental structure of the nervous anatomy; and next, as to its mode of working.

When a stimulus is applied to any sensitive surface—to the tips of the fingers, for example—this stimulus immediately tells upon the fibres of the nerve embedded in that surface. The nerve-fibres have for their special function the communication or transmission of any influence brought to bear upon their extremities—they are what is termed conductors. The pressure exerted upon the nerves of touch when the fingers are squeezed is rapidly conveyed in some shape or other to the ganglion of the sense of touch; it is not swallowed up or stifled there, but as a part of its nature it acts upon the vascular globules or vesicles of the ganglion, influencing the circulation of the blood of those vesicles, and developing a motive-force which issues along the outgoing nerves, and is transmitted to the muscles of the fingers, or the parts affected by the sensation. This, and nothing less than this, constitutes a complete act or operation of sense. The original stimulus in the sentient surface always tends to produce a reflex stimulus of the organ that carries that surface. This movement will be either a movement of closer contact with the thing or object of sensation, or a movement of repulsion and retraction of the member, in case of the stimulus being painful or disagreeable. Put a ball in a child's open hand, and the effect of the touch will be, through the steps above described, to clench the hand and grasp the ball. If it is hot, or cold, or prickly, or in any way uncongenial to the organs, a different set of muscles will be communicated with and complete the round, and the hand will be rapidly withdrawn from the unwelcome touch. Until one or other of these two effects have been produced, the sensation cannot be said to have accomplished its natural course. If a stimulus or impression from without stops short at the ganglionic centre, the fact shews either that the impression is feeble, that the ganglion or outgoing nerve is paralysed, or that some other stimulus of a more powerful kind and of a contrary nature has found its way to the same ganglion—a thing that often takes place in the complex organisation and multiplied communications of the nervous system.

In our search into the causes of the motive-power of the animal body, this view of the nature of sensation is all-important. It reveals to us at once a direct and unfailing connection between sense and activity—the two being only different portions of the same mechanism. A sensation is never complete till it brings forth an action. The permanency of the sensation as a recollected or revivable impression depends on its having had full scope and effect upon the moving organ concerned in the case.

The circulation of a nervous current, or propagation of a nervous vibration, whose nature is unknown to us, constitutes the entire fact of the sensation taken by itself: when this current or vibration has ceased there would appear to be no feeling present—no manifestation of sense any more than of movement. When we retrace a past sensation, we apparently do nothing beyond reviving the current of excitement between the sensitive surface and the moving part of the sensational circle.

Keeping in view, therefore, this relation between sensation and action, as between parts of the same whole, we will now pass in review the different classes of animal sensibilities, adverting in each instance to the special movements generated by the inherent activity of the circles of sense. We shall thus ascertain what amount of active power nature has associated with the very fact of sensibility, and shall thereby provide an adequate explanation of a certain fraction of the phenomena now under consideration.

1. *Sensations of Organic Life.*—It is necessary for us to recognise a class of feelings arising from the general well or ill being of the system at large as something distinct from the feelings of the special senses. Accordingly, physiologists have singled out those feelings under the name of *general sensibility*. The various processes at work in the waste and renovation of the tissues of the system give forth an influence upon the consciousness, and make part and parcel of the happiness or misery of the individual existence.

The circulation of the blood, the respiratory action in the lungs, the secretions and excretions, the formation of new cells, and the absorption of decayed matter, seem all to give a certain amount of indication of their working, without in general drawing any special attention towards themselves. It is reckoned a criterion of good health to be utterly unconscious of any one of these processes; and the maxim is so far true, for it is only in case of some disorder that the consciousness is strongly acted on by the organic processes of the system. But yet the vigorous action of the nutritive functions of the frame, and the purgation from every kind of waste matter, tell powerfully upon the whole state of feeling of the individual, by enhancing the pleasure of existence, and rendering more vivid all the special senses and susceptibilities of the being. On the other hand, disease, laceration, insufficient nutriment, loss of repose, exhaustion, or any cause tending to interrupt the work of renewal and waste—the stream of vitality—make themselves felt by the same class of nerves, and produce a painful and irritated consciousness, whose influence overshadows all the other regions of conscious existence.

The obscurity that hangs over the nervous mechanism of organic sensibility must necessarily extend itself to the returning and motive portion of the nerve circles. The clearness and certainty of our knowledge of the complete round of the nervous current in the special senses do not belong to this more vague and diffused portion of our sensibility. This much we know, that when any part of the body becomes keenly conscious—in consequence of a painful disease, for example—there is a constant tendency kept up to move the part hither and thither, in the vain endeavour to withdraw it from the gnawing influence. In this tendency we can recognise the general fact of the reflex influence of the senses; for as a primary

law, it is seen that the returning nerves enter the muscles of the part affected, and the rebound of the sensation is shewn in either keeping up the sensitive part to the exciting object, or in retracting it, as the case may be. If the foot happen to be disordered and in pain, the muscles of the limb are kept in a constant state of solicitation to move the member about, and the utter uselessness of the attempt only adds to the irritation.

In the case of the breathing, which is one vital part of the organic system, every stimulus on the surface of the lungs reacts immediately on the muscles of respiration: the connection of action and sensation is here quite apparent. Pure air increases the rapidity of the breathing, impure air relaxes the energy of the breathing muscles; and there is the same opposition between the effects of cold and warm air. As in the other senses, the reflex current of the respiratory sensations goes to the muscles controlling the sensitive organ—that is, the muscles of the chest.

There is one remarkable fact that goes to confirm the assumption now made as to the existence of sentient circles in all their completeness over every part of the body, for the purpose of making conscious the organic vitality of the system. This fact is no other than our sense of the direction or precise locality of any local irritation. In the human system the only means of indicating direction is by the movement of some member towards the place that may be in question. The movement of the eye tells direction in sight, and the movement of the hand tells the place of an object of touch. A point within the body which sends an impression towards the brain has its locality discovered by the stimulus given to the muscles adjoining the part, and by the movement thus set agoing. An uneasiness in the forearm is identified as to its place by the reflex action that it causes in the muscles of the forearm, and the movements consequent on this stimulus. In the interior of the abdomen, at a distance from any muscular actions, there is a great ambiguity and indistinctness as to the seat of a disordered feeling; and but for this tendency to reflect a stimulus upon the muscles nearest to the part, or the muscles carrying the part, we could not guess where the evil lay. There are artificial means of identifying the place of an acute organic sensation, by probing about till the sore gives evidence of being touched in the aggravated feeling of a new irritation; but nature's own method of indicating locality within the body is through the completion of each circle of sense by a muscular movement.

Inasmuch as the organic states of the body are affected by the atmospheric and other circumstances and conditions that surround it, the organic sensibility is acted on by all these causes, and a certain cognisance of external nature is the consequence. Changes of temperature alter the entire adjustment of the animal system: the rate of the breathing and of the circulation of the blood is changed, and many other alterations follow in train. So changes in the degree of moisture of the air affect the circulation, the action of the skin, and we know not how much besides; and some indication is given of this in the feelings of organic life. On the eve of a rain-storm, when the barometer falls, shewing a diminished pressure of the atmosphere, and when the air is getting charged with vapour to the point of saturation, the disturbance of the animal system is great and palpable. The human subject is generally conscious of an altered state of

things; and very many of the animal species are powerfully affected, and exhibit some marked peculiarity of manner which enables them to be cited as a prognostication of the coming storm. A general and pervading uneasiness of the system would, under the reflex influence that we are now considering, cause a general agitation and flutter of the system, ending in no specific movement; but the other endowments of the animal are usually brought into play in the circumstances, and it acts according to the best of its judgment in endeavouring to get away from the evil influence. In this it may or may not succeed; but the efforts that are made are a proof of the presence of a stimulus to action whenever the feelings of organic life assume an uncongenial cast. Quadrupeds, birds, reptiles; all seem to feel the influence of atmospheric changes, and in all of them some action or other follows up the sensation—those actions being usually something more than the mere reflex influence upon the corresponding muscular parts, which is a necessary part of every sensation.

We can thus see an innumerable variety of causes under this one sense tending to stimulate the movements of animals through the mechanism that joins sense and motion into one whole.

2. *Sensations of the Alimentary Canal.*—The peculiar process of the digestion of the food, and its absorption along the surface of the intestine, appears to yield a state of sensation or feeling over and above the feelings of organic life. There is an approach to specialty in this department of the organism: a set of nerves would seem to be expressly designed for conveying to the general consciousness certain impressions derived from the changes going on over the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, through the presence or absence of nutritive material.

The contact of the food with the coat of the stomach causes a secretion of gastric juice, and the dissolved food begins to be absorbed into the blood at the very commencement of the process of digestion; and all along the intestines a double transudation appears to take place, certain matters being constantly given out of the mucous membrane, and others taken in. There is a sensitiveness developed by this action, and two distinct results are produced by it. By a reflex action from the ganglionic system (nerves which do not enter the conscious brain), the vermicular motion of the bowels is sustained; this being an exact parallel to the case of an ordinary sensation, in the cardinal peculiarity of the union of force with stimulus. In the second place, impressions are conveyed to the conscious system of a cast corresponding with the nature of the processes at the time, sometimes pleasant and luxurious, sometimes indifferent, and at other times painful or oppressive.

If we inquire to what muscles the stimulus of the alimentary states is reflected in the first instance, in order to complete the circle of sensation, the probable answer is—the diaphragm and the muscles of the abdomen. These form the set immediately enclosing and controlling the digestive viscera, and all analogy would point to them as the recipients of the reflected influence. There is a considerable likelihood that the healthy and vigorous action of the digestive processes communicates a vigour of tone to the abdominal and respiratory muscles, and that a perverted action of the secretions paralyses the corresponding muscular parts.

The mass or amount of sensation derived from the alimentary canal is

very great, and it forms a considerable fraction of the total happiness or misery of all animal tribes. Nature has evidently associated the circles and ganglia of digestion in intimate and powerful bonds of union with the general centre of the nervous system; so that the impressions of the digestive states, besides their proper reflex actions on the digestive muscles, rouse up extensive operations over the active organs at large. This secondary and wide-ranging influence (whose explanation belongs to the higher functions of instinct) may be seen in many forms and ways. The tendency to repose after a full meal, the fretfulness of a hungry man, the setting of the wits to work upon the pursuit of food as a primary object of life, are instances of the powerful alliance between the digestive circles and the other regions of activity. Of the pains and agonies of existence, none are more horrible or more unhinging to the general system than some of the perverted states of the stomach.

3. *Sensations of Taste.*—The organ of Taste is situated at the entrance of the alimentary canal, and serves as a means of discriminating the substances proper to be taken as food. In so doing it contributes a certain quota to the pleasures of existence.

The structure of the organ is a mucous membrane spread over the tongue and palate, and secreting a liquid to combine with a portion of the food. The act of combination between the liquid and the food affects the nerves of taste embedded in the membrane.

The circle of sensation is completed by the action of the muscles of the mouth, tongue, and lower jaw; an agreeable sensation stimulates the processes of mastication and swallowing; a repulsive sensation causes an opposite action, such as to expel the obnoxious mouthful.

There is evidently some harmony between agreeableness to the taste and agreeableness to the stomach and to the organic system; hence what passes the ordeal of the palate is usually suitable to the real wants of the individual. This arrangement gives to animals the power of instinctive discrimination of food. In the inferior orders of creatures the sense of taste seems very powerful and predominant, and the instinctive capacity arising from it is proportionally great. The human subject, less frequently repelled by the tastes of substances found in nature, can indulge in a greater variety of articles of food, and in consequence may sin more largely against the wellbeing of the system than creatures of more narrow and exclusive likings can do.

We thus find in the mechanism of the sense of taste the origin of a class of practical judgments of the greatest importance in the guidance of animal life. This is a true case of instinct, and in it we can see a very large and comprehensive end effected by great simplicity in the means.

4. *Sensations of Smell.*—The sense of Smell is placed at the portal of the lungs, to test the quality of the inspired air, and give timely warning of a noxious atmosphere. The organ consists of a membraneous expansion covering the convoluted cavities of the nose, and connected by nervous fibres with a central ganglion of a conspicuous character. The circle is completed by nerves returning to the muscles of the nostrils in the first instance, and, in the second place, to the muscles moving the chest. An agreeable flavour stimulates one set of movements, tending to increase the inhalation; a vour of an unsuitable kind has the contrary effect of checking the

inhalation and promoting expiratory movements. It thus happens that the sensitiveness to smell may be the means of sensibly exalting or depressing the function that more than any other connects itself with the vital energy of the system—namely, the purification of the blood by the lungs.

The circle of the sense of smell, acting by itself, has no other effect beyond this of modifying the breathing. But this circle is brought into connection with other circles, and originates through these a wider range of activity. It is impossible to get rid of unpleasant smells by merely retarding the process of inhalation, and employing strong expiratory efforts; the effect still continues to irritate the system, and must at last rouse up the movement of flight or some other activity at the command of the creature of a kind to rid it of the evil.

The sensations of smell appear in various ways to be instrumental in setting on general activity. Animals that pursue their prey have in many cases the power of detecting it through their scent; and the far-darting odour of the creatures preyed on seems to have the power both of stimulating the lungs, and through them the vital energy or animal spirits, and also of inflaming the entire nervous system with an uncontrollable energy of pursuit. The carnivorous creature has all its bloodthirstiness fired by the smell of its accustomed victims, and with this are wakened up the whole destructive energies of its nature. Hunger and the flavour of meat are sufficient to spread an irritation over the active system of this class of animals.

Nature has thus based extensive endowments on the sense of smell. The detection of prey and of the means of subsistence is given by this sense acting within its own circle; and when once a victim comes within the scent, there is produced by it a stimulus proceeding to other circles, and causing the other movements that bring the prey within reach, and end in its being finally devoured. Smell, therefore, like taste, is of itself a knowledge-conferring faculty, and is a commencing link in some of the more complicated instinctive operations.

5. *Sensations of Touch.*—The sense of Touch is situated all over the surface of the animal body, and is conceived as residing in the skin. The true sense of touch, as distinguished from the sensibility to shocks or pressure, consists in discerning a substance in contact with the body, as made of separate parts, and having extension in space. None of the foregoing senses can give any feeling of the solidity or dimensions of bodies; indeed they can hardly be said to recognise of themselves the external existence of matter.

The ganglion of the sense of touch requires to be much more complicated than the ganglion of taste or smell. The power of discriminating different points in a surface implies a series of independent nerve-fibres distributed in the skin, and having each a distinct connection with the muscles of the part; the general ganglion must, in fact, be a mass of smaller ganglia, with outgoing threads connecting all of them with the corresponding muscular apparatus. This constitutes a higher order of nervous organisation than would appear to belong to the four first senses, and it may be expected to yield a more complex kind of instinctive action.

It is actually found that the movements responsive to the sense of touch are more various and remarkable than the responses of the above-named senses. In the human hand, for example, an object laid on the palm, and

touching the five fingers, stimulates all the muscles necessary for clenching the fist; and even the paw of an inferior animal is led into a variety of movements by the touch of any solid body.

Touch is highly developed in the tongue, and enters into the sense of taste, acting as a guide to mastication and deglutition.

The muscular feelings of force and resistance are inevitably mixed up with the sense of touch, but are nevertheless perfectly distinct. Touch is also the medium of many indescribable electric or magnetic stimuli, especially in the contact of living beings; every individual creature being a huge machine for generating this species of influence.

The whole of the action of animals upon the outer world is through the sense of touch and the moving organs. The material things coming in contact with the body stimulate a constant activity and an enterprising turn; whence arises a great development of the mechanical capacities, and a variety of durable impressions of outward things, a sort of germ of natural knowledge in its lowest form. An animal comes to feel in the first grapple with solid masses that the sensation changes with every movement and turn that it takes, and a renewed stimulus is thus given to groping and manipulation.

6. *Sensations of Hearing.*—The sense of Hearing is lodged in a very refined and delicate organ of touch. Sounds being a series of mechanical blows or pressures, they require for their reception a surface affected by pressure. The nerves of hearing are spread out on a membraneous surface in the inner ear, which surface floats in the liquid contents of the chamber. The vibrations of sound strike first a tight membrane, next a series of little bones, and lastly the liquid of the inner ear. This liquid, when compressed itself, compresses the nerve, and gives the sensation of sound.

The responsive action that completes the auditory nervous circle is directed to the small muscles of the ear, whose connection leads them to tighten or relax the membrane of the tympanum, according as the sound is agreeable or the contrary. Such is the delicacy of the hearing organ in the higher animals that sounds differing in the smallest peculiarity may be perfectly discriminated. This discrimination is at the basis of much knowledge of the world, and of great variety of action, particularly in the vocal organs, these being more especially connected with the organ of hearing. The communication established between the ear and the voice is one of the higher arrangements of the nervous system, and from it proceeds the whole development of the vocal powers of the animal.

Hearing, like touch, is a sense giving a feeling of expansion and volume, and also of direction, but not in a very accurate way. This sense is also remarkable for the pleasures that may be imparted through its instrumentality.

7. *Sensations of Sight.*—Sight is in many respects the highest and most commanding of the senses. It reveals the outspread creation with a degree of fidelity that closer examination can but rarely impugn. The impressions that it leaves behind it are largely involved in the operations of intellect as well as in the highest class of emotions.

The organ of sense is an optical lense formed so as to project a picture of outward things upon the back of the eyeball, where lie outspread the filaments of the nerve of vision. The pictorial impression thus pro-

duced is conveyed inwards in fragments, each along a distinct fibre of the optic nerve, which are thus kept asunder on their way to the optic ganglion. Each fibre must be conceived, as in the case of touch, to have an independent connection with the muscles of the eyeball in the responsive action, and to stimulate a position appropriate to its own place in the retina. The attempt of the muscles to adjust the eyeball to the picture is the returning action of the circle. It is impossible to fix the eye upon all the points thus conveying a stimulus to the optic ganglion; what is done in actual vision is to fix the eye upon one point at a time, and to run it backwards and forwards across the field of view.

The muscles of the eyeballs are themselves very sensitive, and their feelings mix with the sensation of light in the various processes of vision. The feeling of *distance* from the eye is muscular; likewise the feelings of *lateral dimensions* and *superficial area;* and the feeling of *solidity* from all combined.

The recognition of the forms and appearances of the outer world, and the guidance of the movements of the individual, are the great practical endowments conferred immediately by the organ of sight. As the higher senses never exist without possessing the power of fixing and retaining their impressions to some degree—a power which, surprising as it is, seems to be a constant attribute of the nervous system—every animal gifted with eyes has the power of recognising and identifying the place of its own habitation and all its familiar haunts. Hence vision is in all cases the means of making the creature at home somewhere in the wide world.

The nervous circle of vision is, even by itself apart, a complicated and versatile mechanism: moreover, its connections with the nervous system at large, and with all the other energies of the framework, are wide and deep. In those connections we have to search for a great number of the instinctive and other capacities of animal life. The intimate alliance above noticed between the ear and the voice is paralleled in a grand scale in the present case; the eye and its sensations are deeply associated with the action of the body as a whole, and with all those exertions and manipulations that engross the entire system. Locomotion and pursuit are closely controlled by sight; the same is true of every kind of mechanical process operated by the moving organs at large. In our subsequent expositions we shall have to revert to the visual mechanism, and its alliances with the active circles generally.

Muscular System.

In this preparatory survey of the elementary mechanism of sense and activity, a few words require to be said on the muscular system in addition to the notice taken of it as a part of every circle of sensation. We do not assert too much when we denominate it the essential instrument of action, emotion, and thought, throughout the entire animal system.

The muscles are subject to a great variety of states, and yield as many varieties of feelings to the general consciousness. They may be tense or relaxed; they may move rapidly or slowly, continuously or interruptedly, irregularly or rythmically. Some of their movements are luxurious in the extreme, others are painful or disagreeable; and this distinction determines a preference in the turn of activity.

Besides being the completing portion of sensational circles, and the tool, as it were, of the senses, the muscular system sets agoing actions solely on its own account, or for its own gratification. These movements will be guided and chosen by the agreeableness of the feelings that result from them. There is a pleasure in mere exercise; but the pleasure is still further enhanced by the manner of it; and animals deeply sensible of the satisfaction of regulated, harmonious, or rythmical motions will be ready to fall into such motions of themselves, or to catch them up by imitation. Every creature has its own favourite mode of disporting itself.

The muscular system appears to have the special function of connecting one nervous circle with another; that is, the muscular response of a circle of sense, for example, yields the sensation that acts upon a second active circle, and this tells upon a third in the same way; and so on. This will have to be more particularly dwelt on in our next section.

Compound Instincts.

The mechanism of the senses has been treated of above as a system of individual and isolated nervous circles, having each their sensitive surface, ingoing-nerve, ganglion, outgoing-nerve, and muscular apparatus respectively. We have had occasion to allude to cases where the responsive muscular tension that terminates a sensation is not final, but leads to the wakening up of a train of other activities. This carries us to the higher organisation of the nervous system, or to the means adopted in nature for connecting the separate sensibilities and activities into harmonious wholes.

In this obscure and interesting subject, our insight is derived partly from the anatomy of the nervous system, and partly from what we can observe of the way that stimuli and movements succeed one another in the living body. The following laws of intercommunication of nervous circles seem to be borne out by both these sources of evidence:—

1. When any moving organ reaches its extreme position, it sets agoing a stimulus to the opposing muscles to retrace the motion. Every moving member must have two classes of muscles to counteract each other, and a distinct ganglionic centre must exist for each. Thus the arm has its flexors and extensors, and a similar adaptation exists everywhere over the system. Now it would seem to be a rule of organisation, that when one set of muscles have been contracted to the extreme, the sensibility of the contraction should be transmitted by a particular nerve to stimulate the ganglion of the counter set, and to cause an opposite or returning movement; while the muscles of this last movement yield in like manner a stimulus to the first. In short, a connection is established such as to keep up a movement of *see-saw* among the active members of the system. This kind of movement is not uniformly sustained, unless among what are called the involuntary muscles; as, for example, the muscles of respiration and the heart: among the voluntary muscles it is apt to be overborne by other tendencies, and it is proved to exist only by the natural facility there is to fall into and sustain a swinging motion. It is indispensable in locomotion, and is a great help in every kind of mechanical operation, there being always a necessity, after every exertion of the muscles, to bring back the parts moved from their extreme situation. The principle stated in the last

section with reference to the intermediate position of the muscular system is evidently borne out in this instance; for we cannot conceive of any other stimulus to the counter movement, except the muscular tension of the first movement. The muscular sensation of the contracted flexors of the arm passes by a distinct nerve to the ganglion of the extensors, and unless some other power interfere, it stimulates a movement of extension by means of that ganglion.

2. The principle of *alternation* thus announced is still farther extended, so as to include the two halves of the body, or the corresponding members of the right and left sides. There is evidently a communication established between the circles that move the two sides, such that a motion in one, having reached its extreme, sets agoing the same motion in the other. Hence arises the alternate swing of the two arms or legs, a movement inherent in the primitive constitution of the animal system, and seen in the earliest movements of infancy. This alternation coincides with rather than contradicts the other. The alternate swing of the arms or legs of a human being combines both.

3. The communication of the successive circles of the body through the spinal cord and brain serves to operate the fact of *vermicular movement*, or of the movements propagated from one end of the trunk to the other. In this case the muscular contraction in one circle yields a sensation or stimulus which is carried by a nerve to the next circle, and it is contracted in consequence, and yields a stimulus to a third; and so on through the whole line of the body. The movements of crawling reptiles exhibit this in its most marked form; but it also applies to the locomotive quadrupeds and to the human subject. There is along with the alternate swing of the legs a movement of the entire trunk, propagated from one vertebral circle to another, on this principle. It is also exemplified in the action of the intestines, which convey the food along by successive contractions, propagated from one muscular ring to another.

The act of walking on all-fours, which is true instinct or inborn capacity, involves all the three kinds of nervous connection above enumerated. The swing backwards and forwards of each separate limb exemplifies the first kind, the alternation of the individuals of each pair proceeds on the second, and the alternate movements of the fore and hind legs is a case of the third, or of the vermicular tendency. The order of alternation of the four legs varies in different animals as well as in the same animal under different impulses; whence arises the varieties of trot, canter, gallop, &c. These do not affect the general principles above described: they merely indicate differences in the adjustment of the details.

4. Many of the instinctive actions are referable to the tendency there is in the system at large to accord or fall in with the state of any one part. Whatever excitement has seized any one of the active circles seems to spread itself over all the rest. The cerebro-spinal axis which maintains the communications above described between the various isolated ganglia, and which contains the ganglia themselves, allows of a transmission of excitement from one circle to another, as if by contagion, and the whole system becomes fired with one common impulse. Thus it is that rapid movements in the limbs produce a like rapidity in the exclamations, looks, features, gestures, and even in the thinking processes; and in the same way

the quick motions of the eye caused by an exciting and bustling spectacle, or the excitement of the ear by quick music, induce activity and quickness of execution over every part of the frame. The entire muscular system of the body being linked together by nervous connections joining all the separate circles, there arises this tendency to unity and harmony of action and state, and it becomes possible to influence any portion by acting on almost any other portion. The consequences of this comprehensive linking of the activities of the frame are far-reaching and numerous.

Proceeding upon these four general laws of the nervous organisation, we can, in addition to the instincts already traced as flowing from them, undertake the discussion of a still more complicated class of instinctive operations.

There is no fact of animal existence more deeply rooted or more constant in its recurrence than what we denominate by the term *pursuit*, taken, in its widest acceptation, as meaning every instance of the exertion of the active faculties towards some object or end. The senses or the intelligence descry something in the distance desirable to be attained, and, by the activity of the frame, this something is gradually approached and finally possessed. Now, we wish to shew that this tendency belongs to the inherent and inborn peculiarities of the animal organisation, and that it is in a great measure derived from the sensibilities and the laws of nervous communication above described. Take the case of a creature that seeks its prey by scent. The odour of the victim, by the responsive stimulus, excites the respiratory muscles into increased activity; their intensified alternation induces, by the laws of nervous communication, the similar state of alternation on the locomotive organs, just as the activity of the locomotive apparatus always increases the energy of the respiration. There is thus furnished a direct stimulus to pursuit, through the diffusion of like states from one part of the system to another. In the same way it could be shewn that the tension of the muscles of the eye, when fixed on a distant object, imparts, through this same tendency to a common attitude or state, a stimulus to the erecting muscles of the body; and these being stretched to the full, readily bring on the counter movement of energetic flexion, and no more is needed to set agoing a motion towards the object in question. Were there no other organisation than the arrangements above assumed, we believe that pursuit, the taking of an aim, the following of a lead, would happen in all cases as a matter of course, it being understood that every animal takes a certain length of time and exercise to acquire the use of its most familiar organs. It is also to be kept in view that any impulse of the system may at any time be suppressed by the presence of a stronger.

The instinct of preserving a basis of firm *support*, and maintaining a steady *balance*, with the dread of falling, is a remarkable example of the class of inborn propensities. Its explanation does not appear to be difficult on the principles above laid down. In the first place, it is to be remarked that there is not a more horrible feeling of the muscular system than the sudden giving way of one of the fixed supports of the body. It happens not merely in the support of the feet but in the case of any muscle whatever that happens to be in a state of energetic tension. It is the state well known as sea-sickness, and also the state of giddiness from looking down precipices. Now an animal being made painfully conscious of the loss of its footing by

this sensation coming over it, is urged by an instantaneous reflex process to exert its muscles somehow to gain a new posture. But this is not all. The eye has a strong sympathy with the body in general on the point of firm support. It becomes accustomed to rest on the ground as it were, or it acquires a fixed habitual glance towards the earth; and this reposing glance becomes associated with the feeling of support, and a sudden sinking of the ground away from the eye has the very same sickening effect that the actual loss of the solid rest of the body has to the general frame.

The instinct of *vocal utterance* springs partly out of the mere possession of active organs of voice, and partly out of the law of the propagation of similar states over the system. The respiratory organs, as has been already remarked, are in full connection with the locomotive and other active members; and the voice requires that their action should accompany the action of the muscles of the larynx, or those that tighten up and control the vocal chords. That these laryngeal muscles are associated by nervous connections with the general system is evident from observation, if it cannot be positively shewn by anatomy. An animal in the heat of pursuit has all its activities fired by contagion, and the vocal organs among the rest. Hence the sounds partake, in their expression, of the character of the animal's entire movement. Fierce, vehement, rapid movements of the body kindle up similar movements in the respiration and larynx, and sharp, hard, vehement sounds are the result. We may therefore state, in regard to vocal utterance, that it is inspired, first, by the mere tendency of every active organ to put forth its activity; and secondly, by communication or contagion from the other parts of the frame. To these we may add a third stimulus, derived from what may be called emotional states—grief, joy, terror, affection and the like; and fourthly, a still more refined stimulus from the pleasures of the effect on the ear.

What we have thus briefly noted respecting vocal utterance applies to *expression* in general, to the play of feature and member that accompanies and indicates the excitement that possesses the system at any one time. The law of homogeneous movement points out the necessary sympathy of the eye, the countenance, and the gesture, with whatever movements have been impressed on the other active organs. The inferior animals being unsophisticated in their expression, and incapable of putting forth the power of concealment and hypocrisy, are the best examples of this tendency to unity and identity of state, and consequent truthfulness in all their demonstrations.

The instinct of *Imitation*, which it would be a self-contradiction to call an acquired faculty, must also be pronounced an example of the same law of homogeneous movement. In imitating sounds the muscles of the ear are first sympathetically affected with the character of the original, and these aural muscles inspire a corresponding class of movements in the muscles of the larynx. The nervous connection between the ear and larynx may be very special and powerful, or it may be but slender; in the one case the imitation is easy and prompt, in the other it is difficult. In imitating actions and movements, the eye catches the original, and is itself similarly affected in following the course of the movement. The hand, foot, or body, fall in with the course thus impressed upon the eye; that is, they go through a corresponding course of motions up and down, to and fro, slow

or quick; and here the same remark holds true, that imitation will be easy in proportion to the goodness of the nervous communications between the circles of sight and the circles of movement of the other members. It may be observed in the human subject, that it is easier to imitate actions by the upper extremities than by the lower; the nervous connections between the eyes and the lower members apparently being much feebler than between the eyes and the upper members. But the goodness of these bonds of intercommunication among the nervous circles is subject to an infinity of variation among the various animal species.

These examples will serve to illustrate the application of the laws of nervous organisation which we have ventured to lay down as a basis of explanation of the commoner animal instincts. Before proceeding to a still higher class of instinctive and mental activities, some notice should be taken of the appetites and emotions that seem to pervade the animal kingdom, serving as the stimulants of those higher powers, and being in fact, along with the sensations, the end of existence to the brute nature in general.

Animal Appetites.

The term Appetite, or craving, points to certain states of irritated consciousness, requiring something to be done to supply a want or remedy a disorder. It is a kind of bodily feeling or sensation that may arise in any part of the system, in consequence of something being deficient or deranged in that part. There are certain special cravings that make up the ordinary class of appetites; such as thirst, hunger, exercise, repose, sleep, &c. These allude to the periodical wants, necessities, or cravings of the healthy system; and means have to be adopted for their regular and stated gratification. Their occurrence is at once a spur to the activity and an element in the happiness of life. They are of that imperious nature, that they leave the creature no alternative between the gnawings of their unsatisfied condition and the luxuriousness of their being fully gratified.

The appetites, therefore, are a species of our sensations arising not from outward objects, but from states of the bodily organs themselves, and directing attention upon those organs through the sense of locality or direction that we have in reference to all local feelings. The cravings for exercise, rest, or sleep, bring on their own gratification; but in the cases of hunger and thirst, and in the still more perplexing instances of pain and disease, there is not in the nervous circle of the appetite itself any provision for supplying the want or remedy. The only effect of the craving is to produce an irritation of feeling that spreads over the whole mental system, and leads to efforts being made by some of the many active capacities to allay the distress. Before all experience of the proper course of proceeding, there is nothing to be done but grope about, trying this thing or that thing till a hit is made that proves successful. The plan of acquiring knowledge and practical ability by groping, or trial and error, has to be practised to an unspeakable extent by all orders of created beings, and must be reckoned as a main source of the acquired capacities of man and beast. In the attempt to lull the inexplicable cravings of the animal system everything is tried that is within reach; sometimes a com-

plete success is achieved, sometimes a total failure; and oftenest of all, the irritation disappears of itself.

With reference to the recurrent healthy appetites, every animal soon finds the means of gratification, or perishes. The preservation of the individual, and the continuance of the species, hang upon the satisfaction of the cravings of hunger and sexual desire; and if these objects are attained, it is a proof that means have been found of gratifying both appetites. In obtaining food, and in the cares of offspring, the animal tribes put forth all their powers and faculties, native and acquired: not the inborn instincts alone, but the whole range of cultivated intelligence, personal experience, direct imitation and traditions of race pertaining to each species, come into play in the battle of life, and in securing the family succession.

Animal Emotions.

Under this head we propose to call attention to certain impulses and states of excitement that do not fall under either sensations or appetites, as these are ordinarily conceived, but nevertheless belong to the mental system of the animal tribes. The term 'emotion' is used in common speech with great latitude and vagueness. There is, however, no apparent impropriety in employing it as the class-name for such manifestations as the following:—

1. *Resentment.*—This is the name for the active impulses of an animal to repel, subdue, and utterly destroy everything that causes it pain, injury, or harm. In its higher forms of deliberate destructiveness, it is a complex effect, resulting from an extensive combination of feelings and energies. In its less complicated manifestations, it is closely connected with the peculiarities of nervous action already described: we will endeavour to indicate its different stages and degrees of complication.

The simplest form of an act of resentment is seen in the response of a circle of sense to any disagreeable or unacceptable sensation. When the contact of an outward object is painful, the returning influence goes to stimulate the muscles of extension and retraction of the part affected. A live-coal put on the paw of a quadruped, or on the hand of a human being, produces the instant movement of the member from the injurious contact. This vehement and rapid action, the result of the operation of the circles of sense by themselves, is the most elementary form, the first germ, so to speak, of the complex emotions, both of resentment and of terror.

But an act of resentment implies something more than the convulsive retraction of the bodily organs from harmful agencies. It includes the act of turning teeth, with all the energy of pursuit and all the destructive power of the animal, on whatever pains or menaces it; and the attack is usually directed against other sentient beings. The instinct of war and destructiveness is superadded to the act of withdrawing the system from injury, in the ordinary form of resentment; and this destructive tendency, where it exists, does not necessarily require the stimulus of hurt to bring it into play. It is a terrible inspiration belonging to many animal tribes, leading them to make war upon living beings in general, although usually accompanied with some other peculiarities of the mental system that determine a preference in the creatures attacked.

If we were asked to resolve this destructive inspiration into its simplest constituents, and to point out the portions of the animal framework that it most probably connects itself with, we should say that there appears to be two distinct elements in its composition—an appetite, and a system of active organs cut out as tools or instruments for destructive effects. The appetite that kindles the energies of all carnivorous creatures is an extraordinary and indescribable one: we can only speak of it as a thirst for blood, an excitement, a *furor*, that nothing will allay but the spectacle of a living creature prostrate, torn, and mangled at the feet of the destroyer. In alliance with the appetite of hunger, it displays itself in its most energetic moods; but, nevertheless, it is not to be confounded with mere hunger, for this feeling taken alone could not produce the exultation and ecstasy of the true *carnivora* at the death of a helpless victim. There is something in the organisation and tastes of creatures living upon flesh that tends to develop this inextinguishable fury of bloodthirstiness, so that the view or the scent of one of their ordinary animals of prey is enough to fire the impulse that lets loose all the active energies of wrath and destruction. But it is among the herbivora, with whom the appetite for animal food does not come into play, that we have examples of resentful energy in its purest form—as, for example, in the enraged bull or the angry deer.

The *tools* of destructive animals are very various: they may be teeth, claws, horns, poisoned fangs, crushing embraces, electric batteries, &c. These instruments are always supplied with muscles and nerves to maintain their action, and are associated with the general system, so as to fall under the law of accordance of state, and to come into play in harmony with the organs of sensation and appetite. The instinct of pursuit already alluded to supplies one portion of the destructive activity; and the forthputting of the organs serving as the tools, after a little groping and experience, completes the operation, and satiates the lust for blood, victory, and destruction. There is not the same degree of instinctive preparation for playing the part of an executioner that there is for the acts of walking, running, or pursuit; but the possession of the tools, the impulse to employ all the active agencies of frame whatsoever, and a little practice and experience suffice in the majority of cases to qualify for this melancholy occupation. There are higher cases of destructiveness, where nothing less than a concentration of all the endowments of instinct and cultivated intelligence will serve the end—as in the operations of the spider and the craftiness of the fox; but these are not necessary for the illustration of the mere emotion of resentment.

2. *Terror.*—This expresses a state of feeling and manifestation common to the whole series of animal tribes, and only varying in degree according to the delicacy and susceptibility of the nervous organisation. It is a physical and mental condition of the frame, marked by tremor, trepidation, and a disposition to shrink or fly from the object causing it. There is a manifest loss of composure, ease, and of the power of being quiet or still; the convulsive movements and excited expression get beyond the control of the individual, or it may be of any foreign agency also. The causes of this disturbed condition of the system are, first, mere painful sensations; and, next, the apprehension of pain or danger as imminent. There are irrita-

tions and injuries that afflict and annoy the senses and consciousness to such a degree as to be utterly unbearable—the distress of the sensation spreads itself as an irritant over the whole nervous system, and cannot be suppressed. The relief or issue provided by nature in such circumstances is the awakening of activity in other parts distant from the source of the evil. The tremor of the frame, the howling of the vocal organs, the rapidity of the motions, set on by the diffused stimulus of pain, constitute a flood of varied excitement such as to drown the local irritation and render existence bearable. The nervous stimulus of terror causes a violent and exhausting discharge of nervous energy in every region. More than ordinary exertions are made, an excess of excitement is gone through, but a waste of strength has been thereby incurred.

We have remarked that a retraction of a hurt member is the simplest form of both terror and resentment. When the responsive action of the sensational circle is not sufficient to rid the animal of the mischievous agency, when it still presses hard and becomes agonising, the commotion is extended over the system, and produces the various manifestations above described. The animal is wakened up from a state of tranquil repose to a lavish expenditure of nervous excitement; the muscles are vehemently stimulated to action; the secretions are deranged; and the excretions violently excited. In this tumult of consciousness, the conflagration of the energies, the pain is submerged, and a kind of carnival of luxurious feeling is gone through.

The state thus resulting from an agony that cannot be shaken off by the means at command, is induced also by influences that only suggest evil as impending, and even by agencies that have no other character than being strange, unwonted, or inexplicable. The modes of its attack are thus various according to the perceptions and intelligence of the individual creature, but it is a universal emotion of the animal nature, and the prompter of activity in a way and to an extent peculiar to itself.

3. *Tenderness and Sociable Emotion.*—It would be a great mistake to confine the emotion of tenderness to the human species—a mistake, however, not likely to be committed by persons at all accustomed to the society of the inferior animals. The anatomical peculiarity of this emotion seems to be the effusion of a certain fluid over the mucous surfaces of the body generally, accompanied with a rich, luxurious sensation that cannot be confounded with anything else. The effusion seems most copious, and the feeling most intense, in the eyes and throat, but there is no reason to restrict the surface affected to these parts. In connection with the eye there is a secreting gland, and a receptacle for accumulating the lachrymal fluid ready for any sudden discharge. The effect upon the throat may be so great as to produce in the human subject the hysterical convulsions of the vocal apparatus experienced in the act of crying. The tender effusion, in all degrees of strength, gives a certain tone to the muscular movements, observable more particularly in the cast of the eye and in the character of the utterance.

There are various things calculated to bring on the tender emotion: extreme pain and terror are apt to let it loose in the general outburst that is stimulated by the pressure of agony. But, so far as we can judge, its natural and proper stimulus is the presence of another being in circum-

indirect vision, which have their perfect exemplification in the human sciences.

2. The associating principle termed the law of *similarity* in the human subject is not entirely wanting among the inferior orders of intelligence.

If we suppose that a chicken had barely escaped from being devoured by a fox, and that it on a future occasion descried this fox at a distance, the association of concurring impressions would have the effect of inspiring dread and concealment. If, however, it descried another fox, of different age and size, and if the degree of likeness, in the midst of points of discordance, were such as to recall the first fox, with the accompanying painful sensations, we should say that this was a case of association by resemblance, carrying with it at the same time a contiguous or adhesive association. To detect points of similarity in objects, notwithstanding the presence of circumstances of dissimilarity, is essential to our living in the actual world, and it is an endowment belonging to all sentient beings in proportion to their rank in the scale of intelligence. By dint of identifying like objects, all the experience of one is transferred to the others, and saves a fresh set of trials and observations. The crow that has feasted in one corn-field identifies other corn-fields with the first, and expects without hesitation to derive fresh repasts. Thus it is that the animal tribes, no less than humanity itself, come to know a whole class of things from a single specimen, and to avail themselves of the similarities reigning in nature to shorten the labour of acquiring practical wisdom. Both man and brute are liable to be misled by apparent similarities, and to miss such as are real; but this is no disparagement to the important faculty of identification in general, which serves many a good turn to both.

3. Out of the conjoined action, as it would appear, of the two associating energies now briefly touched upon, with the various instinctive capacities, arises a peculiar complex energy of constructiveness, or combining force, that we have to refer to as governing the higher efforts of the animal nature. The great desideratum in every creature is to be able to bring all its powers to bear upon the execution of its desires, objects, or ends. It is for this purpose that nature has connected all the susceptibilities of the body with all its activities through the medium of the central brain: there all the stimuli run together, and tell upon all the active centres, and whatever movements bear upon or contribute to the effects aimed at by the animal are duly set to work. The proper and perfect unison of the organs to work out an end is, in the simpler instances, the result of the instinctive mechanism already described; as in the case of a herbivorous animal browsing about over the grass, or of one of the carnivori chasing and devouring its prey. But in difficult cases, such, for example, as the manœuvrings of the fox and the caution of the stag, there is an effect of time and experience in controlling and timing the activities, and in bringing trains of association into the stream of mind.

It usually happens that every active weapon or instrument belonging to the structure of an animal is fully provided with nervous communications with all the other parts of the system, through the common centre of nervous action, and is in this way put to employment on all convenient occasions. Nothing more is required than such a method of connection to

this is founded the art of training living beings to mechanical arts and movements of a complicated description.

We have already seen that a sensation is completed by a muscular response, and that one muscular act may lead to another, according to general laws of organisation. In addition to this original and natural connection between sensations and activities, a vast number of artificial connections come to be made through the force of docile adhesiveness. An animal learns, for example, to obey commands; that is, certain sensations of hearing come to be coupled with specific acts, and to have the power of stimulating those acts at any time. In like manner sensations are coupled with appetites by artificial association, as when an animal expects its food by seeing the circumstances that usually precede its being fed. Moreover, trains of sensation leave a certain track behind them, or produce a tendency in the various circles to revive and repeat those trains. Whence it is that all the tribes of creatures possessing a fixed home learn the features of their own neighbourhood, and know whereabouts they are from the appearances about them. Likewise animals accustomed to journey over a particular route acquire a cohesive hold of the successive features, and always know what to expect next when on their way. This principle of the cohesion of successive states and movements of mind, through a certain amount of repetition and exercise, connecting actions with actions, actions with sensations, sensations with appetites, and sensations with sensations, might be exemplified at any length from the brute creation, and might be shewn not to differ in kind from the principle of contiguous association in the human mind, upon which human cultivation is so largly dependent. Not only is the animal nature in general rendered susceptible of unlimited training and education, in consequence of this adhesive energy inherent in the nervous framework, but every creature comes to possess a fund of experience and acquired associations, and becomes wiser as it grows in days and years. Along with its instinctive likings and dislikings—the guides of its early movements—there grow up a number of acquired likings and dislikings towards things that were at first matters of indifference perhaps, but come to be treated as the preludes to other things that are not indifferent. Good and evil are descried at a distance. The creature that has been roughly handled in an encounter connects ever afterwards the sight of its enemy with a disagreeable experience, and keeps out of its way; if it have associates or offspring, it will put together its sympathy and its bitter experience, and endeavour to keep them out of the danger too. The bird that has been terrified by the report of a gun, and witnessed the fall of one of its companions, acquires a joint impression of a human figure and dread; if its observation is good and its opportunities numerous, it may even mark a difference between a sportsman and a quiet rustic, and form separate associations with each.

There is evidently a great inferiority in the extent and in the character of the brute acquisitions as compared with humanity. It is doubtful how far an ordinary quadruped can revive the pictorial impressions of sight in the entire absence of the originals, so as to go through an operation truly mental, and live in the past, the absent, and the future. The best of animals can go but a little way towards recognising the properties of natural objects, chiefly on account of their utter want of all the artifices of

classes of sensations must be always found; and in rising a little way in the scale we come upon the other senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste; and the classification of the different species must involve the degree of perfection of the various sensibilities. There are also certain appetites—hunger, exercise, rest, &c.—always associated with the senses, and certain other appetites, as sex, that appear over the large majority of all animal tribes. The instincts rise with the muscular development; a connecting nervous apparatus between the various active organs of the body is never wanting. The emotions of terror, resentment, and sociability are pretty generally distributed, although with great inequality of degree, especially the two last. The development of the all-combining cerebrum, the possession of a good head, is a capital mark of distinction among the different orders.

It thus appears that large differences of degree in the senses, appetites, instincts, emotions, associating forces, and combining head, must make the basis of a classification by minds of the living population of the globe, and that the entire absence of one or more features is not to be counted on as a means of distinction. On this supposition we will select a few examples of the variety of type presented to us in the actual world.

The unusual exaltation of the sense of smell in certain cases is a capital point of difference among the inferior creatures. There is a certain pitch of development of this sense that gives a bent to the whole activity of the animal, by setting up the property of odour as the means of discrimination and the stimulus of pursuit in the daily search for subsistence. The dogs used by the sportsmen on account of their far-reaching scent shew a manifest development of the organ of smell corresponding to the observed delicacy of their sensations of odour.

But the sense of sight is far more frequently employed as the guide of pursuit than any other. The use of this sense gives a more intellectual character to the animal. By its means the permanent features of the landscape are impressed on the mental system, and other animals are distinguished by their aspect and appearance, and a greater development of sympathy or antipathy is the result. The extreme cases of exalted vision as regards distance are found among birds; their commanding position gives them more scope for distant views, and their motions take a corresponding range. It is this long-sightedness and high position that enable the migratory species to perform their distant journeys, and to these journeys they are moved chiefly by the feeling of temperature. The birds, as a class, would seem very susceptible to atmospheric states.

The varieties of the sense of hearing furnish a basis of discrimination of animal species. This sense is perhaps, on the whole, less complex and less dignified than the sense of sight, but this last sense is more extensively possessed than the power of hearing. The development of the ear goes along with the development of vocal organs, and there is an especial connection between the two in the nervous system. Where the ear and the voice are in tolerable perfection they are put to a variety of uses. Besides the employment of the voice in the expression of the animal emotions, and in kindling up sympathies and inspiring terrors into fellow-beings, it very soon shews itself as an organ of language, or as a means of communication between the different members of a society. Many of the notes of

birds have express conventional meanings, understood by the other birds of the same tribe in cases where a habitual intercourse is maintained.

The musical faculty of singing-birds proceeds partly from their power of voice, and partly from a more than ordinarily exalted sense of hearing, extending to a slight feeling of melody. The power of song, thus remarkably evolved, suggests a remark pertinent to the whole of our present subject—namely, that in the animal nature, no less than the human, we ought to make a distinction between utility and amenity, or between the exercise of the organs for the supply of wants and the gratification of the urgent appetites, and their exercise for the production of pleasing effects of movement or art. The playfulness of some animals, the extensive excursions of others ostensibly and really in the search for food, the sociable tendencies of others, the vocal utterances of many, all come under the head of sensuous enjoyment, sport, or amenity: they are the poetry of the existence, the entertainments that pass away and amuse the intervals of the more intense gratifications. The songs of birds are mainly subservient to the amenities, although entering into the utilities, by providing the language of social intercourse. The strut and airs of the peacock, inspired by the amatory feelings, must be set down as his peculiar style of poetry, amusement, or amenity.

If from the senses we pass to the emotions, as a ground of distinction of animal character, we shall find an extensive scale of difference among actual tribes. The emotion of resentment and bloodthirstiness is a well-known characteristic of particular species, being usually associated with the carnivorous nature. The susceptibility to terror also occurs in many degrees of strength. It is apt to be accompanied with mere bodily weakness; but not necessarily, for some creatures possess a 'pluckiness' far above their strength. The horse is particularly subject to terror; the domestic cattle, if we except the bull, have the same feature. Beasts of prey in general require a tolerable stock of courage.

With regard to the emotion of tenderness or dependence, it is the true emotional basis of sociality, or of the gregarious nature. The sexual appetite leads to the pairing of animals, but it is this more general feeling of the tender that causes them to find satisfaction in keeping together in flocks. It is a pretty general, although perhaps not a universal rule, that the resentful and bloodthirsty emotion tends to isolation and the exclusion of the sociable, even between creatures of the same tribe. Many of the herbivora shew this sociable and tender nature. Cattle, sheep, deer, elephants, buffaloes, and many other species gain for themselves both the pleasures and protection of the social state—nature having given them a predominance of the tender over the resentful emotion. So among the birds we have a scale of variety—from the haughty isolation of the eagle to the intense sociability of the crow. The social bond once in operation, necessarily comes into play for many of the purposes of the animal; like every other tool or instrumentality of the animal frame, it is sure to be turned to account. The tender emotion is the original force of attraction, and its gratification is the direct and immediate result: it is the amenity and the enduring enjoyment of life to the class endowed with it. But when a multitude are thus herded together, they acquire very soon the means of being mutually helpful in the business operations of the tribe. This mutual

assistance most easily and readily comes out in the form of guidance or warning communicated from one to another. An object of terror descried by a member of the flock inspires him not merely to fly for his own safety, but, in obedience to his sociability, to raise a cry to warn the others also. So the discovery of a fruitful territory is propagated through the tribe by the individual discoverer. The inequality of powers and capacity which seems to reign in every order of being has a special mode of shewing itself under the influence of sociability: it determines the existence of leadership, and of variety of function, or something like a regular organisation of labour. It is hardly possible for creatures living in society, and having all the senses and ordinary instincts, together with a certain small portion of such forces of intelligence as were described above, to avoid falling into some of the obvious arrangements of society. They must also experience the advantage of adhering to those arrangements, and resent the infraction of them by the unfaithful members of the body.

Under the head of intelligence we might trace great varieties of endowment among the animal tribes. One great fact of intelligence, as manifested in the lower creation, is the resistance to a present impulse by an enduring impression resulting from experience. A creature has its wrathful feelings stirred by the sight of a rival or an enemy, but it retains from its past actions the sense of its inability to grapple with the other in fair fight, and it stifles its resentment. So in the case just alluded to of the observance of social rules and restraints; this sense of the advantage derived from adherence to a certain plan of action overbears the impulses that would break away from it, and maintains the framework of social order. In the human organisation intellect takes a lofty sweep, and detaches itself from motive power in order to work out high combinations of science and art; but in the inferior orders it is more thoroughly allied with action and practice. The overruling of temporary stimulants, and the impulses of the moment, by permanent habits of being arising from experience, is a very general expression of the way that the intellectual forces operate in the animal creation. All animals whose intelligence is proved by their docility shew also this power of self-restraint. It is an essential preliminary to the employment of cunning, stratagem, or indirect means for the attainment of ends.

The constructive or combining cerebrum, the good head, is the consummation of the animal capacity, and measures the degree to which the various active organs can be turned to account. Combination, plot, dexterity, are all symptoms of a brain well organised at the central concourse of the faculties. A creature may be admirable at the chase or in pursuit; unsurpassed in aiming its weapons; far-seeing, and good at the recognition of its ground; it may burn with resentful energy, or melt with tender emotion; and yet it may never rise above common place: these various powers may act well their separate parts without ever coming together in a grand overwhelming combination. The hands may be good and the head poor. In goodness of head, in this sense of employing skilful combinations, the fox seems to bear the palm among quadrupeds; the elephant, if not so habitually dexterous, shews remarkable instances of deep-laid plot and sagacity. The intellectual perceptions of the elephant are manifestly good, whence it happens that his combinations take a highly intellectual form.

The badger and the seal would appear to deserve a high rank in the power of cerebral constructiveness. The architectural animals also must receive honourable mention, for in their operations a very great range of special activities is put forth under a comprehensive purpose. In the more elaborate societies of the bee and the ant, the social tendencies are evidently under the guidance of considerable force of intelligent self-restraint and skilful combining power.

In studying the influences at work among the sociable tribes, it is impossible not to recognise the probability, if not the certainty, of something approaching to *civilisation*, or the striking out of valuable devices by the good heads that occasionally start up; which devices are spread by imitation, and handed down to posterity. We find that necessity, the mother of invention, sometimes operates in enlarging the sphere of action of a species. It is stated that in Scotland, previous to the severe winter of 1822, the crows were never known to prey upon the turnip-fields, but being driven by starvation, they did on this occasion resort to them; and having once got introduced to the practice, they never afterwards gave it up: in fact, it was to them like the discovery of the potato to the human race. Many of those exquisite devices that excite the astonishment of the beholders in individual creatures whose genius surpasses what is common to their tribe, are capable of being imparted through imitation and instruction to the less-gifted multitude.

THE HIGHER CONSTRUCTIVENESS.

It seems desirable that we should lay hold of some of the remarkable instances of combining or constructive capacity that the lower creatures present, in order to shew, if possible, that they result from such general laws of being as alone have been here laid down. In the vertebrate kingdom, containing the human subject, and exhibiting throughout a palpable uniformity or unity of type, it probably would not be difficult to reduce all the mental manifestations to the foregoing analysis, or to some slight extension of it. In the other kingdoms, we may recognise so great a degree of similarity as to leave no doubt of the existence of a common plan, but with great range of variety in the detail. The mollusca abound in examples of recondite mechanism, and remarkable means of obtaining their ends. The pearly nautilus, first described by Professor Owen, contrives to raise and lower itself in the water by rarefying or condensing the air in the chambers of its shell by means of a sucker; and the formation of these empty air-chambers is a curious exception to the ordinary mode of acquiring a protecting apparatus. That the animal foresees the use that it will be able to make of the empty chambers, and guides their formation accordingly, is incredible; but once in possession of the abandoned cells, it falls into this peculiar application of them. But it is in the insect tribes that singularity of constructive genius reaches the highest pitch; and in them there would be most difficulty in tracing in detail the operation of senses, instinctive laws, appetites, emotions, intelligence, &c., all under the constructive cerebrum. The difficulty is enhanced by the imperfect knowledge there is of the ways of insects; it is also increased

by the apparent inadequacy of their nervous development to account for so much power of intelligence as seems to be implied in some of their operations. This inadequacy, however, may be only apparent; for the brain of an ant, a spider, or a bee, may be really as complicated as the brain of a swallow: it may be an equal endowment in a smaller mass, having so much less of mechanical power to put forth.

In the spinning-spider we recognise the presence of a remarkable instrumentality, which the animal turns to account just as every other creature sets to work with the organs peculiar to its organisation. Being gifted with this viscid secretion, which, when expelled from the body, coheres in threads or lines, it cannot fail to adapt its movements to this spontaneous cordage, to work with it in all its aims, pursuits, and desires. The spider finds that the thread is adhesive to solid surfaces; that it suspends a weight, or that it may float in the air as a buoyant addition to the body; and the animal accordingly follows up these properties with all its energy, and brings them into action in the search for food, in the desire of shelter, and in the provision for depositing its eggs.

There is some degree of illusion in the complicacy of the works or structures of architectural creatures: we are apt to suppose, where we see an intricate web or an elaborate nest, that there is necessarily implied a great force of intelligence and conceptive capacity. But in truth it will be found that a very simple impulse, repeating itself without end under a changing bias, would lead to a very complicated figure. The great impulse in the web-spider seems to be to run threads incessantly to and fro, between all the points that catch her eye. Along with this, she evidently conceives a central point, and an enveloping structure to be formed there; and under these two aims she works on—throwing across ever fresh lines, till she is exhausted with the labour or satisfied with the work. We must concede to the spider, as to the nest-building bird, and to many other animals, the power of conceiving an enclosure, a shelter, or a rampart, and of discerning the fitness of her material for this end.

We should, in fact, penetrate the mystery of a large class of animal capacities, if we could distinctly understand from what fountains of the animal nature there proceeds this conception of a material enclosure as a means of shelter, and of certain substances as capable of forming such an enclosure if brought together and arranged under the guidance of the idea. Let us take the bird's nest as an example. An animal feels the sensation of cold. It can also discern from the experience of its own wings that an outer covering modifies this sensation; it is farther confirmed in the same impression by getting into sheltered places, in bushes, herbage, &c. These materials afford to it a distinct experience, connecting a certain array of leaves, twigs, blades of grass, stones, earth, or whatever else it may be, with warmth, and also with concealment and protection; which last notions it gathers from its intercourse with other birds, and its terrors at menacing expression. It sees loose twigs or earth lying about, and it needs to have sufficient force of the faculty of identification to discover that they are sheltering material, although not in the actual position to give shelter. We must now suppose that the bird has decided on a position, a place eligible for her abode; that she has learned the value of certain substances properly arrayed in giving warmth and shelter; that

she is aware of her power to transport these substances piecemeal; and that she has an intense appetite or eagerness to have a sufficient dwelling. The constructive head in these circumstances joins all these into a plan or course of action, reconciling the whole: in obedience to what we might term a stroke of genius, she sallies out to seize the fragments, to carry them to her chosen spot, and to give them the sheltering form discovered by her earliest feelings of her own movements, and by her constant experience of the effect of material objects. She builds up a wall around herself; she fastens twig upon twig, or one particle of mud upon another, by whatever means she can fall upon for holding the fragments together; and goes on till her feelings of a perfect enclosure have been satisfied. In this sequence there are manifested some undeniable marks of high intelligence. The identification of particles of scattered herbage or twigs as of the same protecting character as the grassy tuft or the feathered boughs, is a far-reaching stroke of the identifying faculty, and possibly might require a more than ordinary genius to effect it at first hand. It is not to be supposed, unless it could be clearly proved, that each individual would, by its own unaided faculties, scheme and execute the nest in use among its tribe; the mass must work by the help of imitation or instruction of some kind or other.

The construction of an abode for an animal's own individual accommodation, or for the reception of the offspring actually born to it, may be reasonably explained by the possession of faculties like those now described. But we seem launched into a far deeper abyss of obscurity when we contemplate the prospective operations of some of the animal tribes, or the provision they make for progeny unborn. The human parent knows, from the experience of foregone generations, the symptoms of expected birth, and the wants and necessities of the newly-arrived being. To many of the inferior creatures this source of instruction must be somewhat deficient; they live too little in the society of their elders to learn from observation the course of procreation. When, therefore, the salmon travels hundreds of miles to deposit its spawn, and the fly looks out for a carcass for the reception of its eggs, we must presume the existence of a much keener sensibility to the parturient condition in some creatures than in others. The nervous connections between the utèrus and the brain would require to be strong and intimate in order to stimulate the prospective activity of the animal. The fact of pregnancy is, without doubt, of such a nature as to affect the whole being most profoundly. A second self grows up within the mother; receiving support; reacting on the maternal system; having its organic condition intimated to the maternal brain; yielding a strong and ever-present sensation of growth and expansion; and at last thrown out by a strong effort to become an object of external regard, after a period of internal consciousness. It is conceivable that the cognisance of the expanding germ may be made as intense and as expressive in guiding the aims and actions of the animal, as if the result were actually foreseen by the help of a past experience. We do not require to assume any new structure or any foreign inspiration to provide for such a case. An exalted uterine sensibility operated by a more than ordinarily abundant nervous communication between the womb and the brain might serve to excite the activity of the animal to provide a reception for a load about to become detached from its body. The instinctive presentiment of some object about

to be given forth would require only an extension of perceptive powers belonging to other parts of the system. The distended uterine muscles, by the law of accordance of muscular states, would operate a sympathetic distension of the muscles of the upper and lower extremities, and produce in them a sensation as if these members held an object in their clasp. The internal embrace would very readily cause an imaginary external embrace, or at all events indicate that a something was growing and fostering within, and yielding a feeling of the same kind as if another being were held to the breast. The evolution of a swelling mass between muscular walls is a very different thing from the rise of a tumour in a gland or viscus. Such is the community of feeling throughout the muscular system, that any unwonted action of one set of muscles is transmitted to all the rest, and the character of the exciting cause is thus revealed by the movements that it stimulates in the more susceptible classes of muscles. The sympathies of the limbs, the voice, the eyes, and of the entire muscular apparatus with the pressure on the muscles of the womb, go far to reveal the existence of a solid detachable mass, and might do so with the utmost clearness if the nervous connections were sufficiently good. An increase in the number or in the sensitiveness of the nerve-fibres associating the parturient muscles with the other circles of the body, would account for an increased perception of what was going on within; and no other assumption is necessary in order to account for the unusual force of the presentiment of offspring belonging to particular species.

REALISED WISHES.

THERE is no fairer valley in England than that in which nestles the small but cheerful town of St Edwins. Surrounded on all sides by finely-sloping hills, covered to their summits with rich beechwood, the far-famed musical chimes of the antique church penetrate to many sheltered homesteads, slumbering in 'greenerie,' far enough away from the din of a moderately-populous and busy town for the sounds issuing thence to float refined and softened over verdant meads and sunny garden-slopes, even as the rushing of waters in the distance falls dimly and mysteriously on the listener's ear. St Edwins still flourishes; but Maud Chapel Farm and adjacent ruins have disappeared from the face of the earth, to make way for rows of tidy cottages, rented by labouring-men and their families. Thither still is borne the echo of St Edwins' beautiful bells; and in the twilight, when birds and little children seek their nests, perchance the melancholy yet soothing influence of the swelling and dying cadence may be felt unconsciously by some anxious nursing mother, whose tender woman's heart beats, nevertheless, beneath the folds of a peasant's garb. The site of the ancient monastic pile is still pointed out to the casual observer, but the pleasant homestead, modern in comparison, is laid low in dust, together with its inhabitants.

Maud Chapel Farm was once the abode of a certain Mr Walsingham, a humble and unpretending individual, who, after a few years' practice as a country surgeon, retired from active life on his well and hard earned gains, which were eked out by a small addition to his income, bequeathed unexpectedly by a distant relative. Mr Walsingham, in the society of a worthy wife, gladly gave up his arduous profession for the more congenial routine of a rural existence: it might be that the loss of an only child, who had married young, and died soon after her marriage, conspired to render Mr and Mrs Walsingham averse to worldly pursuits, and desirous of seclusion, where the best panacea was found for such grief as theirs. This lamented daughter, however, had left a namesake behind her, and it may readily be surmised how dear the little Agnes was to her bereaved grandparents, and how grateful they were to Captain Dormer, their son-in-law, for permitting her to reside with them during his long intervals of absence. Captain Dormer was a shipowner, commanding one of his own vessels, and trading to foreign lands—his favourite headquarters when on shore being at a distant port, whither Mr and Mrs Walsingham, with their beloved

charge, were wont sometimes to repair, to greet the bluff mariner on his return home. He was a rough man, enthusiastically devoted to his calling, and seeming to think the only way he could shew his love for the fair creature whom he called daughter was in lavishing a profusion of rare gifts wherewith to adorn her person—choicest products of the sunny climes to which he trafficked. As to her mode of education, or introduction into society, that Captain Dormer never dreamed about: it was left entirely at the disposal of the good Walsinghams, who were simple and unpretending folks themselves, and much inclined to the primitive mode of bringing up young people. Maud Chapel being situated about a mile from the town of St Edwins, the means of proper instruction (according to Mr Walsingham's ideas of solid and fanciful lore) were easily procurable from thence.

Agnes, though a delicate child, was an apt scholar; for nature had been bountiful, both as regarded her mental and personal charms. If there were deficiencies, whose eye was to discern them, when the exquisitely-finished casket contained undoubted jewels of price, even though not arranged in conventional setting? Not Mr and Mrs Walsingham—not Captain Dormer, certainly: to the former Agnes embodied every idea of brightest earthly perfection; to the latter, whose perceptions were not particularly lucid, of oceanic! She was to *him* a siren, or a pearl, or a mermaiden: his fancy had no wider scope. To *them*—a sunbeam, a fairy-queen, a rosebud. No terms of endearment or praise were too extravagant, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Had it been possible for indulgence and caresses to have spoiled Agnes, she doubtless must have been thoroughly so; but she was one of those creatures whom it is not in the power of weak or blind indulgence to injure. There were depths in her blue eyes, and depths in her heart, unfathomable and mysterious; but she was more a thinker of poetry than of prose—a sensitive plant, existing in an atmosphere redolent of sweets. Yet, like all real thinkers, she was lowly in her estimate of self—not with the mock humility, indeed, of a sentimental, insipid drawing-room young lady; for Agnes was one of the rarely-gifted, spiritual creations met with now and then on the crowded, jostling highway of the world's journeyings—unmarked by anything unfeminine or obtrusive, yet with passionate emotions slumbering beneath a calm exterior—a slumber from which some are only awakened by the master-hand once in a lifetime, when repose returns never more save with the last dreamless sleep. Fastidiously elegant, and chastely simple in her tastes, with an innate appreciation of high breeding, it is to be supposed that this child of nature's finest moulding was fully sensible of the homeliness (it is a mild but expressive term) of those who claimed her pious allegiance. But herein Agnes proved her true nobility of soul, by redoubling, if possible, her dutiful attentions and unaffected solicitude towards the dear beings who esteemed her so highly; yet she could not but feel the want of a congenial companion, though unwilling to admit this whispered want even to her own pure loving heart. So that when Sir Felix and Lady Irby arrived at Irby Lodge—a seat long deserted in the neighbourhood of St Edwins—and cordially renewed their friendly intercourse with Mr Walsingham, who had formerly been professionally known to them, it was with sensations of new and intense delight that Agnes found in Helen Irby a friend and companion,

while the high-born damsel was surprised to discover in the surgeon's grand-daughter a gem of the first water. Had the slightest trace, however, of patronage or pride been exhibited towards her by Lady Irby or Helen, Agnes, like a startled fawn, would have been instantaneously scared away: but they were gentlewomen in the real, best acceptation of the term; and though the freemasonry of caste was not undervalued, it was not abused by the patrician dames. Miss Irby was an only daughter, with an elder brother, and one younger than herself. This younger brother was destined for a diplomatic career—he was Lady Irby's idol and Helen's hope: in short, Reginald, the penniless cadet, claimed from them a consideration rarely accorded to the least important member of a family.

It was not only that he was good and gifted, and graceful and accomplished, but that he afforded a painful contrast to his father and elder brother. Sir Felix was a morose and disappointed man; too often drowning retrospection in excess, and seeking in field-sports and late carousing a panacea for the anxiety resulting from profligate involvements and painful pecuniary embarrassments—intricacies which had descended as a sort of heirloom, but which a steady, prudent, and persevering hand might have unravelled. Percy, the elder son, followed in his father's steps: idle, dissipated, and reckless, he lacked both the energy and talent necessary to advance himself in any honourable path which might have been opened to him through the interest of connections. The Irbys were descended from the best blood in the realm. Lady Irby was cousin to Sir Felix, and proud of their noble lineage in proportion as little else seemed likely to be left them; nor was Helen one whit behind her mother in veneration of their ancestral glories. It would have been difficult for the unsophisticated Agnes to recognise in the Helen Irby of the greenwood shades the stately belle who demeaned herself so haughtily in the world, where her mother and herself had experienced so many mortifications. Bitter mortifications indeed; for theirs was not the shame of honest poverty, but the endeavour to keep up false glitter and appearance—when the mask so often will slip aside, and reveal the true features of the case. Hence the last refuge was at Irby Lodge, the despised, neglected home of past generations, now the only one left to Sir Felix as a shelter for his family, wherein to end his own life of waste and weariness and sin. Lady Irby retained the traces of that haughty beauty of face and form for which she had been celebrated in her youthful days, together with the most perfect elegance of manner and deportment. Her health was now extremely precarious, for sorrow had done its work slowly but surely. Helen, who resembled her mother in all respects, was that unhappy mother's stay and prop: they were all in all to each other—clinging with even more than the yearning love of mother and daughter.

On Reginald their hopes were fixed: he was to regenerate and save them all. *How*—his fond mother and sister did not stop to inquire. He was to do great things—to retrieve the family name, and garland it with laurels! Fond women—foolish women—ever arguing that what they wish *must* come to pass. Noble-hearted, brave, resolute, and self-denying, the one black spot in Helen Irby's character was pride. Vainly she endeavoured to inoculate Reginald with the same impressions: he was chivalrous and daring enough for a true knight, but he laughed at Helen's foible, though

willing enough to bestow a proper and moderate degree of respect on the genealogical tree.

Poverty had galled him, poor fellow, as it had her; and with her he looked forward ardently for the realisation of those bright promises held out to him by a relative—expectant ambassador to a foreign court of distinction. He had only just completed his university career. Crowned with honours, and triumphant with success, he had returned to Irby Lodge, where his mother and sister shed tears of grateful joy over their idol.

It was strange that neither Lady Irby nor Helen thought of danger when they introduced the gay, gallant, susceptible Reginald to so beautiful and captivating a girl as Agnes Dormer: it probably seemed impossible to them that an Irby could seriously incline towards a plebeian apothecary's grand-daughter: it would be much the same as if he fell in love with the pretty dairymaid—a passing fancy—a mere joke. Helen, however, miscalculated her own influence over her brother and his disposition also. She had hitherto regarded him as a mere trifler—admiring the fair flowers which fell in his way, but without desiring to place any of them in his bosom. 'Reginald *must* marry for rank, wealth, and power,' said Helen Irby, 'and he knows it.' She was prepared for his enthusiastic admiration of Agnes; nay, she experienced some secret misgivings lest those charms of mind which she herself so warmly appreciated in the lovely girl should even prove more attractive to Reginald than the fleeting charms of beauty, peerless as that confessedly was. 'But it is absolutely ridiculous, after all,' she exclaimed to herself with a half-haughty toss of her fine head—'it is absolutely ridiculous of one to suppose that Reginald could be such a'—— She was going to add an unbecoming and strong word; but checking her wayward tongue, with a slight laugh she muttered, 'such a goose.'

Agnes was the frequent guest of Lady Irby and Helen; there was to her a nameless charm in their society which she was unable to analyse, but which drew her instinctively towards them; while, on the other hand, their solitude was enlivened by her presence, which beamed upon these worldly women as a reflected ray of sunshine from some purer and holier sphere. Her freshness and innocence delighted them, while with sweet Agnes an indefinable want was filled up—she had found those who in a great measure could understand her; for Lady Irby and Helen had fine tastes, cultivated minds, and had mixed much with the lovers of literature and the arts. Agnes venerated and loved her friends with her whole heart; she, guileless creature, knew nothing of their worldliness and pride—they were merely beings of a superior order as regarded intellectual gifts and refinement in the estimation of Agnes. She was in utter ignorance that they regarded her as an inferior—she had no suspicion of their overweening pride of birth and station. They caressed and fondled her, drew her out, and won the hearts of Mr and Mrs Walsingham by their praises of Agnes; and all this without any falsity of intention, for they really felt for the winning young creature all they professed. 'Ah!' sighed Helen Irby, 'if she had but rank and wealth, what a wife for Reginald!' It was enough with her ladyship that Agnes was a favourite with Helen: she took her to her favour instantly, for the partial mother deferred in all points to Helen's judgment. But Helen, alas! could not manage her high-spirited brother; and Reginald had not been long at home ere she became alarmed.

For though he had been greatly struck with the grace and delicate loveliness of Agnes Dormer, commencing with those gallant attentions which every pretty girl exacts (or which he believed they did), yet it speedily became evident to his watchful sister that as time moved on, and he became better acquainted with the surgeon's grand-daughter, far deeper feelings were taking root. Yet she continued blindly to console herself with the knowledge that Reginald was soon to depart from the dangerous approximation; that 'of course it was only a flirtation, though young men should take care what they were about!' In her callous, worldly wisdom, Helen never bestowed an anxious thought on poor Agnes —her peace of mind, her future—it was for Reginald only she feared. He did not seek the society of Agnes so much as had been his wont in the presence of his mother and sister, but became suddenly and wonderfully interested in Mr Walsingham's farming pursuits, and in the cultivation of Mr Walsingham's herbs and flowers. His consultations with the worthy man on agricultural questions gave rise to a suspicion in the surgeon's mind that Mr Reginald contemplated emigration. 'He's really a fine, sensible, manly youth,' quoth Mr Walsingham to his wife and Agnes one day, when Reginald had departed after an unusually prolonged visit; 'I rather suspect that he opines freedom in a new country is better than diplomacy in the old. I don't know but what emigration would be best for him with his straightforward, honest ways, particularly if he has any notion of a wife.'

'My dear,' deprecatingly urged Mrs Walsingham, looking at her husband quite severely over her spectacles—'my dear! a wife indeed!—why Master Reginald Irby is a mere lad: who ever heard such nonsense?'

'He is a year older than I was, my dear, when *we* married,' replied Mr Walsingham laughing; 'and I'll be bound Sir Felix wouldn't think him too young for matrimony if the lady of his choice brought plenty of gold. Agnes—Agnes! where are you off to, child?' exclaimed the old gentleman, arranging the backgammon-board as his grand-daughter retreated.

'Coming, dear grandfather—coming directly,' she replied in a hurried manner; 'I will only just tie up this rose-tree,' bending over a flower-basket with singular industry.

'Why, my darling, your wits are a wool-gathering this eve,' said Mr Walsingham as he testily corrected innumerable mistakes committed by his abstracted antagonist: 'you don't care about playing backgammon with your stupid old grandfather since these fine ladies at Irby Lodge have bewitched you.'

'Ah! say not so—say not so, dear, dear grandfather!' cried Agnes, blushing deeply: 'no one in this world could ever make me forgetful of you.'

'Ay, ay, when Mr Right comes I'll forgive ye, my sunbeam,' said Mr Walsingham, chuckling at his stale joke: 'the bonny bells of St Edwins will ring a merry peal on thy wedding-day, my rosebud. But time enough for that—time enough for that say I,' added the old man with a half-stifled sigh; for memories were thronging round his heart: she looked so like her mother just then.

Still was Agnes a frequent visitor at Irby Lodge; still did Lady Irby

and Helen receive her with warmth and affection, and hope sometimes inclined her to believe that a welcome as a 'nearer and dearer' would not be withheld. Oftentimes was Helen on the verge of touching on the delicate topic of Reginald's attentions; but the shrinking sensibility and modesty of the innocent Agnes, who, on the most distant allusion to the matter, appeared wounded and distressed, withheld her. Helen, too, argued thus: that Agnes, being aware of the vast disparity of rank between them, must regard her brother's devotion as the mere ebullition of youthful gallantry, and therefore in nowise, as a prudent maiden, would give undue encouragement. Helen Irby as yet knew love but by name, or she would have read the pages of human life containing that passage a little clearer as they were rapidly unfolded to her view. She was restless and uneasy, however; but it was the undefined, vague anxiety so often experienced by the light-hearted when the preludes of a storm are silently, though with certainty, closing and gathering around.

Yes—it was in the sweet spring-tide that all these forebodings or presentiments of evil were too surely realised; for it was in the sweet spring-tide that Agnes Dormer listened, with downcast eyes and throbbing heart, to music far more melodious and soul-subduing than the chimes of St Edwins' famed and familiar bells. This music stole on her enraptured ear at twilight-hour, and caused her to shed luxurious tears amid the ivy-grown ruins of Maud Chapel; but the tears were kissed away, as young Reginald Irby knelt at her feet and breathed that oft-told tale, which never will end while the world lasts—the tale of first, earnest, passionate love! Then there rushed on her soul that vague question which every one who truly loves has asked—inwardly and silently asked: 'Am I worthy of him; am I good enough—beautiful enough for him? But who is deserving of Reginald?' Inferiority of birth or station did not perplex Agnes, because she was not cognisant of the important fact; while her lover—O how he gloried in the rich treasure of affection he had won; how he deceived himself into believing that his fond mother, his beloved sister Helen, would gladly receive *her*, his own fairest young Agnes, as his affianced bride!—her whom they already regarded with so much approbation and friendship.

But the storm-clouds were gathering, ready to burst and overwhelm the unfortunates! Reginald paused ere he communicated to his family the rash step he had taken. It was a solemn pause, for his heart misgave him. Yet when Helen, when his mother found that he was in earnest, that his life's happiness was at stake, surely their absurd prejudices would vanish away; the troth he had plighted with Agnes would be respected by them; and during his unavoidable absence, when he was striving to win a way to independence and fame, they would comfort, and cheer, and sustain his betrothed! Vain dreams!—vain as a frail, weak woman's when clinging to a last remnant of false hope! Love's blissful hour was transient indeed. The mist cleared away, and revealed life's stern realities. There were bitter words spoken on both sides, for Mr and Mrs Walsingham did not consider their grand-daughter at all flattered or honoured by Reginald Irby's selection—he! the youngest son of a spendthrift sire!—while Lady Irby and Helen, in the first moment of consternation, conveyed in no measured terms to the worthy couple at Maud Chapel their sentiments

on the extreme presumption of Agnes Dormer in contemplating an alliance with 'an Irby!' Poor, sensitive, shrinking Agnes! did they think she needed this? A less stern rebuke would have struck her low. It was not trial—it was not endurance in any shape that Agnes feared; but it was so dreadful to have this delicate topic roughly handled and discussed; to hear them speak of it as a worldly matter; to hear Lady Irby and Helen reviled, even though they had failed to her in womanly consideration. Mr Walsingham, too—as old people are wont to do—spoke of their love as a boy and girl's fancy. *Fancy!* Agnes knew it was the passion of their lives!

Sir Felix was a violent man, little heeding what became of his youngest son, save as he might aggrandise his family by success in life through means of a wealthy alliance or otherwise. He accused the Walsinghams of wishing to ensnare Reginald; while they, as much enraged as it was possible for kindly, peaceable folks like them to be, at the insult offered to their heart's idol, recriminated accordingly. Agnes, in silent agony, meekly folded her hands on her bosom, entreating them to forbear. 'The memory of these painful things would pass away,' she said—'Reginald was going abroad, and all would be forgotten.' Did she really hope that all would be forgotten? Reginald was now a forbidden guest at Maud Chapel Farm, but Agnes never doubted for an instant his unswerving fidelity and truth: to doubt would have been profanation.

Could she have heard all that passed, however, between Helen Irby and her brother—so deeply as she was imbued with trusting faith in those she loved—the circumstances of Agnes Dormer's future life might perchance have worn a different aspect.

The time approached for Reginald's departure; but Agnes had avoided meeting him, though he had repeatedly written, earnestly petitioning for an interview. He had written those pleading, eloquent letters which are burnt in on the heart for ever, and require the possession of no memorial to authenticate. Agnes had wept over them, placed them in her bosom, but left them unanswered. She was quite alone; she had no one to confide in; for aged grandparents, however kind and indulgent they may be, are not the friends whom a young, shrinking girl can speak to of the heart's trials. They had prohibited all intercourse with Reginald; and Agnes bowed her head in submission, nor would she tempt him to disobey his father. But, alas! these pleading, tender letters, which always so mysteriously found their way to her hand!—they shook her resolution sorely; for she loved him with a love passing words. He urged her by every argument lovers use to elope with him—to become his wife at all hazards ere he left the country: he prayed and entreated with wild and burning eloquence, and poor Agnes often trembled for her determination. At length he spoke of their immediate separation—his despair—his misery—and finally besought a farewell interview. Would not Agnes have been less than woman had she refused this last request, so touchingly and mournfully made? She did not. It was well that she had not sought Maud Chapel ruins for the purpose of saying 'farewell' to Reginald Irby, trusting in her own strength. Had she done so, our narrative might probably have ended here: no further self-denial to recount. But she had gone forth to conquer, clothed in that armour which is proof against all attacks.

It was indeed a hard and a fearful struggle; for if his written words had shaken her to the soul, what must his spoken ones have done, poured forth with all the energy of passion and despair? It was indeed a bitter struggle, and long and sorely she wept on his beloved breast—'took but one kiss, and tore herself away.'

Agnes was a young, loving, gentle creature, and Reginald respected her firmness and noble resolves. There was, besides, a halo of purity and innocence surrounding her which prevented him, while in her immediate presence, from giving way to those extreme transports—that abandonment of passion—which had been witnessed by Helen with astonishment and dismay. He dared not speak thus to the fair girl whom he loved so passionately, for, as has been said, there was a halo of purity surrounding her which formed an effectual safeguard. She told him that he was dearer to her heart than words could tell; she bade him be true to her, and trust in God for the future, when opposition to their union might be withdrawn, if God saw it best for them to come together. This appeared tame speaking to the ardent Reginald, and he turned fiercely away, muttering: 'You do not know what it is to love, Agnes!' She placed her gentle hand on his arm and her beautiful head on his bosom, whispered 'farewell,' and he stood in Maud Chapel ruins alone, the echo of St Edwins' bells swelling on the breeze—a sweet and mournful dirge over blighted hopes.

After Reginald's departure from Irby Lodge to join the diplomatic mission abroad, the feelings of Lady Irby and Helen underwent a revulsion towards Agnes, who they instinctively felt had met with injustice at their hands. It was not the violent opposition of Sir Felix, or the natural indignation of her grandparents, which had so sorely bruised the tender but heroic spirit of Agnes Dormer, but it was the unkindness of Helen, the friend to whom she had clung with a respect almost amounting to veneration. But when Helen Irby made overtures of reconciliation, candidly avowing her fault, and earnestly suing forgiveness, then Agnes only remembered she was Reginald's sister. Though the scar could by no means be entirely effaced (for Agnes never forgot, though, as a Christian, she freely forgave), yet it was not in her humble and enduring nature to cast aside the extended hand of affection. Once more she trod the old halls of Irby: it was at the call of *his*—the absent beloved's—mother and sister; and it seemed to be tacitly agreed by them all that their intercourse should be on the same footing as formerly. Reginald's name was casually mentioned with that of the rest of the family, and Helen remarked that they had heard of his safe arrival at the embassage. Alas! how very frail, how very slight, are the gossamer threads which support hope, and to which it clings with such undying tenacity! Sometimes poor Agnes fancied she read sympathy and confidence in Helen's dark eyes when Reginald's future progress was canvassed by the anxious mother; then again there was a sudden proud turn of the haughty head, or a disdainful flashing glance of the eye, which seemed to infer, 'What is our Reginald to *you*?' which shook her belief in Helen's friendship. Helen herself firmly believed that absence was the very best thing for her brother; that variety (with men at least) always healed such sorrow, for that the male sex were fickle, capricious creatures. So fair Helen loved to talk.

She often threw out such hints in the presence of Agnes; but 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy;' and so Agnes Dormer garnered up her joys and sorrows, and kept silence. Helen Irby was a woman of the world, and she acted, thought, and spoke accordingly: she did not comprehend the inward life of such a being as her friend. Her quietness, cheerful submission, and apparent indifference completely deceived Helen as to the real state of her affections. So long as Reginald continued true, so long could Agnes endure that frightful blank of existence which follows crushed hopes and forbidden love; she existed on memory and faith (women can do this); she was more blessed in treasuring his dear memory, though for ever separated, than in any joys this world could bestow. Helen came to the sage conclusion that, 'after all, it had been a mere boy-and-girl affair—something to be ashamed of hereafter, and forgotten now.' Helen told her mother so, insisted so to herself; but there was a little, a very little corner in her woman's heart, which whispered another tale in a low, melodious voice, sad and sweet as the dying notes of the lonely swan floating down to die.

There was so much of pain and uncertainty in her intercourse with Lady Irby and Helen, that Agnes felt as if change of scene would be a welcome relief; and when the tidings arrived at Maud Chapel Farm of Captain Dormer's return from a long voyage, summoning Mr and Mrs Walsingham and his daughter to the distant port where he had come to anchor, they were all three glad of the anticipated journey. Even the old couple commenced preparations with alacrity, averse as they usually were to quit their pleasant home; but they could not altogether become reconciled to Agnes passing over so forgivingly 'the impertinences of those Irbys.' When Agnes had last parted with her father she was little more than a child, but she remembered his boisterous demonstrations of affection, and blunt, honest ways with a slight sensation of inward shrinking, for which she cordially upbraided herself. On the arrival of the travellers at the port of F——, they found Captain Dormer busily employed in establishing himself in a commodious house, situated in the very heart of the bustling town, which he preferred to all others in the universe. It had been his prayer by day and dream by night to obtain possession of this identical mansion, furnishing it according to his own taste, and with Agnes for his housekeeper and companion, to sit down in peace for the remainder of his days! And to the utter dismay and surprise of Mr and Mrs Walsingham, no less than of Agnes, he acquainted them with his intention of abandoning the sea, and enjoying a pipe on shore, pointing out to their observation several capacious leathern arm-chairs, intended for the luxurious ease of himself and those brother mariners who like him frequented the port, and would drop in for sociable chat in all weathers. And what could Mr or Mrs Walsingham advance against the claims of a father? What could they urge to prevent Captain Dormer indulging his own tastes in his own way? A crowded and dirty seaport town was not indeed a home for the delicate and elegant Agnes; but then it was congenial and pleasing to her father, and he had spent a life of toil and danger, always looking forward to reap this reward. He had crowded within the spacious limits of this home every invention of modern luxury that money could procure: there were ludicrous and incongruous assort-

ments to be sure; and everything was as fine as an unlimited order and tasteless upholder's hands could make it. But there was evidence of profuse expenditure, and Captain Dormer was thoroughly satisfied.

He had thought in his rough way so much of his daughter's comfort and amusements, books and musical instruments abounding, that Agnes felt deeply grateful and affected by these tokens of parental love, though not a hint was breathed by Captain Dormer of the good Walsinghams permanently remaining with their beloved child. It was clear that the time had come when the dictatorial and fiery though kind-hearted sailor considered he had full right to his sweet daughter's exclusive society without any encumbrances whatever. Perhaps there was a little tinge of jealousy mingled with Captain Dormer's gratitude towards these venerable guardians of Agnes's helpless infancy; for as he contemplated her matured and delicate loveliness, all a father's fond pride swelled his heart, and he beheld with evident uneasiness the affectionate attentions which she was wont to bestow on Mr and Mrs Walsingham.

With a good deal of pompous display he ushered them into the various apartments of the commodious habitation, which, without consulting any one's inclinations save his own, Captain Dormer had fixed on for his final resting-place on earth. Truly it was but a dismal prospect for his daughter—her sole society to consist of rough seafaring men; for could she hope to find in their wives and daughters another Helen Irby?

Agnes thought of Reginald—what he would say to this arrangement—how his tastes would amalgamate with her father's? Yet there was a sunshine of hope and exultation mingled with her anxiety to which she had hitherto been a stranger; it stole over her spirit with soothing influence as she reviewed her new circumstances. Captain Dormer vaunted of his immense wealth; his last voyage had been profitable beyond his most sanguine expectations; and still he kept his affairs so completely in his own hands, and beneath his own sway and control, that the passion of his life was amply gratified—the dangerous passion of adding store to store, thousands to thousands. Agnes knew she was to inherit all this—she was her father's heiress; for he repeatedly told her so, with many incomprehensible but significant nods and becks, meant to be infinitely sagacious. Yet there was a mystery, a something inexplicable, which was kept back whenever Captain Dormer touched on his affairs or her brilliant fortunes; and this mystery concerning the future puzzled Agnes, and, despite her reason, chafed and annoyed her. She, too, now began to value money, not indeed for its own worthless sake, but because Reginald was poor.

Sir Felix and Lady Irby had considered her a portionless girl, or comparatively so, but perhaps they might yet be induced to balance her prospect of wealth against their own pride of birth. Such things had often been—she had read and heard of them; besides, Helen always openly had expressed a wish that Reginald should marry for aggrandisement; and what aggrandisement would not wealth purchase? As to Captain Dormer not approving of Reginald Irby—Reginald the noble, the gifted, the chivalrous, and beloved—such a contingency as that did not enter into her calculations; for her father fondly doted on her, and would he not also extend his affection towards her chosen one—him on whom her hopes of earthly happiness were fixed? Agnes had entreated Mr and Mrs

Walsingham to preserve silence to Captain Dormer respecting the past unhappy events; to let things take their own course; for she was a coward on the subject of her love for Reginald, and she could not endure the thought of her father handling it in his matter-of-fact way. No; Captain Dormer must see Reginald Irby, and judge for himself; and from the young man's gifted tongue must first proceed the declaration of their mutual attachment. Helen Irby had requested Agnes to keep up a correspondence, and it was only through Helen that Agnes could hear of her lover, for she had forbidden him to address her clandestinely, and otherwise fate was unpropitious. There was a sadness and apprehension in the demeanour of Mr and Mrs Walsingham, which to a casual observer would have given rise to the conclusion that their approaching separation from the beloved girl whom they had so tenderly reared weighed heavily on their spirits; and though this was undoubtedly the case, yet there was even more than met the eye in their subdued and anxious manner. They well knew that their son-in-law, Captain Dormer, was a stern disciplinarian (a tyrant, some affirmed, but that might be a strong way of speaking); they had forebodings and fears for their gentle nursling, whose cheek paled at a rough-spoken word, and whose eyes were so like her dead mother's, upturned and pleading as she clung to the hardy mariner—a dove in the arms of a bear! The captain was evidently restless and fidgety to get quit of them; he could not disguise his impatience; and dismissed with many valuable gifts, and bedewed with the tears of their grand-daughter, the worthy old couple turned their faces homewards, only comforted and sustained by Captain Dormer's parting promise, that he would bring Agnes to Maud Chapel Farm very soon.

Helen's letters to Agnes were short, and contained unimportant and uninteresting matter, save once or twice latterly, when such expressions occurred as 'Reginald writes to us in extremely high spirits,' 'Reginald is very happy,' 'Reginald is delighted with Lord L—— and his family;' and the following sentence, which poor Agnes, like a true woman, brooded over again and again: 'Lady Isabel L—— is the reigning toast, and Reginald extols her charms enthusiastically!' This said Lady Isabel was the ambassador's eldest daughter, Reginald's cousin, and Reginald was in proximity with her daily. They were stars in a gay and brilliant court; and Agnes drew a picture contrasted with her own past and present position, until the airy castles she had built on the foundation of her father's wealth crumbled into dust. 'And yet—and yet,' she murmured, 'he did not lightly win my love; it *was* my all—it *is* my life!'

After the departure of Mr and Mrs Walsingham, the restlessness of the captain continued to increase: he was always noting the way of the wind, and muttering to himself with impatient gestures, looking at Agnes with sly smiles, chucking her under the chin, and going in and out a dozen times a day of one particular chamber, whose arrangement he had superintended with the utmost care; and which, from certain indubitable signs, was intended for the occupation of a male guest. At length the captain found it impossible any longer wholly to keep his own counsel; and sundry hints which he dropped made his daughter more uncomfortable than she liked to confess: 'He's a fine fellow, my girl; I hope you'll like him, Agg. You'd be a bit more impatient, I guess, if you knew all'—and then

with boisterous glee, rubbing his brawny hands, and shouting with stentorian voice, he sang after his fashion of vocalism—

'He 's a-coming across the sea
To marry me—to marry me.'

'*Who* is coming, my dearest father?' timidly asked Agnes with inward misgiving.

'Who is coming!' roared the captain; 'why, who *should* be coming but your—— But no, no! I'll keep the surprise to the last—the tidbit. You're a lucky girl, Aggy—that you are!'

Wild conjecturings floated through her brain—impossible things—as Agnes day after day remarked her father's ever-increasing impatience. Was it possible—could it be possible that he had learned the tale of her unhappy love, and through the all-magical influence of money brought matters to this fairy-like conclusion? Was Reginald to be spirited here, and the days of romance and chivalry again to be revived? Was the golden wand of the enchanter to accomplish this? 'No, no,' sighed Agnes; 'it is impossible.' And yet, alas! how we dream of impossibilities, when the miserable realities of life leave us nothing else.

And so weeks glided on—the monotonous murmuring of ocean seeming to Agnes in strange unison with the daily routine of her life: the music of the 'sad sea waves' to exercise a mysterious influence on her spirit—a soothing, tranquillising, melancholy influence, which was never henceforth to be withdrawn. And so time glided on, and the dreams became more dim and undefined, and the music of the waves more unearthly and all-pervading.

Rudely the dream was dispelled, for Captain Dormer burst into the small apartment which Agnes called her own, shouting in a state of excitement bordering on delirium: 'He's come—he's come—he's here—safe in port—hurra!' embracing his daughter with wild vehemence, and dancing about with joy not to be restrained. She had heard the noise of an arrival, the trampling of many feet, her father's voice above all; and now he resistlessly bore away the startled, trembling girl; and ere she recovered her surprise, hurried her to the dining-room, giving her a push forward as he exclaimed: 'There he is, Aggy—that's he—my own brave boy—your Cousin Wilfred! Bless thee both—bless thee!' and the sturdy man wept outright, sobbing like a child as he shook the stranger's hand as if he would have shaken it off, placing his daughter's delicate palm in the young man's sunburnt one.

Cousin Wilfred?—Agnes had quite forgotten that she had a cousin, it was so many years since she had heard him named. He was the son of a deceased sister whom Captain Dormer had discarded—she having married a man whom he detested, and with some just cause. But when his nephew was left an orphan, all the captain's animosity vanished; and the destitute youth expressing a strong desire to enter the maritime service, speedily won his way to his uncle's affections by bravery, diligence, honesty, and gay good-humour. Idolised both by inferiors under his command, and by his patron himself, young Wilfred had a pleasant life of it, and he fully repaid all the attachment evinced by the usually imperturbable and irate commander.

'Dear Cousin Wilfred!' involuntarily exclaimed Agnes, forgetting all her previous apprehensions and forebodings as she gazed on the fine open countenance before her, expressive of benevolence, and that 'begone dull carishness' which is, or ought to be, the national characteristic of the British sailor. Long curling brown hair—love-locks, the fair sex say—clustered round his bronzed face, while large, laughing blue eyes, clear and honest, beamed with delight as he warmly greeted Agnes. He was indeed a handsome, finely-formed young fellow, as he stood with a low-crowned glazed-hat in hand, and a roughly-fashioned pilot-coat buttoned up to his chin; the captain literally devoured him with his eyes, and utterly unable any longer to contain his long-cherished secret, burst forth: 'She's yours, Willy! I always meant you for each other; and by St George you 're a splendid pair, though I say it! Nay, nay, Aggy; don't turn away; the secret's out. We 'll soon have you spliced, and then—— Hurra! old Tom Dormer 'll be the happiest lad in this fine old land. God bless it! Britannia for ever!'

It was a case of love at first sight with Wilfred; his perceptions were not acute or refined, though a kinder-hearted being did not exist; consequently he attributed his cousin's reserve to maiden shyness. As to the captain, *he* did not beat about the bush now, as he expressed it—'the cat was out of the bag;' but he speedily and peremptorily issued his commands to Agnes, that she was henceforth to consider and receive her Cousin Wilfred as an affianced lover. How could she divulge the truth of her position to her father—how dare she tell him, and brave his wrath —that Reginald Irby had wooed her—won her heart—and that she had been rejected by his family? It would be to widen the distance between them; for such an insult Captain Dormer, under any circumstances, would never forgive. He deemed his lovely Agnes a fitting bride for an emperor, besides having a supreme contempt for pride of ancestry—to say nothing of that pride being allied to poverty. Agnes intuitively learned that this was a mere subject of ridicule with her father, and she shrank from exposing the Irbys to such derision. It was not possible to dislike Wilfred: he was so simple-hearted, confiding, gay, and affectionate, that to repulse his assiduities seemed like repulsing the love of a dear brother. Captain Dormer, who narrowly watched how the wooing sped, became furious when Agnes refused to obey him, and even to promise to become Wilfred's wife at any distance of time. He had patience with her for a reasonable space, considering that young damsels were 'queer, skittish creeturs,' and that no doubt it was 'their way;' in short, that Agnes was merely coquetting. But when he found that she was serious in her rejection, then indeed the full fury of the storm fell on her devoted head. She appealed to Wilfred, entreating him to give up the pursuit, to save her from her father's anger. 'I cannot give you up, Agnes,' replied the young sailor; 'you are dearer to me than life. You confess that you do not dislike me, and so I must hope on.' Wilfred had not the faintest suspicion that Agnes loved another; she was so young, so innocent-looking and tranquil, that a wiser than he might have been misled into believing that the storms of passion had never ruffled that fair surface, which seemed formed to reflect nothing but cloudless skies. He treated her much as he would a

spoiled, wayward child when she avoided him; humouring her with a merry laugh, and thinking, doubtless, these whims and caprices became her wonderfully.

It was not in any woman's nature, much less in Agnes's, who was so timid and clinging, to evince decided and lasting displeasure; he was so humble, devoted, imploring, yet manly and gallant withal! 'O that he was my brother!' murmured Agnes, 'how blessed I should be! With what love I should love him *then!*' Openly taunted and persecuted by her unrelenting father, who was unaccustomed to, and intolerant of, contradiction, and scarcely less persecuted by her admiring suitor, there seemed no alternative left but for Agnes to confess that she had no heart to bestow—that her faith was plighted to another. It was a painful and humiliating confession; yet wherefore? Agnes could not analyse her own feelings, but she shrank from the avowal, without Reginald to support her. Perplexed, drooping beneath the daily unhappiness she endured, sorrowing to vex the father who, despite his harshness, so fondly doted on her, and always lamenting that Heaven had not given her Wilfred as a brother, there appeared but one course left for Agnes to pursue, if she continued to preserve silence as to the state of her affections. This was to plead illness—illness which, in fact, oppressed her heavily—and to entreat permission to visit her grandparents at Maud Chapel. By this means she would gain time, the pure air would also strengthen and renovate her shattered nerves, and enable her to bear up against future trials. It was a long time ere Captain Dormer could be induced to sanction this plan; and it was only his fears for her health, as he gazed on her pale cheek and wasted form, which won his consent at last. She promised not to be long absent—to return to him well and happy! It was the first semblance of an untruth which Agnes had ever uttered, but she had mysterious forebodings, and in very despair she dissembled. 'Well and happy!' words so easily uttered by the lips of thoughtless youth, yet embodying all of bliss this world can bestow! Agnes listened to her father's solemn denunciations with apathetic calmness, when, during a private interview, he gave her distinctly to understand that if she continued obstinately bent on disobeying him, and persisted in her refusal to become her cousin's wife, he would disinherit her, and bequeath every farthing he possessed to Wilfred. And this he confirmed and ratified by an oath, which dismayed Agnes as the terrible words fell on her ear—an ear attuned to the song of birds, and the low, pleasant voices of her good grandparents. Agnes was not a common-minded, love-sick maiden, to rejoice in being able to sacrifice every earthly hope and duty for the beloved one's sake—thereby to prove her own romantic devotion. Agnes knew that with poverty every hope of being united ultimately to Reginald vanished; or at least of obtaining Sir Felix and Lady Irby's consent, which amounted with her to the same thing. She loved him too deeply, too devotedly, to entail ruin on his prospects; besides there was a gulf between them—the gulf of time and separation; and might Reginald ever know of her father's threats or her sore tribulations? Was her image as fresh on his heart as his on hers? 'I must see Helen Irby,' she mused; 'it amounts to an impulse I cannot resist. Something whispers me: "See Helen Irby face to face."' It was a long time since Helen had alluded to Reginald in her

letters. 'Helen Irby is the soul of truth and honour,' again mused Agnes. Agnes indeed believed so; and thus believing, she sought her early home. Again she listened to St Edwins' familiar chimes, and the sweet, sad music thrilled her inmost heart, recalling hallowed memories and associations as she passed up the peaceful valley, and alighted amid the greenerie of Maud Chapel Farm, which, coming as she did from a crowded and dirty seaport town, appeared to her a bower of sylvan beauties, almost realising paradise. Clasped to Mr and Mrs Walsingham's breast, wept over and embraced first by one and then by the other, Agnes half-forgot her sorrows: their close questions were hard to evade or parry, for they beheld the shadow on their darling's hitherto cloudless beauty. But they were too delicate, and their notions of filial duty too strict, to admit of their alluding pointedly to her father—to ask if she was happy and contented in her new home. Nevertheless they probed her painfully; they spoke slightingly too of the Irbys, for report said the family ruin and disgrace could not be much longer averted or concealed, Sir Felix and his eldest son vieing with each other in reckless profligacy.

'Nothing but the immediate decease of these men can save the ancient name from downfall and shame,' said Mr Walsingham. 'The younger son in that case may still have a chance of retrieving the tarnished honour and redeeming the mortgaged estates.' And this was all the mention made of Reginald Irby by Mr Walsingham.

Agnes remained at Maud Chapel for many weeks. She left it in a far different frame of mind from that in which she had arrived. These weeks had wrought a change in the aspect of all earthly things to her. She had had several interviews with Lady Irby and Helen, and these interviews decided her fate.

Had any one accused the proud and fastidious Helen Irby of falsehood, she would have spurned the charge with haughty indignation. A direct untruth—vulgarly termed a lie—she abhorred and condemned. But, alas! there are looks and tones which imply far more than the tongue utters: implication is one thing, falsehood another. So thought the high-spirited, high-born Helen Irby. Poor Agnes was no match for women brought up under worldly auspices, and in some measure hardened by the reverses and anxieties they endured. Without Agnes being in the least aware of it, they soon made themselves perfectly acquainted with her position: her father's commands that she should marry her handsome Cousin Wilfred, and her refusal to comply. Poor, guileless Agnes! they also found out what she would not willingly have betrayed to any one for worlds—namely, that she clung to Reginald's memory; relied on his constancy and truth with enduring affection; and that, whilst this reliance continued unshaken, no power would induce her to prove false—to give herself to another. Then it was that Helen Irby, who read Agnes Dormer's nature aright, determined to aid Captain Dormer in his legitimate rule over his disobedient daughter. The aid she extended was masterly, Jesuitical, and effectual. She exhibited to Agnes a likeness of Lady Isabella L——. It was a copy which Reginald had taken from an original by an artist of celebrity. Beneath were some verses, in Reginald's handwriting, breathing the ardent admiration and gratitude of an accepted and favoured

lover. Were the verses composed as well as copied by Reginald Irby? Foolish Agnes! she dared not ask the question, nor did she stop to consider how unlikely it was that Reginald would have parted with either sketch or verses if he had attached the value to them which Helen was endeavouring to impress upon her he did. Her eyes grew dim and her cheek pale as she regarded the drawing which Helen placed carelessly in her hands. Vainly Agnes essayed to be calm and self-possessed: a pang of intense agony shot through her heart as Helen laughingly remarked—as if Agnes was in nowise interested (O the little-mindedness of women, heroines though they sometimes be!)—'Dear Reginald used to be a sad incorrigible flirt, but I don't think Lady Isabel is a person who would tolerate a *flirtation*, she is so serious, we hear, in all her doings.'

Helen Irby knew that Lady Isabel L—— was affianced, and on the point of marriage with a foreign nobleman, whose composition those verses were beneath the picture, translated for his mother and sister by Reginald, to whom the amiable Isabel was like a sister from her womanly and gracious disposition; but Helen Irby's tone and manner conveyed to Agnes all she desired to impress—and that was *not the truth*. Other implications Agnes heard, but the sudden dreadful pang returned no more. Its force had been expended at the first onset. The heroic girl bravely battled with her despair, and none save the All-seeing could fathom its depths. Reginald was false, and she was free!

Agnes communed with herself in her own chamber—'communed, and was still'—'still' indeed to all outward appearance—callous and cold; the iron had entered her soul. 'Was I born into the world,' she soliloquised, 'for the mere purpose of loving, being disappointed, and my hopes of happiness annihilated — to count the days of darkness lengthened out in selfish indolence and apathetic monotony? No, no! I will conquer self, and form the happiness of others. How could I be so weak and vain as to believe there was aught in *me* to bind *him*? I never was worthy of Reginald, although he never can be so worshipped again! I have nothing to complain of. God knows there is no pride in me'——

Agnes, take not that name in vain—deceive not thyself!

Helen knew that she had done her work ably; her task was fulfilled to the uttermost, and that without having told one direct falsehood.

'She looks calm and angelic,' said she to Lady Irby, 'though I am sure she loved Reginald dearly. Girls never die of broken hearts, and she'll go home and obey her bearish father, and marry her Cousin Wilfred. *Then* I shall write to Reginald, with the mortifying tidings that his old love has forgotten him already, and espoused another. *He* will storm and rave for a day or two; then he, too, will come to his senses, and find, it is to be hoped, another bride, noble as well as wealthy. At least I think this will be the course of things,' added Helen in a hesitating tone; 'but Reginald is not one to be trifled with. However, you know, dearest mamma, it was morally impossible we could ever receive Agnes Dormer as one of ourselves.'

'Quite so,' said Lady Irby as she gazed admiringly on her stately daughter; 'and yet, my precious! she is a sweet, lovely creature.'

'But an apothecary's grand-daughter, and a trader's daughter! Only think of being connected with that vulgar old Mrs Walsingham, who was,

they say, a grocer's eldest born! to say nothing, O nothing! of that horrid captain, smelling of tar and tobacco!' And all the proud blood of all the Irbys mounted into both the ladies' faces as they shuddered, chiming in: 'Impossible! the race of Irby has never yet been defiled by plebeian admixture.' They forgot how defiled and disgraced it was by patrician vices!

It was comforting and satisfactory to Agnes, ere she quitted Maud Chapel for an indefinite period, to leave one in her place who proved a welcome addition to the domestic circle. This was a half-sister of Mr Walsingham's, nearly a score of years his junior. Miss Walsingham had presided over an establishment for the education of young ladies, but she had now finished the prosperous labours of her life, and retired on a comfortable independence. Her former pupils were all singularly attached to her, while Miss Walsingham continued to cherish a motherly interest in their after-welfare; for there was a strong dash of romance in the prim spinster's composition, which not all her orthodox phrases and strictly conventional breeding could altogether conceal. She was the confidant of many delicate affairs in which the young misses, her former pupils, became engaged touching their settlement in life when the choice of a husband came to be decided. It was to their schoolmistress they always flew for advice and sympathy if anything went 'contrary;' for there was much in her sympathy congenial to young hearts, while her advice was always sound and judicious, without being a bit *like advice*. Papas and mammas all respected Miss Walsingham, courted her society, and wondered by what magical means she had acquired such perfect but gently-administered control over those committed to her care—such lasting influence after they had entered on the great sea of life, with its billows tossing and surging around them. Perhaps the key to the secret was, that Miss Walsingham never ceased to remember she had once been young herself. She could weep with those who wept, and rejoice with those who rejoiced; for over her early history a cloud of mystery hung, though many suspected that the long calm of her matured years followed in the wake of passionate emotions of no common kind, ending in sorrow and death.

Now, although the good lady intended to make Maud Chapel Farm her headquarters, much to the satisfaction of her brother and his wife, yet she had no intention of confining herself all the year round to one locality. She anticipated clearing off many long-promised visits to married pupils, who were all anxious to have her beneath their roof, to exhibit husbands, children, houses, and garniture to the dear *gouvernante* whose Quaker-cap, sombre robe, and grave exterior had never repulsed them in their thoughtless days of charming girlhood. It had been a source of much vexation to Miss Walsingham not having Agnes to educate and bring up. Her brother's refusal to part with his grandchild had wounded and vexed her at the time, and she told Mr Walsingham in plain terms, that 'neither he nor sister Betsy knew how to manage a girl like Agnes.' The bereaved couple, however, could not bear to lose sight of their beloved charge. She was the only sunshine of their home, and they confessed and extenuatingly pleaded their weakness to the exemplary Deborah. *They* considered, indeed, that Agnes did

high credit to *their* system of tuition and 'bringing-up' generally; but Deborah Walsingham declared that she would have made the delicate, sensitive girl a far different person in all respects, more fitted to endure the shocks of life and combat with its trials, had she been fostered and trained at Walsingham House. Nevertheless, she was very fond of Agnes, and greatly interested in her. Perhaps there was a certain unquiet drooping of the eye, a sad expression seated there, and a wan cheek, flushing oftentimes suddenly, as if from painful remembrances, which touched the spinster's tender heart.

'Sure am I that Agnes Dormer has known suffering; and what Greek poet is that who says—or something to the effect—"What has he known who has not loved?" and suffering and loving are synonymous,' mused Miss Walsingham.

This suspicion alone was enough to open wide every avenue of her sympathies; and so unaffected and entire they were, that Agnes could not reject them utterly; nay, there was a consolation in permitting one so experienced and astute as Miss Walsingham to read the secrets of her heart, though she flattered herself but in part. But Agnes was mistaken here: the secrets of her heart and history were laid bare to Miss Walsingham's keen penetration—not in part, as she vainly imagined, but the whole tale of 'lost love' was unravelled. Agnes did not guess half the tender pity she excited in her bosom; she only felt the effects in her assiduity and affectionate attention.

But at length the time arrived when Agnes was compelled to tear herself away from the peaceful home of her childhood, and she struggled to conceal her emotion from them all. Lady Irby and Helen too—she felt as if parting with them for ever. What were they to her now? Their path in life was separate, as if in separate planets, and it was futile to wish they could hear tidings of each other's destinies again. So at least thought Agnes. Where could she find another friend like Helen Irby—so pure-minded, elegant, and refined?

'Never can another be to me what she has been: I must stand alone henceforth!' sighed Agnes. Yet she was about returning to her father's house—to her lover's arms. 'Yet not alone,' she added presently; 'wicked and rebellious that I am to say so; for as the stars of heaven are countless, so are His blessings, and His presence always.' Never had the seaport town of F—— appeared so dingy, close, and crowded, as on the bright summer-day when Agnes entered it the second time: it afforded indeed a strong contrast to St Edwins' pastoral valley. Here were maritime discordances of all varieties, and rocking masts, and inodorous scents, instead of softly-chiming bells, umbrageous foliage, and spicy gales, wafted from violet meadows and honeysuckle bowers. It was a rude and startling change; and the rough but affectionate greeting she received sounded harshly in her ears after the gentle voices of the kindred and friends whom she had left behind. But Agnes had no time for consideration or repining, for Captain Dormer lost no temporising days or weeks ere he assailed his daughter on the point he had so much at heart. He attacked her immediately; asked bluntly if she had made up her mind to marry her Cousin Wilfred; and if she had (and she had *better*, he added, with a very strong imprecation), when it was to be?

'Give me but time, father,' pleaded Agnes, pale, distressed, and weeping —'give me but time, Cousin Wilfred—it is all I ask,' as the thoughtless young sailor vehemently seconded the captain's wishes.

'Time—time!' exclaimed Captain Dormer angrily; 'why time is on the wing, and you have shilly-shallied long enough, girl. Wilfred is going off to sea again directly to take command of the *Fair Nancy*, bound for the Gold Coast. And when he brings her back safe from that cruise laden with the precious ore, he'll never need to leave thee again, Aggy: you and he may build a palace of gold for yourselves in this nice town, if your minds incline that way.'

Agnes smiled wanly at her father's ideas of retirement and enjoyment; but existence was rendered most uncomfortable by alternate persecution from her father and pleading attentions from her cousin. Yet how she clung to delay! Might not Helen tell *him* of her situation? Helen surely had guessed it in part, and a word, half a word to her lover would be sufficient to bring him still to her rescue. Yet had she not rejected him, and how dared she hope he would return? Was it likely that Reginald, so delicate and high-souled, would seek her now simply because she was rich? No—no; he was enthralled by Lady Isabel, the nobly-born and beautiful—'and wherefore should I delay?' sighed Agnes; 'wherefore prove disobedient and ungrateful to a kind father for the sake of a dream—a dream from which I have awakened with a heart cold and seared?' Yet how she clung to delay! 'Time—time, father!' she whispered; 'time—time, Cousin Wilfred!' and in this energetic battle her days sped on until the climax arrived when procrastination could avail her no longer. Wilfred was appointed to sail on a certain day in obedience to orders; the captain's passion for amassing wealth increased with his years, though he persisted in declaring that it was not for this purpose he sent his nephew on so perilous an expedition, but because it was a shame for so gallant a young officer to become a landlubber and a milksop! The day of departure was near, and Captain Dormer insisted that Agnes should give her hand to Wilfred ere he took his path across the waste of waters: it was a sad prospect for the young bridegroom and the weeping bride—marriage, and immediate separation!

With a forced and desperate calmness, and an apathetic stoicism, Agnes stood before the altar with her cousin: there was no bridal array, no bridal festivities nor preparations, but she heard the solemn words which bound her to him until 'death did them part.' These words she distinctly, strangely heard; they appeared to reverberate through the dim old church, so empty and desolate—'death and parting;' and Agnes awoke to the reality that she was a wife, murmuring with a shudder as she received her father's congratulation: 'Until death parts us.' Poor Wilfred! he had short experience of wedded bliss, and it was a bitter parting for him; while Agnes gazed on his honest, loving face with indefinable sensations, as if she was essaying to engrave the lineaments on her mind. A cold shiver ran through her frame as her husband released her from his last embrace: 'May God preserve and shield him!' she ejaculated; 'his image will haunt me evermore.' They sailed away on a glorious, sunshiny day, the blue waves glittering, and the gallant bark dancing over them to the sounds of rejoicing music.

There was a lonely green spot on the heights without the town, from whence Agnes had been wont to watch the sun sinking into ocean's bosom; and she sought it now in solitary sorrow, not only to gaze on the departing luminary, but to keep in view as long as possible that lessening speck which contained her husband. She was seated on the turf, her head resting on her hand, and with eyes intently fixed on the distant vessel, on which a golden ray of sunshine rested momentarily, flashing on the white sails, and causing Agnes to shade those tearful eyes, thinking meanwhile how like the white sails were to wings, and the skimming bark itself to a paradise-bird about to sink to rest with the refulgent orb, whose warmth and light it disported in: thus she was lost in a fanciful reverie, and the words broke from her involuntarily: 'O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest,' when a footstep close by her side made Agnes start and turn hastily round.

'And where would you fly to, Agnes—where would you rest—*here?*' exclaimed Reginald Irby, opening his arms.

Speechless and dismayed, Agnes rose and stood gazing on the sudden apparition, as if the real human being were indeed a spiritual visitant. 'Avaunt!' she at length faintly articulated—'avaunt! how came you here—wherefore at *this* hour? Approach me not!' she cried more wildly, waving her hands in terror, and edging towards the side of the cliff as Reginald made a step nearer, and strove to clasp her in his embrace.

'Agnes—Agnes!' he said soothingly, and in a voice of ineffable tenderness, 'do you fear me—do you not know me; that it is indeed *I*, your Reginald? I have just landed here from Lord L——'s yacht, and by mere chance strayed hither. Chance, say I? O no! led by Providence rather let me say. But Agnes—Agnes! wherefore look you thus? Are you with your father here, and where are the good Walsinghams?'

But she stood motionless—still and mute as a marble statue—her features as colourless and rigid: with difficulty, and keeping her eyes intently fixed on Reginald, she slowly raised an arm, extending it towards the ocean, and pointing with her hand to where the glittering sails of her husband's ship were already fast vanishing in the gloom and haze of evening.

'Agnes!' cried Reginald in an imploring, agitated voice—for her appalling looks even more than her manner surprised and alarmed him—'will you not say one word to me? I could no longer rest without seeing you, dearest; and so I eagerly availed myself of this opportunity of accompanying Lord L——, who is recreating himself with a flying visit to our native isle, after the marriage of my amiable cousin, his daughter Isabel. Helen has told you of Isabel—has she not, sweet Agnes?—how dear and true a friend and sister she has been to me during my exile. For oh, Agnes, my life, my love, is it not banishment indeed this separation from *thee?* But, heavenly powers, take care! you will fall!'

He gave a bound forward and caught her arm, for she was tottering on the very brink of the dizzy height, and looking wildly over, as if meditating a plunge. She looked up in his face as Reginald clasped her arm with a gaze of most piteous supplication, and her voice was hollow and tremulous as the broken words with difficulty were articulated: 'Yonder

—yonder—on those ocean waves my husband sleeps to-night! Reginald, behold yon lessening speck! my earthly hopes are centred *there!*'

In one moment had flashed across her brain conviction of Helen's false representations and of Reginald's truth! But what availed such knowledge *now?* She had but the delirious wish to make him comprehend her position, and to fly his presence.

He drew her back from the verge of the cliff, let fall her arm, and glared upon her until she quailed and trembled beneath the fierce and deadly expression. The Irbys were a proud and passionate race, and the glance of an incensed Irby's eye struck terror into aggressors—so tradition said.

'False—fickle!' he hissed rather than spoke the words from between his set teeth—'false—fickle! did you not bid me be true to you?' He waited long for a reply; but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth—dismay and agony choked her utterance. 'Agnes, have you dared to treat me thus—to wed another?' Reginald's voice rose in passion: 'False, fickle-hearted! have you indeed cast away such love as mine?' She feebly whispered one word—that word was '*Helen.*' 'And what of my sister—what of Helen?' vehemently cried he. 'Helen best knows how an Irby loves! Agnes, you have broken my heart by your falsehood; and men speak not of broken hearts as women do. *They* speak of blasted fortunes—talents wasted—prospects ruined—all this you may have wrought for me! Go to your happy home, Agnes—await your husband's return—and remember the lover of your youth, and what you have made him!'

Bitterly and fiercely the young man poured forth these words, regarding her with an almost scornful look as her beautiful head drooped on her heaving bosom. What a tale Agnes could have unfolded! She was standing on the verge of a precipice—and she was silent! At that moment Captain Dormer's rough voice broke the dreadful silence and dissolved the spell; he was calling on 'Aggy'—boisterous and blustering enough. As the rolling mariner appeared on the level patch of greensward, with one last withering glance of agony and upbraiding Reginald Irby vanished down the ascent, and Agnes flew into her father's arms, where fits of convulsive weeping, followed by a fearful interval of insensibility, were attributed by the captain to grief for her husband's departure; and his conscience was sorely disquieted to think that he had been the originator of Wilfred's perilous absence. In his way he redoubled his assiduities and affection towards his unhappy child, entreating her to 'keep up,' and 'not to pine;' that 'Willy would be sure to come back safe and sound;' 'time passed in a jiffy;' and so on. Little did he surmise whence arose the pallor and wasted form of the lovely bride. Yet, strangely-constituted human nature! in the midst of all this bitterness there was a drop of sweetness worth more than all the treasures this weary world contained. Reginald was true—he loved her! Agnes prayed to die—but, like 'puir Jeanie' in the immortal ballad, 'she wasna like to dee.' The day of comfort, however, at last came; and she bowed her head in religious resignation, turned to her accustomed duties, and smiled on her father.

'My siren,' he would say, 'your smiles are not sunny! they mind me of moonlight shining on the snow!'

Vainly did Agnes try to deceive herself into believing that she deplored

her husband's absence as the love and duty of a wife required; there had been no intellectual enjoyment and mutual sympathy as to taste and pursuits between them. The mind of Agnes, highly refined and poetical, was as a sealed book to Wilfred; his, a page whereon she traced but few and commonplace impressions. There could have been no lasting companionship; and, unacknowledged even by her own heart (for Agnes knew that it would have been sinful to cherish the morbid feeling), a sense of desolation crept over her when she thought of his return, such desolation as may be experienced by a sad and lonely stranger in the midst of gay and heartless society. Her husband's return! Those were words which Captain Dormer often dwelt on, and Agnes listened to with an anxious heart. But the time was nearly approaching when tidings might be expected to reach them of Wilfred's save arrival at his destination; but the time came, passed, and brought with it no news of the voyagers across the waste of waters. Spring-tide arrived, with its gorgeous blossoms, and tender flowers and herbage, but with *it* no tidings of the goodly ship and gallant crew; and Captain Dormer became daily more exasperated and impatient. Summer came—bright, glorious, rosy summer!—but with *it* no tidings of the goodly ship and gallant crew. Harassing anxiety succeeded to impatience—suspense ill endured by the restless, miserable captain, who stormed and chafed from morn to night. Autumn days succeeded—long, gray, lingering autumnal days—but with them no tidings of the goodly ship or gallant crew. They had sailed away, and were heard of no more. There was none to tell their story—no vestige of a wreck—no trace of the missing vessel! All was enveloped in dark, inscrutable mystery. They had sailed away, and after that their doom was an unfathomable blank! Still did Agnes hope on bravely—still did she cheer and strive to comfort her wretched parent; but when winter came again, spring-tide succeeded, the orchards blossomed, and the roses bloomed, and the yellow leaves fell, and no tidings were heard of the goodly ship and gallant crew—then *her* hope gave way, and the father and daughter looked on each other's faces, and wept. Dreary and monotonous months succeeded; and the once resolute, fiery captain bade fair to become a nervous hypochondriac, and without any decided bodily ailment, slowly wasted away. He would wander on the beach for hours together, telescope in hand, scanning the distant horizon, as if from thence, alas! news were to be wafted of the lost ones! When at home, he sat in a moping attitude, crouching over the fire, muttering to himself with suppressed sighs: 'Next week he *must* be heard of—*must* I say—my brave boy, my gallant Willy—next week he *must!*' but Captain Dormer was never heard to swear now.

'Next week' came, and it was a repetition of the same sad burden—next week, and the next, and the next after that. Agnes heard frequently from Miss Walsingham, who was an excellent correspondent; but much as she desired to embrace her beloved grandparents, it was not possible for her to quit the afflicted captain, and moreover she clung with tenacity to the locality where there was a possibility of receiving intelligence at the earliest period of the missing ship. Persons shook their heads pityingly, and hinted at the propriety of Agnes assuming widow's weeds, for there was not an individual in the port of F—— who did not feel certain that the gallant fellows who had so bravely sailed away would never be heard

of more. 'The ship had foundered at sea,' they said: 'doubt was at an end.' But the awful mystery of the how and the whereabouts would never be cleared up until that great day when the secrets of the deep shall be revealed. Agnes shuddered at the suggestion of adopting the insignia of bereavement, when what mortal tongue could with positive certainty affirm that her husband was indeed no more? The ocean could not speak, and utter forth in hoarse murmurs the dreadful tale. Had it really swallowed up those young, gallant, loving hearts, exulting in their strength and pride, and in the strength and swiftness of the bark, in which they rested free from every thought of danger? Agnes mourned not, deplored not, as mourners are wont to do over their dead. How could she deplore and mourn for the dead, even when hope had fled, when the sad sea waves whispered to her fevered fancy that cruel, taunting, never-ceasing whisper: 'He may return—may—*may!*'

Three miserable years thus heavily passed away. Sir Felix Irby was gathered to his fathers: his end was awfully sudden—struck down by a fit of apoplexy.

Miss Walsingham mentioned in one of her letters that Lady Irby and Helen had departed from the Lodge to some distant retreat, the heir having married an abandoned woman, whom he had installed as mistress of his ancestral home. 'But,' added the worthy spinster, 'I hear this young man's health is in a very precarious state, and folks say the family affairs are in a ruinous condition, though every one at St Edwins will be sorry should the property pass into stranger hands, for the old Irby race seems to belong to the valley.' A film came over her eyes as Agnes perused the closely-written page. 'Poor Helen!' she sighed; 'poor Helen! though you have dealt falsely and cruelly by me, yet from my soul I pity you!' The memory of Reginald was to Agnes as a dream—a dim dream of past days—sacred and tenderly treasured. There was no alloy of earth's impurity mixed with her memories. His voice yet lingered in her ears, like strains of passionate melody heard afar off in sleep, when the sleeper oft starts from the blissful trance to realise silence and darkness. And the reality of existence was sufficiently distressing to Agnes; for her father, despite all the medical advice and remedies resorted to (what can the most skilful physician do for a mind diseased?), sank into a lethargy, or kind of idiotic stupor. He awoke to consciousness no more, but passed away to another world without a signal of recognition to his daughter or those around him. Captain Dormer had left his large fortune to be equally divided between Wilfred and Agnes, independent of each other, though with secure provision for children: in the event of her husband's demise first, Agnes was to inherit the whole, or *vice versâ*. Poor young creature! a childless wife—a wife, and yet a widow! It was a bitter cup to drain; but she reverentially received it, and with eyes upraised to Him who chasteneth in wisdom, murmured: 'Not my will, but Thine be done!'

Four years had now elapsed since Wilfred had sailed away; his mysterious fate had ceased to disturb the minds of men—in short, he was forgotten by all save one. During this period Mr and Mrs Walsingham had paid a visit to their beloved grand-daughter, subsequent to Captain Dormer's decease; but they were becoming too aged for so

long a journey, and Agnes could not conquer her morbid fear of leaving the fatal shore whereon her husband's elastic footfall had last bounded. More than once the kindly and sympathising Miss Walsingham had for weeks together cheered and endeavoured to comfort the desolate mourner. She was now on one of her annual rounds, fêted and caressed by former pupils no less than by their parents or guardians. Agnes had truly appreciated the excellent qualities of this worthy woman, so fully displayed during the time of sorrow and affliction: to Miss Walsingham alone she had unbosomed her grief, and found consolation in sincere and unaffected sympathy. That well-meaning friend encouraged Agnes to speak of her lost husband, and to dwell on the subject; she strove to inure her to the idea of widowhood, to root out any lingering remnant of false hope which yet might lurk in the recesses of her heart. Miss Walsingham herself entertained no doubt whatever as to Wilfred's fate; she well knew that uncertainty and suspense are baneful to a healthful state of mind, and therefore she sought to impress on Agnes her own convictions. The mourner's sweet face wore the placid expression of calm resignation; but who might fathom the depths of that loving spirit—so crushed and lacerated?

'I am now within thirty miles of you, my dear,' wrote Miss Walsingham; 'beneath the roof of Mrs Elphinstone, whose four daughters I had the privilege of educating. Julia is going to be married; and when the marriage festivities are over I hope to make my way to you; but Mrs Elphinstone will not hear of my leaving her just now.' These were pleasant letters of Miss Walsingham's, full of harmless chit-chat, and often producing the desired effect of causing Agnes to forget awhile her own sad situation. But one came at last, which was destined to produce other emotions. With a throbbing heart and flushed cheek she read as follows:—'I shall avoid preliminaries, my dear, and at once enter on an agitating topic, merely remarking how plainly I can discern the hand of Providence in this matter—namely, the bringing about a meeting between Reginald Irby and myself, in order that from me he might learn the truth, and cast the blame on those to whom blame is due—the awful blame of separating two faithful, loving hearts! But, thanks be to Him, my dear, you may both be happy yet. Mrs Elphinstone told me yesterday morn that a friend of James's (James Elphinstone was attached to some foreign embassy a little while ago) was coming to stay with them for a day or two. Now, you must know that Mrs Elphinstone is a very anxious, prudent mother, and naturally desirous of seeing her pretty portionless girls well settled in life; and you will comprehend her meaning when she significantly told me that the young gentleman who was expected at Elphinstone House had just succeeded to a fine property in the neighbourhood in a most unexpected manner—the testator having detested the young man's family, and being a stranger to himself. "Mr Irby," (for it is he, Agnes!) said my friend Mrs Elphinstone, "is considered an eccentric person—a misanthrope, in short, and he never goes anywhere. But James is a favourite (James Elphinstone is the best soul in the universe), and at his solicitation he has consented to come. I do wish that our Mary should look her best, my dear, good Miss Walsingham, for she is just the Madona-sort-of beauty to captivate a singular recluse; and her

voice is so sad and low. Exert your persuasions, and make her sing." All this I listened to from Mrs Elphinstone, and a great deal more, thinking to myself how futile were all her plans, and how glad I should be to gain speech with this eccentric personage. He came, Agnes. I need not describe Reginald Irby to *you!* He is pale and thin, and there was that about him which touched my heart at once. "He shall know the truth from *me*," said I to myself: "he shall no longer believe that she whom he loved so fondly was light and fickle. No, no; Helen Irby, his false sister, shall be displayed in her true colours." He started on hearing my name, and changed colour. But to make matters short, Agnes, my dear, I found him in the library alone next morning, and lost no time, believe me. I unfolded the history you have told me: I described the story of Lady Isabel's picture, and that false Helen's implications: I told him that had you believed him true, you never, never would have married another, even though violence and persecution assailed you. I told him of your widowhood, Agnes; I told him more than I can now repeat. And what of him? you ask. Words fail me utterly to express his passionate emotions. Alas! he cursed his only sister in his anger, and recalled the cruel scene on the cliff. More I cannot say at present; but he left Elphinstone House in such a state of haste and excitement that our hostess has settled in her own mind "young Mr Irby is a lunatic, and wont do for any of *her* daughters." I hope this letter will reach you, my dear, ere any surprise may shatter your already weakened nerves: but I cannot answer for Mr Irby's proceedings.'

Agnes trembled so violently that she let the letter fall from her grasp; then a convulsive fit of weeping succeeded; and burying her face on the silken cushions of the couch, her overcharged brain was relieved by long-continued tears. From this state she was aroused by the entrance of a domestic, who gave her a note which had been brought from the Ship Hotel, by a messenger who awaited an answer. It contained a few hurried lines from Reginald Irby, entreating Agnes to grant him an interview immediately. With wonderful self-possession and promptitude she dismissed the attendant, and before penning a reply sat herself down to consider what she had best do. Reginald was here, from Miss Walsingham's representations, and for what purpose had he come? Long and prayerfully Agnes communed with her own heart: her resolution was formed—she would see him next morning. But oh what a meeting! they knew each other *now*—knew their mutual love and truth; but did *he* acknowledge the gulf between them?

Pass we over with light touch those first agitating moments when the early loved and parted again greeted each other—pass we over those moments, and hasten onwards to detail the sterner portions of their interview.

'I may not listen to such language, Reginald,' replied Agnes with faltering voice but decision of manner, as he vehemently poured forth ardent protestations of unalterable affection: 'this is worse than futile —it is sinful—addressed to one so peculiarly and delicately situated as myself.'

'Are you mad, Agnes? What mean you?' exclaimed Reginald passionately. 'For Heaven's sake do not tamper with me, or again I shall curse my false, cruel sister, who has wrought our misery. You love me, Agnes;

ay, turn away: your cheek may pale, and your eyes grow dim with unshed tears, but you love me. And,' he continued, raising his voice and speaking with vehemence, 'will you sacrifice me and yourself a second time to a false notion of honour for scruples which the world would laugh at? Are you not free, Agnes? Are you not indeed free? Can you entertain a doubt? Death has released you from those vows which I alone had a right to claim. Think you that ocean will give up its prey? Listen to reason, Agnes, for mine you are by Heaven; no Helen has power to separate us now!'

'Reginald, approach me not!' said Agnes decisively, for he essayed to clasp her in his arms; but she gently though firmly warded off his embrace: 'approach me not; it may not be. Alas, alas! the ocean does not give up its dread secrets, and I know not whether as wife or widow I stand before you now. But as *a wife* you *must* regard me—as a brave and good man's wife you *must* treat me until the certainty be established — certainty beyond a doubt — of Wilfred's death. And the Searcher of Hearts knoweth that my husband's life is dearer to me than my own,' she added in a tremulous voice, turning very pale—'or than my own happiness.'

Vainly did Reginald Irby combat with her resolution; vainly strive to shake it by every entreaty and argument devoted love could point out; but when he found that argument and entreaty were alike in vain, then he turned fiercely away, muttering wild and terrific imprecations on the head of her whom he disclaimed—even his only sister. Agnes pleaded much in her extenuation; she argued that it was Helen's love, her ambition for his welfare, that had caused her to equivocate, and that we must forgive if we hope to be forgiven.

'Ay, that is sweet, calm speaking, Agnes!' cried Reginald, 'and suits your beautiful lips. And I will forgive her notwithstanding she has so cruelly wronged me if you consent to be mine. With you alone rests my reconciliation with Helen, or my eternal'—— Agnes placed her hand on his lips to check the ebullition of wrath, but she was speedily recalled to a sense of her imprudent proceeding by passionate demonstrations only tolerated in a happy and accepted lover.

'Here we part, Reginald!' she said; 'my strange, dread position claims your respect. Farewell—we meet no more!'

When Miss Walsingham heard the general particulars of this interview, from which she had hoped a far different result, her vexation knew no bounds; the delicate shades of the peculiar and painful position in which Agnes stood she did not perhaps fully appreciate. 'Time may deaden these morbid scruples,' argued she, 'though I confess I do not see why Agnes may not marry to please herself, now she is undoubtedly a widow, when she married in the first instance to please her father.' But there was a 'still, small voice' which made itself heard, saying to the kind soul in accents of reproof: '*Is* she undoubtedly a widow?' The truth was that Reginald had gained a firm and somewhat romantic ally in Miss Walsingham; she was completely fascinated by his amiability of deportment towards herself, as well as deeply touched by his unhappiness. When they met she was prohibited by Agnes from alluding to the past,

and this was the unkindest cut of all; the good lady being obliged to content herself with distant allusions and significant hints as she remarked the pallid aspect and restless mood of her young friend. Surely the heroic resolve of Agnes was not the less noble because human weakness would assert its power; the first and only passionate love of her soul reigned triumphant, even while she crushed it down with a strong hand. A shade of sorrow was added to her lot when Miss Walsingham, exasperated by what she termed 'obstinacy,' refused any longer to foster that 'morbid sensibility' which she declared was destroying Agnes, and forthwith took her departure in high dudgeon, being a plainspoken woman, and thoroughly tired of the embargo laid on her sympathies and tongue. Then came that stagnation of existence, that stand-still of faculty and feeling, when Agnes could not shed a tear; when she had ceased to look forward, and dared not look back. Wherever she turned, her lost husband's image haunted her imagination, and her uncertainty of his fate increased, though official persons had settled the matter to their own entire satisfaction, together with all the affairs connected with the missing vessel.

Another year thus slowly passed away, appearing as one long night to Agnes, who took but little notice of outward events, nor remarked the changes of the seasons; her feverish weariness and nervous prostration continually increased, and she had hitherto turned a deaf ear to the urgent solicitations of her grandparents to come and seek rest and peace at her early home. But Mrs Walsingham fell ill, and was recommended to try some medicinal waters, situate midway betwixt St Edwins and the port; thither Agnes repaired to tend her aged relative, Miss Walsingham having accompanied the Elphinstones to North Britain. It is probable that no other circumstance, save sickness attacking the venerable couple (though, on the whole, their old age was a hale and green one), and a desire to prove useful to them, would have had power to win Agnes from her solitude—solitude the more striking because it was in the midst of a crowd. But out of evil good resulted in this instance, for the change was as beneficial to her as to Mrs Walsingham, who rapidly recovered beneath the genial influence of her grandchild's affectionate solicitude, and the remedy nature had so kindly provided for alleviating her complaint.

This sheltered and salubrious spot was a great resort for invalids, to whom warmth and rural quietude were acceptable; the walks and drives in the vicinity were varied and beautiful, and the winding lanes, clothed in emerald foliage, and rich in banks of primrose and violets, were traversed by Agnes with something like the enjoyment she had experienced 'a long while ago.' The balmy air fanned her aching brow, and she felt as if she could quaff draughts of it with intense delight and gratitude, for it came to her as a sweet perfume, fresh from heaven itself, after her immurement in the close atmosphere of a crowded sea-port. She had strayed down one of these enchanting lanes, when, on making a sudden turn, she found herself in the immediate presence of two ladies; the elder of the twain reclined on an invalid's couch drawn by hand (the attendant stood at a respectful distance), and the younger lady was employed in sketching. She looked up: Agnes met her gaze—it was Helen Irby!

Long they gazed on each other in silence, and neither spake. Agnes read in Helen's face a history of shame, contrition, and pride, all struggling

for mastery. A hollow voice caused Agnes to turn and observe the occupant of the chair—it was Lady Irby, the shadow of her former self: her days on earth were evidently numbered. She stretched forth her hands imploringly towards the new-comer, and in a state of great excitement exclaimed: 'This is a merciful interposition of Providence—now I shall depart in peace. Agnes—Agnes, come nearer!'

Agnes bent over the dying woman, and bathed her hands with tears.

'Still tender-hearted and forgiving, sweet one,' she faintly ejaculated; 'you have come in time—in time to bring my son to me ere these eyes are closed for ever.'

'No—no!' cried Agnes in agitation, scarce knowing what she said; 'Reginald and I, Lady Irby, may meet no more.'

'Agnes,' interposed Helen with solemnity, 'mamma speaks a plain truth. You alone have the power to bring my brother to us; for since'—— Here Helen became confused, and hesitated; then bursting into tears she hurriedly added: 'Since the interview he had with Miss Walsingham at Elphinstone he has been estranged—nor have we met. I have written repeatedly to tell him of our beloved mother's precarious state of health' —— here a fresh burst of weeping choked her utterance (Helen's altered appearance betokened intense mental suffering)—'but Reginald disbelieves me: he thinks it is a mere subterfuge to induce him to hasten to our side. He says, Agnes, that falsehood is my forte; that I am an adept at equivocation! He will not come—he will not come: he is leading a reckless, aimless life in Paris, while *she* is fast waning away. Agnes, am I not punished? Our precious mother will die!' she whispered low—'will die, and her only idolised son not near to receive her farewell blessing and embrace. Oh, it is horrible!'

Agnes trembled violently, and hid her face: she was struggling with herself. Then opening her arms, Helen flung herself into them, and wept on her early friend's bosom repentant and forgiven.

'Helen, you know all,' whispered Agnes; 'and knowing all, what would you have me to do?'

'Bring Reginald to our dying mother, Agnes,' replied Helen with pleading earnestness; 'entreat him to forgive his only sister, even as you have done, and Heaven bless and reward your endeavours.' She continued more calmly: 'Reginald is my only brother now—he is the representative of our ancient race. Need I say that he is generosity itself to us so far as this world's wealth is concerned, and that he would pour out money like dross to alleviate a single pang of hers'—pointing to Lady Irby, who lay pale and utterly exhausted; 'but, alas! he heeds not the bitterest pang of all—he refuses to forgive her, to forgive me, for his lost love and happiness. Plead with him, Agnes: Reginald will not reject your prayers: you alone can bring comfort and peace to the dying!'

Silently Agnes embraced Helen Irby, but the silence was far more eloquent than speech. She wrote a few words to Reginald—words which brought him to the side of his dying parent at once; but there was no hope for the lover in this, and he instinctively knew it.

'Helen—Helen!' he exclaimed bitterly, 'you know not half that I have conquered ere I take you to my bosom again, for is not Agnes lost to me for ever?'

In stern, calm fortitude, though misery was traced on every lineament of his speaking countenance, Reginald awaited his mother's dissolution. His silence wounded Agnes to the soul—the reproach conveyed by his looks was almost more than she had power to endure. The very strength and passion of her affection for Reginald had made her tremble to encounter him; but now Lady Irby's dying eyes reproached her too, or Agnes fancied so, as with her hand clasped in her son's day after day the patient sufferer meekly awaited her end. A succession of fainting fits during the night at length prepared them for the speedy termination of Lady Irby's mortal career; but she rallied towards morning, and requested to have the curtains drawn aside, that she might witness the glorious sunrise for the last time.

'Sunrise for the last time!' Ponder we these words, for we too must witness sunrise or sunset for the last time.

She expressed a wish to be left alone with Agnes, and for a space of time none knew what was passing within the sick-chamber; then Reginald was summoned, and his mother motioned him to her side, where Agnes was kneeling, white and trembling. The rosy tints of morning illuminated Lady Irby's wan features, and a bright smile flitted across them, as with a sudden effort she clasped their hands together in her own cold, attenuated ones, with difficulty articulating: 'She is yours, my son: she has promised, and I am happy. Helen'—— But all was over. They were alone with the dead; withdraw we not the veil which obscures their thousand conflicting feelings.

They were wed, and what a brilliant lot seemed that of these married lovers! Agnes, young, surpassingly lovely, and united to the object of her fondest affection, worshipped in return with passionate idolatry, yet shrank from happiness. Reginald's wishes were realised; the beloved of his youth, the dream of his manhood, was his own—his wife! And was he happy—happy in the real significant sense of the term? Was there no drawback—no dash of bitterness in his cup, so apparently full of sweets to overflowing? Alas for the realised wishes of human beings, with their long train of vanities, vexations, and disappointments!

Despite all her efforts to chase away the cloud which overshadowed her spirit, Agnes was still evidently suffering from nervousness; she often started and trembled without any perceptible cause; then bursting into tears, would clasp her husband to her throbbing heart, straining him to her bosom, and gazing around with a wild, scared, apprehensive glance, as if she feared to be forcibly carried away by means of some unseen agency. Her cheek was pale, and her frame wasted; but when Reginald tenderly questioned her, she ever replied: 'I am too happy, my love. I fear to be so happy: such happiness may not last.'

'Your nerves are still in an excited state, my Agnes,' responded her husband; 'it is a nervous affection you are suffering from.' And the medical men whom Sir Reginald Irby in his anxiety consulted corroborated this opinion. They recommended change of scene, amusement, travel, and all those pleasant things which money can procure. Agnes assured them that she was not ill—that she would rather remain in the retirement of Irby, and promised with a smile to be better soon.

But her husband earnestly pleaded for obedience to the physician's order, and Agnes was fain to give way. He took her to crowded cities, the famed historic spots of earth; her beauty and fascination was the theme of every tongue; but from strange faces Agnes turned shudderingly away. Helen, now Mrs James Elphinstone, joined them with her husband at Reginald's request; she scrutinised Agnes closely, and unperceived watched every symptom with deep and unremitting solicitude.

'Hers, alas! is sickness of the mind,' thought Helen: 'I have found out the secret of her sad condition.'

She imparted these impressions to her brother, who now marvelled at his own obtuseness in not having made them for himself.

'I see it all!' he exclaimed. 'My poor Agnes! Her morbid sensitiveness is the cause. What can we do? What cure is to be found?'

'Alas, my brother!' sighed Helen, 'the sea will not give up its secrets. And I much fear me, now it is too late, that the only certain cure for Agnes is in fathoming those secrets. Remember, Reginald—remember she has never worn widow's weeds for Wilfred; and we have been to blame for hastening her to the altar a second time—again a bride ere convinced she was a widow!'

'Wo is me! I see it all!' exclaimed Reginald in accents of self-reproach: 'but we must do something to rouse her, Helen, or the end may be more serious than I dare contemplate.'

'Poor fellow!'—and Helen sighed as if her heart would break, communing within herself—'poor fellow! heaven is not permitted on earth; and they would have been too happy without this dark shadow intervening. But my punishment is a dreadful one: it is almost greater than I can endure; for trace I not the origin of all this inexpressible misery to myself?'

'Take me home,' said Agnes to her husband; 'take me home, dearest, to our own fair valley. I pine to hear St Edwins' chimes once more; they are associated with such tender and cherished memories.'

So they returned to Irby, where she continued to droop and wither, just like a delicate flower when too roughly handled. Time but cemented the union of the attached pair. Time—so often the destroyer—in their case added fresh bloom to the summer romance of their tried affection. Agnes often watched the sun sinking behind the green hills. She seemed to watch the waning glories of the departing luminary with a peculiar and tender emotion.

'Reginald,' she murmured one evening, with her head resting on his shoulder—'Reginald, your mother wished to witness sunrise for the last time on earth—do you remember? but I love the sunset best; and when I am gone, I should like you always to think of me, my best beloved, when you contemplate such a scene as this. Think of those glorious habitations beyond the skies where tears and partings come no more.'

This was the first time that Agnes had alluded thus to herself; and Reginald, overcome with anguish, was unable to answer.

'Do not grieve for me, my husband,' she said with inexpressible tenderness, passing her arm round his neck with gentle action; 'do not grieve nor mourn for me. Had our lot been without alloy, we should have realised too nearly the felicity of heaven, and forgot heaven perhaps.'

'Oh, my Agnes!' faltered he, 'heaven to me is where you are. I am supremely blest in possessing you.'

'But I am going away from you, Reginald, my husband!' Agnes said in a low, solemn tone. 'I am going away soon, very soon, and you must come to me in the heaven we speak of, where we shall never be parted more, but rejoice together throughout a blissful eternity.'

The wife heard a stifled sob, and she nestled closer to her husband.

'Listen, dearest,' she continued: 'I once read, when I was a little child, a well-authenticated tale respecting an unfortunate mariner who was shipwrecked. All on board perished save this mariner: the vessel went to pieces, and he alone was saved. By God's providence he swam to a desert island, where for years he was a prisoner. At length he was found by a passing ship, out of the usual course, and brought to his native country again. He found his wife another's—his name forgotten by family and friends. Poor mariner! was it not a fearful fate? Reginald, I had a husband, brave, generous, and devoted. Think, may not this history be realised?—may not this fate be his? And oh the dark horrors of my doom should this be so! Could you live dishonoured?—could I?' She shuddered violently, and clung to her companion as she drew the appalling picture—clung to him with the grasp of despair.

'Agnes, my love!' urged Reginald deprecatingly, 'wherefore indulge such distressing fancies?—wherefore paint such pictures? With us they are impossible of realisation.'

'Not impossible,' she replied in the same subdued solemn tone—'not impossible; for though improbable, yet alas, alas! not impossible! *His* image haunts me night and day. In crowds it rises up before me. I see him dripping and covered with seaweed slowly emerging from ocean depths, or raising his hands imploringly towards me, surrounded by salt-sea foam. Impossible! Oh! if it were impossible I should not be thus, Reginald. So young, so beloved, so loving and so blest: thus going down to the pit—to the dark grave, from whence there is no return. Better there than disgraced!—better there than so separated from thee!'

'My angel love,' soothingly murmured her agitated husband, 'this is a morbid fancy; for my sake strive to overcome it.'

'Strive, Reginald!' she cried with earnestness; 'you know not how I have striven. But it may not be. In that home of glory beyond the setting sun think of me as happy and at rest for ever.'

Who would have recognised the once proud, disdainful Helen Irby in the grave, subdued matron of after-years? She was a strict though loving mother; and it was observed that if any of her children attempted equivocation, either from thoughtlessness or design, or tampered with truth, however slight or unpremeditated the deviation might be, she strenuously checked the growth of such pernicious weeds, uprooted them from the soil, and carefully striving to cultivate the sweet-scented flowers which blossom everlastingly.

'I would save my children from remorse,' she said, 'for we know not the far-spreading, irrevocable mischief which a single departure from truth may effect.'

The aged Walsinghams patiently awaited their summons home, and 'fell

asleep' within a few days of each other. They had seen two younger generations cut down, while they, venerable and tottering, survived to buffet with many winter-storms.

Strangers have often listened to St Edwins' beautiful bells, chiming for a brief space at the hour of sunset, conjecturing whence the usage originated; for it is not generally known that a sum of money was left for the purpose of perpetuating the custom by a representative of the ancient race of Irby, as a memorial sacred to the memory of a beloved wife, who departed in the bloom of her youth and loveliness, bequeathing large possessions to the charitable institutions with which St Edwins abounds. There is also an elaborate monument in the old church, near the spot where generations of Irbys are mouldering; and beneath the name of the last baronet are some quaint lines, in which this distich occurs—

'By him contente was unattained,
Tho' earthly wishes all were gained.'

TROUBADOURS AND TROUVÈRES.

VOLUMES innumerable have been written on the productions of the troubadours and trouvères, and the opinions pronounced relative to their literary merits have been almost as various as the authors who have treated of the subject. On one point, however, all agree—namely, the importance of the poetry of the middle ages from a historical point of view, as illustrative of the manners and customs, the modes of thought, the sentiments and affections of the new world, which was created when the feudal system formed a new organisation out of the chaotic fragments into which European society had been shattered by the invasion of the barbarians, who overthrew the Roman Empire. This system, however deservedly decried at a period when society had outgrown its beneficial influences and therefore felt itself miserably crippled by forms which no longer suited its necessities, has nevertheless done good service to humanity, and will always remain one of the most interesting and most pregnant facts in history, because of its being the first product of *Christian* civilisation.

In antiquity, human nature, as such, was invested with no sacred character: men were divided into two classes—masters and slaves; and according as they belonged to the one or to the other, they ranked as demigods or as brute beasts. The former held possessions, had a family, a religion, a country, and a name; the slaves were looked upon as things, not men, and were by the laws of the times declared not only vile, but null. However revolting in our eyes this unjust division of the rights and benefits of humanity, based entirely on the law of the strongest, and arising out of the chances of war, it was nevertheless a step upwards from the depths of degradation into which mankind had sunk, and many steps in advance of that savage state in which men exterminated all prisoners of war, and feasted on the flesh of their fellow-creatures. The master, indeed, possessed over his slave the same right as over any of his other property: he might sell him like a head of cattle, or make use of him as a labouring machine, or destroy him like a noxious animal; but the mutual relation between the two was one of interest, and for the promotion of material civilisation self-interest is a mighty lever. Intrusted with all the avocations of industry, agriculture, commerce, and even the fine arts, the slaves served by their labour to enrich and to promote the interests of the community, to govern which their masters considered as the sole employ-

ment worthy of free men, and thus slavery came to be the corner-stone of the edifice of ancient civilisation. So deeply rooted, indeed, were the principles of the social laws which separated them from the freeborn, that at last it was received as an indisputable axiom, that society could not exist without slavery. According to Aristotle, 'some men are free by nature, others are creatures formed for servitude, it being useful and just that they should live in that state. Slaves differ from brutes only in as far as they are capable of appreciating the reason of free men, though they are not themselves endowed with reason. The only virtues which can be exercised by these animated machines are those necessary for the fulfilment of their avocations. The gods have endowed them with the strength suitable for their servile occupations, as they have bestowed upon free men the understanding necessary for governing.' Yet Aristotle was one of the most exalted intellects of antiquity, and a member of its most democratic republic. In truth, in antiquity, liberty meant nothing more than the exclusive rights of the smaller number, who were alone considered as constituting the people and representing the state, while all others were looked upon as strangers or enemies—these terms being synonymous. In the domestic relations the same spirit prevailed. The father of the family alone possessed rights: wife and children were held in a state of subordination differing little from bondage, their life even being at the mercy of him who, though husband and father, recognised no duties incumbent upon him as such. Women, ignorant of their own dignity and their peculiar duties, and having no higher standard by which to form their opinion of themselves than that of the other sex, looked upon themselves as beings created for no higher purpose than the gratification of man and the propagation of the species. By the laws of the state they were treated as goods and chattels. They might be bought and sold; their life was taken for the smallest offence. Polygamy everywhere prevailed, either openly or in disguise. Prostitution was sanctioned by religion. The sanctity of the conjugal, the paternal, and the filial relation, of course nowhere existed. There were no homes, no domestic affections, no family life: the state absorbed every feeling of those individuals, who were happy enough to count for something in its organisation; the interests and glory of the state, as a political, not a social body, was considered the end of existence. Public life absorbed private life; and while the intellect had attained a degree of development and cultivation never surpassed, the heart remained a desert waste in which no tender feelings could take root, no delicate sentiments could germinate. Even the religions of antiquity were systems of state machinery used for purposes of government, but exercising no influence over the heart and the conscience, and in nowise contributing to the moral development of society.

At the period of the birth of Christ these systems of antiquity had worked their worst. The sceptre of Rome was extended over all the countries of the west; her race of conquest was spent; her mission was accomplished; with her tranquillity degenerated into stagnation, and ended in rottenness. 'Humanity, incapable of submitting to inactivity, fell back upon itself, and revelled in selfishness, debauchery, and cruelty: the three capital errors of antiquity had reached their apogee: 30,000 gods were enthroned in the Capitol; the slaves of the wealthy citizens were thrown

into the fishponds to fatten the murœnas; a decree of the senate declared that all women belonged by right to Cæsar!' But the Saviour was born who was to extricate mankind from the frightful depths of wickedness into which it had sunk. The barbarians, who were to be instruments in the hands of Providence for the renovation of the corrupt races, had begun their migrations. Amidst the intense depravity of a highly-wrought civilisation there were not wanting indications that men felt their degradation, but were striving in vain to regain their lost purity. The old gods had fallen into universal contempt; the higher intelligences sought refuge for their troubled souls in systems of subtle and spiritual philosophy; 'the human race was tormented by a universal craving for a faith; it called aloud for light; it thirsted for truth; it had a faint glimmering of something beyond the abyss of misery in which it was struggling; it knocked with its whole might at the gates of the future, but fell back powerless and in despair. Suddenly twelve men, poor and ignorant, went forth from Judea to instruct all the nations of the earth; they proclaimed the love of God and of man, and cast into the midst of a society, classed by the sword and based upon slavery, the doctrine of universal peace and brotherhood. "God," so they taught, "has created the human species out of one man .... we are all of the race of God." These were the *glad tidings* so long looked forward to! Poverty, weakness, and suffering, had at last their gods also! Faith, love, and true liberty, were about to take birth in the heart of man, and these new treasures were to regenerate his sentiments and his ideas, to change his heart and his reason, to inspire him with new life. The idolatry of the patricians which deified forms, selfishness, and the objects of the senses, was superseded by a plebeian religion of a self-denying and spiritual nature, and addressing itself chiefly to the feelings.'

Though addressing itself more immediately to the chastening and purifying of the individual, Christianity could not but affect man in his social capacity also, and the whole tenor of men's ideas and principles being changed, a political revolution must of necessity follow. The latter was effected by the invasions of the nations which had until the beginning of the third century of our era lived beyond the limits of the Roman world, and beyond the reach of the benefits, but also of the corruptions of pagan civilisation. These people possessed in the purer instincts of their simple natures the germs of a higher social morality than any which the pagan philosophers had been able to devise, and they were therefore more susceptible of the truths of Christianity. Among them the family tie was sacred; women were respected; the wife was the companion and friend of her husband; and the slave, though inferior to his master, was not excluded from participation in the rights and enjoyments of humanity. Such were the elements which wrought a thorough change in the internal organisation and the mutual relations of the nations of Europe; but so numerous and heterogeneous were the conflicting elements, so deeply rooted those of resistance on the one side, and, with the exception of the Christian church, so little self-conscious and systematic those of innovation on the other side, that not until the end of six centuries did the new state of society begin to emerge in a settled form from the chaotic ruins of the past. This form was the feudal system, the establishment of which may be considered as the limit of the period of amalgamation and fermentation in the western

countries of Europe. The conquerors and the conquered had then forgotten their former antagonism; their laws and languages were no longer distinct; stability and regularity in social and political relations commenced; and thenceforward society moved rapidly and visibly onwards. Though tumult and war continued for centuries to distract the world, it was no longer a struggle between Christianity and paganism, between system and system, between a nascent and a dying civilisation; it was a conflict between classes, a struggle for supremacy among rival kings and princes, all engaged in the same onward path. What particularly characterised the feudal system in contradistinction to the systems of antiquity, was the recognition of the Christian principle of the value of the individual as such, and of his right of exercising his free-will in all his social relations. His independence was guaranteed by the judgment of his peers, by the power of dissolving the feudal bond, and particularly by his right of resistance to any violation of his privileges, which were as distinctly enunciated as his duties and obligations. Men were not obliged to obey laws, to render services, to pay taxes, to which they had not consented. Below the classes possessing these privileges there were indeed villains and serfs, excluded from political rights, but the social rights of both were guarded by the laws and customs of the times; and though a great gulf separated them from their earthly lord and master, they, as well as he, were taught that in the eyes of God they were equal. Though cruel and licentious manners still in a great measure prevailed, it was nevertheless evident that the Christian graces, self-abnegation, self-respect, and self-devotion, were spreading their chastening influences through society. Sentiments of loyalty and honour took birth; the reciprocal duties of men were recognised; love for women assumed a respectful and delicate character; the sanctity of the marriage-bond was admitted; the happiness of home-life and domestic affections appreciated, and elegance and courtesy of manners introduced.

The reforms which took place in the manners of the times were chiefly owing to the simplicity and fervour of faith which then prevailed, and which enabled the clergy—the only class of men who at that period received anything like an intellectual education—by the promulgation of laws of the church (which were looked upon as laws of God, and were indeed, in as far as regards the measures here alluded to, in true harmony with the laws of God), to exercise that moral restraint over the passionate and warlike spirits of the times which the latter had not yet learned to exercise over themselves. By the institution of the so-called 'Peace of God,' the church endeavoured to check the constant recurrence to force of arms, which was one of the inherent vices of the feudal system. By this law it was forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to have recourse to violence from Wednesday evening till Monday morning in every week, as also during the festivals of the church; and as these were then very numerous, the number of days in the year on which appeals to arms were not punishable by the laws of the church was reduced to about sixty or eighty. In addition to this regulation, the church extended its protection over churches and churchyards; over women, pilgrims, merchants, and labourers in the field; also over the tools and cattle of the latter; and over all those who sought refuge in the neighbourhood of a plough, which implement

was thus invested with a sacred character, that cannot but have conduced to render the peaceful labours of agriculture estimable, in the eyes even of those who were accustomed to look upon the profession of arms as the most glorious of all.

The same ideas and necessities which gave rise to the institution of the 'Peace of God' likewise engendered another which exercised a still more efficacious and lasting influence on society. This was the institution of chivalry, which no doubt owes its origin to the customs of the Germanic tribes that established themselves in Gaul at the period of the invasion of the barbarians. Its most estimable characteristics, however, it owes to the all-powerful influence of the Christian church, which consecrated the swords of those aspirants in arms, who pledged themselves to devote their best energies to the defence of the weak and the oppressed, and to fight only in the interests of religion and of the commonwealth. Thus the warlike tastes and habits, which until then had greatly retarded the progress of society, were engaged in its service against all evil. Chivalry, in the full purity of its conception, was never realised; but it was an ideal of perfection in accordance with the notions of the times, to attain which every man might strive, and a standard by which others measured his actions, and as such its influence was immense. 'Like the candidate for holy orders, the aspirant to the dignity of knighthood had to go through a novitiate, during which he learned, in the service of a superior, to perform those military exploits, and to practise those chivalrous virtues, which could entitle him to that honour. In like manner as the feudal chief, knight, or baron, was surrounded by his varlets, his pages, and his esquires, who, in serving him, endeavoured to render themselves worthy of one day being his equals, his lady assembled around her in her castle the daughters of her husband's vassals, who were there educated in a manner suitable to the position they were to hold in society, the moral guidance of which was, by the laws and customs of chivalry, in a great measure placed in their hands.

After the introduction of chivalry, military exercises became the sole occupation of all men who could aspire to its honours, and the valour which could not find a battle-field on which to display itself sought glory in the tournaments which formed the great delight of young and old. In these military games—the first traces of which appear in France during the reign of Charles the Bald (866)—the laws of courtesy, generosity, and loyalty reigned paramount, and thence were transferred to the more serious combats of which they were a playful imitation; and besides benefiting civilisation in this direction, they were the means of gathering together large masses of people of all ranks. They gave rise to social meetings and entertainments, and to a display of gallantry and luxury which softened the manners of the times and gave a great impulse to industry and trade.

Such was the society amidst which the trouvères and troubadours flourished. France, the birthplace of chivalry, was also that of these poets, who drew from it their chief inspirations, but who, though children of the times, in their turn exercised a most powerful influence on the development of social manners and civilisation.

The chief merit of these *inventors*—such is the meaning of the

words trouvère and troubadour— is to have enriched the languages of the countries in which they flourished with new expressions and noble and graceful forms, at a period when they were just emerging from the barbarism of the dark ages. Sixty years after the establishment in Gaul of the first Roman colonists (120 B.C.), who introduced into that country the use of the Latin tongue, the language of the conquerors had already in a certain measure been corrupted by that of the conquered; and though Rome, as she extended her conquests and established her institutions in these regions, also spread her language more and more, and even enforced its adoption, its purity could not be maintained at so great a distance from the parent source, and surrounded as it was by so many foreign elements. Such a difference, indeed, was there between the Latin of Gaul and of Italy during the first centuries of our era, when this language had become the popular idiom of the people of the former country, that it was necessary to translate the one into the other; and though these translations, which were undertaken chiefly in the interests of religion, and carried out by ecclesiastics of superior attainments, no doubt served to refine the *rustic Roman*, as the language of the people was called, they must at the same time have established on a firmer basis the different dialects which had been developed in the course of centuries; because, as popular instruction was the object, each prelate was obliged to translate the homilies, the liturgy, &c. into the idiom spoken by the inhabitants of his diocese. Thus each province seems to have had its own Roman or Romance language, until the period when the written language of France appears divided into two great branches—the *langue d'Oi* and the *langue d'Oc;* or the Romance to the north of the Loire, and the Romance to the south of that river. The latter was also called the Provençal language, and extended its influence over a part of Spain and Italy; while the former, which, after the conquest of England, was for a time the written language of this country also, obtained the name of French, and ultimately became the sole language of the French monarchy. Each of these idioms had its poets—those of the north being called trouvères, those of the south troubadours.

Upon the relative merits and antiquity, and the mutual influences of the trouvères and troubadours, there seems to exist a strange rivalry between the writers of the south and of the north of France even in our day. As we mean here to treat of the poems of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries rather as monuments of history than as literary productions, we will not undertake to enter upon a formal discussion of the first point, but will merely observe, that if the troubadours excel in that vivacity and sprightliness of mind, and that gracefulness and felicity of expression, which distinguish the people of the south, the trouvères seem superior to them in earnestness of purpose, in originality of invention, and in the richness and variety of their productions. The troubadours, who wrote and sung in a language considered the richest and most harmonious ever spoken by man, were more exclusively the poets of love. This passion was not only the constant theme of their songs, but it was the business of their life; and through the influence of their poetry as well as of their example, it assumed that character of an all-regulating power in which we see it appear in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The trouvères, living in the same age, and being consequently in an equal degree under its influence, do not, how-

ever, appear to have run into the same extremes, and their muse, though equally inspired by chivalry and love, seems, in accordance with the less passionate and more thoughtful genius of the north, to have inclined to more serious studies. While, therefore, the gravest works produced by the troubadours are limited to violent diatribes against the corruptions of the times, we find among the productions of the trouvères works of history and science, which, though dressed in the fanciful garb of the day, nevertheless give evidence of more profound studies and more earnest minds than were then generally found among men of the world. As for the second point in dispute between the north and south of France, history decides it in favour of the north; for though his works are not extant, it is recorded in the chronicles of the province that Thibaud de Vernon, canon of Rouen in Normandy, who lived in the commencement of the eleventh century, wrote poems in the vulgar tongue—that is, in the Romance language of the north; while the first poet of the south of whom we have any knowledge—William IX. Count of Poitiers—was only born in 1071. As regards the influence exercised by the poets of north or south, it must without a doubt have been reciprocal; for though the territory of France did not then, as now, form one compact monarchy, but was divided into many independent principalities, these were nevertheless in a certain measure connected by the link-within-link system established by the modes of feudal tenure, and a constant intercourse was kept up between their inhabitants by the peculiar institutions and pageants of chivalry. Besides this, the roving lives generally led by the trouvères and troubadours, and the prevalent fashion of making their compositions known to the world at large by means of itinerant jongleurs, cannot but have made the poets of the north and south acquainted with each other's productions, particularly as the difference of language was not sufficiently great to preclude this knowledge. Their appreciation of each other does not, however, seem to have been equal; for though the troubadours frequently allude to the talents and attainments of the trouvères, the latter make no mention of their rivals of the south.

Appearing on the horizon as morning-stars of a new civilisation, just as the thick mists of the dark ages of our era had rolled away from France, these poets stand forth as utterly unconnected with the past, and are therefore the first literary representatives of modern European society, as distinguished from the ancient societies of Greece and Rome. 'Though several allusions and imitations,' says Reynouard—a writer who has devoted immense labour to the study of the language and writings of the troubadours—' prove that they were not quite unacquainted with the master-works of the Latin and even Greek languages, it is nevertheless apparent that their taste was not sufficiently cultivated to enable them effectually to admire and reproduce the beauties of the classic writers of Greece and Rome. The new literature which they created was, therefore, in no manner beholden to the lessons and examples of the ancients. It possessed its own distinct and independent means, its native forms, and its own peculiar spirit and local colouring. The ignorance so generally prevalent, the absence of all serious studies, abandoned these poets of the middle ages entirely to the influence of the religious ideas, the chivalrous manners, and the political views of the times, as also to the influence of the reigning

prejudices and the national peculiarities; and it was therefore easier for them to invent a new school of poetry than to imitate the classics.'* Another writer, who has likewise profoundly studied the subject,† maintains, however, that the lays of the Celtic bards, which can never have been quite forgotten in Gaul, and the poetry of Scandinavia, introduced with the Norman conquest of one of the provinces of Gaul, has exercised some influence on the poetry of the trouvères at least, if not on that of their brothers of the south. This opinion seems indeed to be well-founded, particularly when we consider how slowly the popular songs die out on the lips of a nation; and that in spite of its Roman organisation and administration, the mass of the population in Gaul must in a great measure have retained its nationality and its language. However this may be, it is certain that the trouvères and troubadours were preceded by popular poets, commonly designated by the name of jongleurs, who, though their compositions, from a literary point of view, were greatly inferior to the productions of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, nevertheless invented all those different kinds of poetry in which their successors so greatly distinguished themselves. The jongleurs were a class of men, who, uniting the arts of poetry and music, sang the verses which they composed, to the accompaniment of divers instruments—a custom which very likely they inherited from the ancient Gallic bards, whose name does not appear in history after the fifth century, but whose functions and privileges seem in a great measure to have devolved upon the jongleurs, which latter denomination dates only from the reign of the second race of French kings (687–987.) The change of name, however, indicated a change of character also. The character of the bards was serious, and even sacred; their muse never condescended to treat of any but elevated subjects, and the nobleness of their strains corresponded to the dignity of their themes. But in the eighth and ninth centuries—during which period they were in such high repute that even bishops, abbots, and abbesses used to have jongleurs attached to their personal service—the poets lost their ancient gravity, and began to accompany their songs with gesticulations and feats of agility, calculated to excite the wonder, but also the merriment, of their auditors—a custom to which they owe the name of jongleur or juggler, derived from the Latin word *joculator*, from *jocus*, to play. The battle of Hastings, which subjected England to the Normans, was commenced, says the chronicler Robert Ware, by the jongleur Taillefer, attached to the army of William the Conqueror, who advanced singing of the fabulous exploits of some hero of the times, and performing feats of agility with his lance and sword, which struck terror into the Saxons, who thought his dexterity must be the effect of witchcraft. Like the bards, the jongleurs formed a separate corporation, under the special protection of the laws, and headed by a chief, who was called *king of the jongleurs*, and who was nominated by the chief of the state. They were also attached to the courts of kings and princes, and barons, whose glorious exploits formed the theme of many of their songs; and they were admitted to all public festivities and assemblies. But when the jongleurs began to rove through the country, accompanied

* Reynouard—Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours.

† De la Rue—Histoire des Trouvères, Normands et Anglo-Normands.

by troops of women, dancers and mountebanks, all affinity between them and their predecessors ceased, and they gradually degenerated, until their once so honourable craft sank into such contempt that their name became a term of reproach, and their morals so scandalous, that it was considered degrading to receive them, or to be present at their representations. They continued, however, to exist until the sixteenth century, and must probably have retrieved their character somewhat, subsequent to the period when Philip Augustus, king of France, caused them to be expelled from his domains; for in the lives of several troubadours we read of their having jongleurs in their service, who followed them in their peregrinations, sang their compositions, and shared in the honours of their masters: and instances are also mentioned of troubadours, who, having lost their fortunes, became jongleurs, and of jongleurs who attained to the honour of knighthood. The latter fact seems, however, to have been of very rare occurrence; but it is believed that the jongleurs were generally engaged by the high-born knights and mighty barons, who cultivated the art of poetry, to sing their compositions in public, to do which was probably considered below their own dignity; and that they were in like manner employed by the lady poetesses, several of whom bear an honourable name in the literary annals of the times.

When the jongleur travelled on foot, his instrument—a kind of violin with three strings—was suspended round his neck; when on horseback, it was attached to the saddlebow. Sometimes, however, these itinerant poets made use of harps, but then the ancient romances denominate them harpers. Their dress was frequently partycoloured; and from the belt was suspended a kind of purse, which they called a *malette* or almoner, in which they deposited the money they received in return for the amusement they bestowed; for, unlike the trouvères and troubadours, who cultivated poetry as a liberal art, the jongleurs exercised their art for money—a circumstance which probably had no small share in their degeneracy, as the desire of gain led them to flatter the vices of the times, and to sell their services to whoever would bid for them. Thus, at the time when their licentious manners and libellous tongues had caused their expulsion from France, they overspread all the adjoining countries, and numbers came over to England on the invitation of William de Longchamps, bishop of Ely, who governed this kingdom during the absence of King Richard the Lionhearted, and who, desirous of blinding the people to the vices of his administration, hired the voices of these strolling singers to proclaim his virtues to the public.* At times, also, the jongleurs were rewarded with gifts of horses and fine clothes; and when a wealthy knight or baron wished to confer an uncommon favour, he pulled off his own rich cloak, and placed it on the shoulders of the minstrel. Such marks of esteem were, however, only bestowed during the period when the jongleurs were held high in honour; afterwards they were conferred on trouvères and troubadours only. Indeed, passages which occur in the works of the troubadours and trouvères point it out as a distinctive mark between these poets and the jongleurs, that the former receive only presents in return for the pleasure they bestow, while the latter accept of money. Another dis-

* De la Rue—Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs et les Trouvères.

tinction was, that the troubadours and trouvères never sung or recited any but their own compositions; and altogether the profession of the jongleur was considered much inferior to that of the troubadour, even when the latter, like the former, went from castle to castle with his mandoline on his back, claiming hospitality in return for his music and poetry.

Like the bards, the jongleurs held a kind of neutral character, which gave them admittance to hostile camps and castles; and the garb of these strolling minstrels was therefore not unfrequently assumed by barons and knights when engaged on some clandestine mission. Thus we are told that when Ela, Countess of Salisbury, had lost her parents in England, and was by her guardians detained in secret in a castle in Normandy, King Richard I.—who desired to give the rich heiress in marriage to his illegitimate brother, William Longsword, the son of Fair Rosamond—sent a knight called William Talbot, disguised as a pilgrim, to traverse the province in search of the fair prisoner. Talbot was lucky enough to discover the castle in which she was concealed, but was unable to penetrate within its gates until he assumed the dress of a jongleur. This gained him admittance; and having found the means of informing the young countess of his mission, he returned with her to England, where the marriage was celebrated.

The compositions of jongleurs, trouvères, and troubadours, were alike distinguished by a variety of names, which must not, however, therefore be accepted as indicating as many distinct kinds of poetry, for very frequently they only designate a difference of form, or are used to indicate the subject-matter of the poem. In fact, but four different kinds of poetic compositions can be distinguished—namely, romances,* dramatic compositions, fabliaux or tales, and the more strictly lyrical poems; because, though all compositions not dramatic in those days were chanted to the accompaniment of music, we cannot comprise under the latter denomination narratives sometimes containing 20,000 verses, nor satirical delineations of character, and anecdotes borrowed from private and domestic life, such as the fabliaux. The romances, which seem to have derived their name from the language in which they originated are, from the historical point of view, the most interesting of all the literary productions of the middle ages, though in point of æsthetic value they are perhaps inferior. They are, as M. de Villemain justly observes,† invaluable supplements to the history of the times, and supplements which narrate all that history has forgotten. So fully do they initiate the reader into the manners and customs of the bygone times which they depict, that from their pages has been compiled a description of the chivalric institutions, laws, and customs, so minute and complete in all its details, that we can hardly form a clearer conception of any institution of our own day, than we may

* We must observe that in thus classifying the compositions of the middle ages, we comprehend under the name of romances a variety of works which are very different from such as we now designate by that name. For instance, moral and religious allegories, philosophical treatises, works on natural history, and works professedly purely historical, in all of which the trouvères more particularly distinguished themselves.

† Cours de Littérature Française.

obtain of chivalry from M. Lacurne de St Palaye's essays upon the subject, compiled from these sources. The romances of the middle ages are of various character, but the most numerous and the most important are the love romances and the chivalrous romances—the former being purely fictitious, and treating exclusively of love adventures; while in one class of the latter, chivalrous exploits are the only theme, and in another these and amorous adventures bear an equal share, while in those of later date at least some degree of historical truth prevails. The principal object which the old romancers had in view, was not only to amuse their auditors, and to inspire the knights and esquires with the virtues belonging to their station, but also to stimulate their warlike ardour by placing before them ideal deeds of strength and valour, surpassing all those which history recorded. The effect of these exciting narratives in an age when men were but too prone to consider warlike enterprise or its mimic sports the sole occupation worthy of them, was such that the sentiments of honour which chivalry had contributed so greatly to develop, and which exercised so beneficial an influence as long as they were kept pure, ultimately degenerated into a kind of fanaticism, which in a measure reproduced the ferocity they had at first helped to subdue; and the welfare and safety of the state, which were originally the chief objects of the institution of chivalry, were forgotten in a desire for personal glory. The share which women had in the abuses as well as the merits of chivalry are also distinctly traced in these old romances. We there see the weaker sex using the almost boundless influence which they possessed, to stimulate their admirers to deeds of the utmost temerity, for no other purpose than to gratify their own vanity and to test the strength of the passion they inspired. We see them presiding over the tournaments, rewarding valour with their sweetest smiles, punishing cowardice and want of skill with a contempt with which they did not always visit moral depravity, and giving the signal for the action to begin. Until this signal was given, the knights, who gloried in the title of slaves to the ladies, were considered bound in their chains, and unable to begin the combat before their fair mistresses had condescended to unrivet their fetters and give free scope to their valour. But if the ladies on these occasions fanned the flame of military ardour, they also endeavoured to prevent its degenerating into ferocity; and when the combat threatened to become too fierce, a sign from them arrested the upraised lances, and re-established order and chivalrous decorum. Each tournament ended with a tilt in honour of the ladies; and a kiss from the Queen of Beauty, as the lady who presided over the fête was sometimes termed, was considered by the victor a reward far above the value of the prize awarded to him by the judges of the combat. And if his wounds prevented him from appearing in the festive assembly which terminated the pleasures of the day, he is represented as forgetting the tediousness of his sick-bed in listening to the romances, which recorded loves and achievements similar to his own.

One of the most remarkable of these romances is the 'Vows of the Heron,' a production of the middle of the fourteenth century, which, if space permitted, we should like to give in outline, as exhibiting in a strong light that mixture of savage ferocity and chivalrous courtesy which characterised the manners of the middle ages. In commenting upon this

romance, Lacurne de St Palaye proves by quotations from Froissart, that even those parts which might seem to have been entirely supplied by the poet's imagination, are probably historical occurrences, or, at all events, are in strict conformity with the manners of the times. Thus, as regards the vow of Gautier de Mauny, Froissart relates as follows: 'During the first week that the king of France was challenged, Messire Gautier de Mauny, as soon as he could suppose that the king was challenged, took and selected about forty stout lances, and rode with them through Brabant night and day until he arrived in Hainault, and he concealed himself in the forest of Blaton, and as yet no one knew what he meant to do; but he said to some of his private friends that he had promised in England, before ladies and lords, that he would be the first to enter France, and that he would there take a castle or fortified town, and that it was his intention to ride as far as Montaigne, and to surprise the town, which belonged to the kingdom of France.' Even the probability of the most romantic vow recorded in the old poem—that of the Earl of Salisbury—is confirmed by Froissart. Speaking of the ambassadors sent by the king of England to ratify the alliances formed for him by the Count of Hainault with several princes of the empire, the chronicler relates that they were attended by a splendid retinue, and adds: 'There were among them several young bachelors who had each one eye covered with a cloth, in order that they might not see; and it was said they had vowed in the presence of ladies in their country that never they would see with more than one eye until they had performed some act of valour in the kingdom of France; and they would divulge nothing to those who questioned them, and every one wondered much at it.'

The romances, though frequently very long, were nevertheless so arranged as to admit of their being recited consecutively. Some numbered from 15,000 to 20,000 verses; but being divided into several so-called *branches*, each generally commencing with an invitation to the auditors to be attentive, it is supposed that the jongleur either reposed between each branch, or that another took his place. Some of these romances are written partly in prose partly in verse, in which case the prose was recited and the rhymed part only was sung to the accompaniment of the harp, the viol, the mandoline, or mandore, or whatever the instruments of those days may have been called. So great was the love of princes, barons, and knights of all degrees for the romances, that a moralist poet of their day* reproaches them with loving better to listen to the recital of the adventures of Roland and Oliver, than to the history of the passion of Jesus Christ; and another accuses them of being hardhearted to the poor, while they spend large sums in decorating the walls of their castles with representations of the deeds of Charlemagne and his paladins.

The hold which religion had upon men's minds relative to the outward observances of its forms, without exercising any corresponding influence over their thoughts and feelings, is, however, curiously illustrated in the fact of the jongleurs very frequently refusing to recite any but what they termed sacred poems on the Sabbath. The subjects of these poems were indeed borrowed from the Bible, but being treated after the fashion of the day,

* Guillaume de Wadington, an Anglo-Norman trouvère.

they retained little or nothing of their sacred character. Thus in one of the most singular of these compositions, entitled 'The Court of Paradise,'* the Divinity is represented as intending to hold a *Cour Plénière* on All Saints' Day, and, in consequence, sending out St Jude and St Simon to invite the attendance of the saints. In general it was in their old age only that the jongleurs composed these sacred poems—a composition of the kind being looked upon as an act expiatory of the sin of having composed others of a more profane character. The confession of their considering it in this light is generally made at the opening of the poem; and their example was in this respect frequently followed by the trouvères and troubadours, who imposed upon themselves similar acts of penitence, if they did not attempt to expiate still more fully the sins of their youth, by participation in the Crusades, at the period when these holy wars were exciting the greatest enthusiasm throughout Europe.

The *fabliaux*—which were generally short, humorous, and satirical tales and anecdotes, descriptive of the life of those classes of the community round which the laws and customs of chivalry shed no poetic halo—shew the shady side, not only of the society they depict, but of the poet's mind who drew the picture, for they are very frequently but the embodiment of coarse subjects in still coarser language. There are, however, many exceptions to this rule, in which we see the follies of the times attacked in a playful and graceful manner, and with a display of that sprightly and piquant wit, which even at that early period was a distinguishing characteristic of the French people. Such are the two little poems by the trouvère Henri d'Andely, from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and entitled 'The Battle of the Seven Liberal Arts,' and 'The Battle of the Wines.'

Among the questions which greatly agitated the learned world during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, one related to the proper manner of commencing a course of studies. On one side, it was maintained that logic ought to be the first science with which the student was made acquainted; on the other, that a sound education ought to be based upon a knowledge of Latin grammar and of the best authors of antiquity. Each opinion had its partisans. The university of Paris decided in favour of dialectics and the liberal sciences, the university of Orleans stood up for the rights of the Latin grammar and the classics. Henri d'Andely, adopting this side of the question, endeavours in the first of the fabliaux above alluded to, to render ridiculous the absurd verbosity which characterised the dialectics of his day. In his poem he describes a battle between the two universities on the plain of Montlhéri, and enumerates the names of the combatants on both sides, among which figure those of all the distinguished scholars of the period. In the *mêlée*, Aristotle upsets the grammar, and is in his turn thrown down by the authors who defend the former; but Bollius and Macrobus come to his rescue. All the writers of antiquity, from Homer to Claudian, take part in the action. At length Logic, full of consternation, sends to negotiate for peace; but as Grammar does not understand the language of the dialectic ambassador, the battle continues. At last

* Mentioned by De la Rue—Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs et les Trouvères.

Astronomy intervenes, and by means of a thunderbolt puts an end to the fray.

'The Battle of the Wines' makes us acquainted with the wines most in use during the twelfth century. Being convoked to meet at the table of King Philip Augustus of France, they all make their appearance, and each in its turn extols its own good qualities, disputes those of the others, and enumerates the faults of its antagonists. An English priest sits in judgment upon them, and having tasted each, excommunicates those which are bad. Beer also is placed before his judgment-seat, and suffers the penalties of the law. A wine of Normandy is on its way to the royal table, but seeing the English priest, turns back, and ventures not to appear at court. The king then classifies the wines, and assigns to each its rank. But the poet ends by recommending every one to drink the wine which God gives him.

The strictly lyrical poems of trouvères and troubadours are designated under a variety of names, the enumeration of which would have no interest. The greatest merit of these poems in the eyes of those who, like ourselves, are endeavouring to trace the history of the usages, the morals, and the feelings of the times, in its literary monuments, is the strong impress which they bear of being really the expressions of personal experiences, or the fruits of a situation, if we may be allowed a French locution. The troubadours were not poets in that higher sense of the word which denotes a seer —one who penetrates into the secret depths of man's nature, and reveals to him worlds which his own unaided sight would never have discovered; one who comprises in a glance the past and the future, understands their eternal connection, and points out truths ever new and ever old. Nor were they poets in that sense of the word which denotes an interpreter—one who translates into articulate sounds all that poetry of the feelings and the passions, which, the same in all ages, dwells silent and mute in the hearts of the many, but bursts forth from his lips in eloquent strains, and are welcomed by the dumb ones to whose inward life he has lent a voice. Indeed we are hardly inclined to allow the troubadours the name of poet in any other acceptation than that of rhymer. But they are graceful and sincere rhymers, who let us into all the secrets of that strange mixture of fantastic sentimentalism and intellectual subtlety, which they honoured with the name of love. Indeed the life of almost every troubadour of whom we have any knowledge, is a little love romance after the fashion of the day. The favourable reception which these poets met with in all the courts of Europe, most distinguished for polite tastes and elegant manners, and in the castles of the great and wealthy barons, who surrounded themselves with more than regal splendour; the desire which ladies, even of the highest rank, evinced to please those whose songs might proclaim their virtues and their attractions to the world, and acquire for them a reputation against which the female delicacy of the times did not revolt; this, and all the other honours attendant upon their vocation, sometimes led the troubadours to forget the humble birth and fortunes which were frequently their inheritance, and aspire to the love of those whom at first they only ventured to worship from afar. To judge from their verses they were not always left to languish in despair; but at times it happened that

the object of the poet's adoration was either married to a jealous husband, or had plighted her troth to a mighty prince, or was surrounded by a throng of wealthy admirers, whose magnificent equipages and splendid retinues threw into the shade the humble singer, whose love was his only merit, and his talent his only fortune, and who could only seek relief in breathing out his sufferings in plaintive songs and elegies. Thus the troubadour Arnaut de Mareuil, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century, and was born of poor parents in Mareuil in the diocese of Perigueux, tiring of the profession of notary for which he was educated, and which enabled him to gain a livelihood, went out into the wide world, we are told,* with an empty purse, but 'a heart full of poetry.' His good fortune led him to the court of Adalasia, daughter of Count Raymond V. of Toulouse, and wife of the Viscount of Beziers. Arnaut's skill in poetical and musical composition (two qualities which were very frequently united in the troubadours), and in the art of reading aloud, obtained for him a friendly reception, and soon gained for him so high a place in the favour of his patrons, that he was reckoned among the most honoured of their courtiers. But Arnaut's heart, according to his own confessions, soon learned to repeat too fervently those praises of Adalasia's beauty and virtues which at first only his gallantry and his duty as court-poet dictated, and to the passion of which he thus became a victim, we owe some of the sweetest strains among the Provençal poetry. He never mentions by name the lady whom he addresses, for discretion was considered one of the most essential qualities of a troubadour; but as in one of his poems he expresses his happiness at having received some marks of a return of his feelings, it may be concluded that the lady was sharpsighted enough to penetrate his secret. However, after the death of the Vicomte de Beziers, the king of Aragon, the brilliant Alfonso II., appeared upon the scene as Adalasia's admirer; and though this prince was one of the most munificent patrons of the poets of his day, he would not tolerate Arnaut's presence at Adalasia's court. The poor troubadour was obliged to proceed to Montpellier, to the court of William VIII., where he poured out his sorrows in plaintive verses, in which he accuses himself of being the author of his own disgrace, because he had been indiscreet enough to boast of a favour received.

Another troubadour, Bernard de Ventadour† (1140–1195), the son of a humble menial in the service of Eblis II., Vicomte de Ventadour, was brought up in the castle of the latter, and being a child of prepossessing appearance and much promise, attracted the notice of its lord, who is spoken of by contemporary writers as a distinguished troubadour, though none of his compositions are extant. Bernard received not only an education equal to that of any young man of rank in those days, but was even instructed in those sciences which were generally cultivated by the studious inmates of the convents only; and his poetical compositions, distinguished by their melting tenderness and childlike simplicity, rank among the most musical and most graceful productions of the troubadours. They soon won for him the favour of Agnes de Monluçon, the beautiful and youthful wife of his aged patron, who frequently sent for the young

* Diez—Leben u. Werke d. Troub. † Ibid.

troubadour to enliven her with his songs and his music. But the poet's heart interpreted too favourably the marks of interest bestowed upon his talent alone, and forgetting his duty to his benefactor, he ventured to ask a return of his love from Eblis's young wife. He was in consequence banished from the home of his childhood, round which, however, he continued for some time to hover, expressing his pains and his longings in verses of uncommon suavity.

Peire Rogier, another troubadour, who likewise lived in the twelfth century, and who was educated for the church, and had obtained a canonry in his native city, tired of the monotonous life of an ecclesiastic, and availing himself of his poetical talent, gave himself up to the more congenial profession of a troubadour. Having heard of the many noble qualities of Ermengarde, the daughter of Viscount Emeric II. of Narbonne, who had followed her father in the government of the principality, Peire presented himself to this high-minded lady, and was attached to her court as poet. As such it was his bounden duty to devote his strains to the praises of his liege lady; but Peire seems to have wished to occupy that place in Ermengarde's affections, which so many court-poets were said to have won for themselves in the hearts of their mistresses. Ermengarde, however, whose character was exempt from that taint of licentiousness which, under the disguise of courtly gallantry, disgraced the manners of the period, for a time kept the passion of the bold troubadour within proper bounds, and was in his verses only addressed under the mysterious appellation of *Tort n'avetz*—('You are wrong'), which probably indicated her severity.* But ultimately Peire Rogier's conduct seems to have endangered Ermengarde's reputation, and he was expelled from her court.

But it was not only attractions which every day presented themselves to their eyes, which exercised so irresistible a power over the inflammable hearts of these 'singers of love.' The mere mention of an unknown lady's charms was sometimes sufficient to kindle a flame that was only extinguished with the life of the singer. Thus we hear of a troubadour, Jauffre Rudel† by name, who having heard the praises of the Princess Melinsende, daughter of Raimond, Count of Tripoli, and the affianced bride of Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople, became so enamoured of this lady, whom he had never seen, that he at length determined to quit his native land, and to seek to regain, in the vicinity of the object of his adoration, that peace of heart of which the description of her charms had deprived him. But his heated imagination was undermining his health; a burning fever put an end to his life at the very moment he attained the object of his desires, and beheld for the first time in reality the fair phantom of his dreams.

Other troubadours, not content with declaring their fealty to the lady of their love in the terms used by the feudatory when pledging himself to his liege lord, or with considering themselves bound to her by laws similar to those which bound the vassal to his lord, even pushed their madness so far as to assimilate the object of their admiration to the Deity, and in consequence adapted to their love all the outward signs consecrated by the

* Diez—Leben u. Werke d. Troub.

† Marchangy—La Gaule Poétique. Diez—Leben u. Werke d. Troub.

devotional feelings of the times to religion. When we meet with such passages as the subjoined in their works, we cannot perhaps accuse them of much greater exaggeration than even in our unpoetical era lovers may be guilty of, though the merit of a greater *naïveté* of expression may be on the side of the troubadours:—

'Without a doubt, God was astonished when I consented to separate myself from my lady; yes, God cannot but have given me much credit, for He is well aware that if I lost her, I would never again know happiness, and that He himself possesses nothing that could console me.'

'Oh, sweet friend! when the soft breeze comes wafting from the loved spot that you inhabit, it seems to me that I inhale the breath of Paradise. O if I can but enjoy the charm of your glances, the happiness of contemplating you, I do not aspire to any greater favour: I believe myself in possession of God himself.'

'Your fascinating countenance, your soft smile, the whiteness, the elegance, all the graces of your person, are ever present in my thoughts and in my heart. Ah! if I occupied myself as much with God, if I bore towards him an attachment equally pure, without doubt he would before death, yes, even during this life, admit me into Paradise.' *

But when we find them fasting, and praying, and macerating their bodies in order to render themselves more worthy of the objects of their worship, we must give them credit for a sincerity of devotion and an extent of folly which could only be equalled in their own times. Can we wonder that when such were the sentiments constantly breathed in the strains of popular poets, who exercised an influence over their contemporaries quite disproportionate to their artistic merits, we should find that love had not only its devotees among the latter, but even its fanatics? Indeed we are told by the Chevalier de la Tour,† a writer of that period, that there existed during his lifetime a sect of lovers denominated *Galois*, who made vows to prove the strength of their love, by their invincible obstinacy in braving the rigours of the seasons, and to add to the glory of those they loved, by subjecting themselves to the most distressing discomforts for their sakes. According to the statutes of the fraternity, the members—among whom there were as many of the frailer as of the stronger sex—were bound, during the intensest summer heats, to wrap themselves in thick warm mantles and hoods, and thus clad, to run up the hill-sides in the broiling sun, to walk barefooted on the burning sands, and to warm themselves over large fires; while during the frosts of winter a wrapper of fine linen was to be their only garment, no fire was ever to be kindled in their houses, and they were to expose themselves to snows and biting winds; for thus only could they prove that 'love suffices for all things, that one thing only is needful for those that love—namely, the presence of the beloved object, and that all other matters are indifferent.' Nevertheless, according to the Sieur de la Tour, the flaming hearts of these poor fanatics did not suffice to keep them warm, for many were found frozen to death on the road-side; but their fate did not deter others from following their

* Reynouard—Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours.

† Quoted by St Palaye in his Mémoires sur l'Ancien Chevalerie. Marchangy—La Gaule Littéraire.

example; they were, on the contrary, considered as martyrs of love, and pilgrimages were made to their graves.

But of all the curious customs and institutions connected with the profession and influence of the troubadours, none have attracted more attention than the *Cours d'Amour*, or Tribunals of Love, the existence of which has been deduced from their writings, though history mentions no institutions of the kind. When, in consequence of the Crusades, classic learning revived in the west of Europe, none of the ancient authors was so much admired as Aristotle, whose metaphysics furnished a rich source of subtle and idle disputes, not only to jurists and theologians, but even to troubadours and trouvères. The specious dialectics which disfigured the more serious works of the times, were in almost equal measure applied to questions of love—the all-important subject in the eyes of the poets; and its laws and sentiments were discussed with as much gravity and pedantry, as the most abstruse question of civil or ecclesiastical law. One class of poems—called *Tensons* in the south, and *Jeux Partis* or *Mi-Partis* in the north (but which had also various other appellations according to the subject discussed)—were more especially devoted to the debating of these delicate questions. The tensons are poems in which generally two interlocutors maintain and defend, in alternate couplets, contradictory opinions, and which most frequently end by both parties retaining their previous opinion, and in consequence nominating some third person—generally a troubadour of great renown, or a prince known for his love of letters, or some lady celebrated for wit and beauty—to arbitrate between them. The tensons were not, however, invariably presented under the form of questions to be debated, nor exclusively devoted to theses of love, but sometimes took the form of satires in dialogue, in which the interlocutors covered each other with abuse. When more than two interlocutors were introduced, the tenson was denominated *torneyamen* or tournament. One of the most curious of these extant, turns upon a question debated by three troubadours, all of whom had fixed their affections upon the same lady and had received from her encouragement, as to which of them had been most favoured. The tensons being in reality what they pretend to be—poetical disputes between contending parties—the different parts were generally written by the different troubadours, whose names figure in the dialogues; and in some of these poems, not only the names of the parties are given, to whose judgment the matter in dispute is submitted, but also the judgment itself.

But it is supposed by many that there must have been a higher tribunal, whose fiats were made binding by the law of public opinion, to which the disputants might appeal in case the arbitrators chosen by themselves failed to settle the matter to their satisfaction; and it cannot be denied that there are various passages in the poems themselves, which may seem to infer the existence of such *cours d'amour*. Indeed the existence of the tribunals bearing this name is by many writers maintained as an indisputable fact; and among the number of these is Reynouard, who considers the question quite settled by a manuscript work, in Latin, by one Maître André, chaplain to the royal court of France, and who lived, according to Reynouard, in the last half of the thirteenth century. This manuscript—

entitled 'Book of the Art of Loving, and of the Reprobation of Love,' and treating of the tribunals of love, of the laws promulgated and the judgments rendered by them—is by Reynouard looked upon with the same confiding reverence with which a learned legist would regard any other musty record of ancient laws and statutes; and he quotes with such extraordinary gravity the history of the origin of the code of love which ruled in these curious tribunals, such as it is given by Maître André the chaplain, that we are at a loss to know whether he considers it a poetical tradition or a *bonâ fide* history. We give the narrative as it is related by him, after the Latin manuscript, and leave our readers to class it according to their own judgment:—

'A knight of Brittany once penetrated quite alone into a thick forest, hoping there to meet Artus. He soon met with a maiden, who said to him: "I know what you are seeking; you will not, however, find it without my assistance. You have sought in love a lady of Brittany, who exacts that you shall bring her the celebrated falcon which rests upon a perch in the court of Artus. In order to obtain this falcon, you must prove by a victory gained in combat, that this lady is more beautiful than any of the ladies loved by the knights belonging to this court."

'After many romantic adventures, the knight found the falcon on a golden perch, close to the entrance of the palace, and he took possession of it. Pending from the perch was a little golden chain, to which was attached a written paper. This was the code of love which the knight was to gain possession of and make known to the world in the name of the King of Love, if he wished to take away the falcon unmolested. This code having been presented to an assembly, composed of a great many ladies and knights, the whole assembly consented to adopt its rules, and gave orders that they were to be faithfully observed in perpetuity, under penalty of severe punishment. All the persons who had been cited to appear in the assembly, and who were present, took away the code with them, and made it known to all lovers in the various countries of the world.'*

Then follow the laws, which are very commonplace, and which, happily, have not been maintained 'in perpetuity,' as in them we trace no reference to that pure and holy affection, and delicate, retiring sentiment, which in the present day is alone recognised as true love.

The judges in the courts of love, we are told, were ladies of distinguished rank and high repute for talent, virtue—according to the notions of the times—and beauty; and sometimes presided over by some mighty prince, such as Richard I. of England, or Alfonso II. of Aragon, renowned for his gallantry and courtesy. Judgment was not only given in such disputes as arose between the poets of the day upon some subtle question of love, but in all lovers' quarrels, in all matters relating to gallantry, these tribunals are said to have had a decisive voice. The fair judges weighed the matter in dispute, imposed penalties, prescribed the forms of reconciliation, and at times even pronounced the dissolution of the bonds which united the lovers. The sentences pronounced by the courts of love, which are said to have followed pretty closely the judicial forms observed in the legal

* Reynouard—Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours, v. vii. p. 103.

tribunals at that period, were denominated *arrêts d'amour* (decrees of love) and they are represented as being submitted to without a murmur, even by the warlike knights, who were wont to settle all their other quarrels sword in hand. But a few examples of the cases submitted to the *cours d'amour*, together with the judgments pronounced, extracted from the work of Maître André, will, better than any words of ours, shew the character of these tribunals.

'*Question.* Is it between lovers, or between husband and wife, that the greatest affection, the liveliest attachment, exists?

'*Judgment.* The attachment existing between husband and wife, and the tender affection existing between lovers, are sentiments of a very different nature: a just comparison cannot be established between matters which bear no mutual resemblance or relation to each other.

'*Question.* A knight was in love with a lady who was already engaged, but she promised him her favour in case she should ever happen to lose the love of him who was then her lover. A short time subsequent to this the lady and her adorer were married. The knight then laid claim to the love of the young bride, who resisted the claim, maintaining that she had not lost the love of him who had become her husband.'

In the judgment passed on this question, and which is said to have been pronounced by Eleanor of Aquitaine, subsequently the wife of Henry II. of England, reference is made to a previous judgment, which is here considered as a precedent having force of law. It says: 'We venture not to contradict the decree of the Countess of Champagne, who, by a solemn judgment, has pronounced that true love cannot exist between a married couple. We therefore approve that the lady in question bestow the love which she has promised.'

'*Question.* A lady had imposed upon her lover the strict condition that he was never to praise her in public. One day he found himself in a society of ladies and knights, who spoke slightingly of the beauty to whom he had devoted himself. At first he refrained from answering; but at length he could no longer resist the desire to revenge the honour and to defend the reputation of the object of his love. The latter pretends that he has justly lost her good graces, because he has violated the condition imposed upon him.

'*Judgment.* The commands of the lady were too severe; the condition imposed was illicit: no one can justly reproach a lover for yielding to the necessity of repelling the accusations levelled against his lady.

'*Question.* The lover of a lady had been absent for a very long time on an expedition beyond the seas. She did not flatter herself that he would soon return, and indeed his return was generally despaired of. She therefore sought to gain a new lover. A secretary of the absent knight opposed this step, and accused the lady of being unfaithful. The defence of the lady was pleaded as follows:—"As, according to the laws of love, a woman who has lost her lover by death may after two years enter into new engagements, it is still more reasonable that she should be at liberty after many years of separation to replace an absent lover, who, neither by letter nor message, has consoled nor rejoiced his lady, particularly when opportunities were so frequent and so easy."'

This affair, we are told, gave rise to long debates, and was ultimately

submitted to the *cours d'amour*, held by the Countess of Champagne, who passed the following judgment:

'A lady has not the right to renounce her lover under pretence of his protracted absence, unless she be in possession of certain proofs that he has violated his faith and forgotten his duties; but the absence of a lover from necessity, or from an honourable motive, is not a legitimate reason. Nothing ought to be more gratifying to the feelings of a lady than to learn from afar that her lover is acquiring glory, and is considered in the assemblies of great men. The circumstance of his having sent neither message nor letter may be accounted for by extreme prudence: he may not have liked to confide his secret to a stranger, or he may have feared that, if he sent letters without initiating the bearer into his secret, the mysteries of love might be revealed, either through want of faith in the bearer, or by the occurrence of his death on the voyage.'

'*Question.* A knight sought in love a lady, who, however, persisted in rejecting him. He sent some polite presents, which the lady accepted readily, and with much good grace, but nevertheless in noway changed her conduct towards the knight, who complained of having been deceived, as the lady had raised false hopes by accepting of his presents.

'*Judgment.* A woman must either refuse the presents which are offered her in token of love, or she must reward the giver; if not, she must patiently submit to being placed on a level with venal courtesans.

'*Question.* A lover having already entered into one honourable engagement, sought the love of a lady, as if he had not previously pledged his faith to another. He was accepted; but, tired of the happiness he enjoyed, he returned to his first love, and picked a quarrel with the second. How is he to be punished?

'*Judgment.* This bad man must be deprived of the favour of both ladies; no honourable woman can hereafter accord to him her love.

'*Question.* A troubadour having loved a young lady still in her childhood, as soon as she attained a more advanced age declared his love, and received from her the promise of a kiss when he should come to see her. Nevertheless she subsequently refused to fulfil her promise, on pretence that when she made it she was not of an age to understand its consequence.

'*Judgment.* The troubadour shall be at liberty to take the kiss, but upon condition that he immediately restore it.'

In spite of the learned evidence of Maître André, and the earnest endeavours of M. Reynouard, and many other writers of distinguished talent and profound erudition, it is, however, still more than doubtful whether serious tribunals, invested with the functions and authority, and proceeding according to the forms attributed to the *cours d'amour*, ever did exist.* Yet the numerous tensons turning upon questions of love, incontestably prove that such debates were one of the favourite pastimes of the period, and render it probable, that ladies may sometimes, in social meetings, have

* Professor Dietz of Bonn, whose authority in matters relative to the history and literature of the middle ages is not second even to that of Reynouard, has written a small work upon the subject of the *cours d'amour*, in refutation of the theory of Reynouard and others, who maintain their existence.

playfully formed themselves into a kind of court, and have sat in judgment on fictitious cases of the kind alluded to.

Another institution of the times, the existence of which has never been doubted, were the *Puys d'Amour*, or literary societies, which held their festive assemblies on certain days in the year, to give judgment on the various compositions of an erotic nature, sent in or presented by the author in person, and to award prizes to such as should be deemed worthy of the honour. These assemblies—which originated in the north of France, where the supposed *cours d'amour* have never, even in theory, been located—generally took place on St Valentine's Day: the person who presided was called Prince of the Puys, and a crown was placed on the brow of the successful competitor, who received the prize, and who adopted the title of king, which was ever after attached to his name. These *puys d'amour* were most common in the north of France and in Flanders; and those of Amiens, Arras, and Valenciennes stood highest in reputa. There is still extant a partial collection of the poems to which prizes were awarded in these poetic assemblies, gathered by the Flemish trouvère, Jean Bertaut, towards the close of the thirteenth century, and classed by him under six heads. The first comprises poems, which he denominates *Grants Chants*, among which are several religious poems; the second *Estampies*, seemingly poems descriptive of some event or locality; the third comprises the *Jeux Partis*, or *Tensons*, as they were called among the Provençals; the fourth, pastorals; the fifth, ballads; and the sixth a class of poems emphatically denominated *Sottes Chansons contre Amour* (Foolish Songs against Love.) The origin of the *puys d'amour* is unknown: by some writers it is attributed to the spirit of association, which always characterised the northern provinces of France and the neighbouring populations of Flanders; others believe that these poetic entertainments may have originated in similar institutions known to have existed among the Celts, and which continued in full vigour among those of Wales as late as the fifteenth century.

As 'the Foolish Songs against Love' imply, not all troubadours or trouvères bent their knee before the altars of the '*dieu-roi*,' as one of his worshippers has denominated him. There were of course among these poets, as among every other class of men, individuals, whose minds, made of a coarser stuff, treated love and every other subject which they handled in a grosser and more unworthy manner, and who, in spite of the chivalrous devotion to the fair sex, considered so essential a quality in every man of polite education, ventured to make the latter also objects of their biting satires. As an example, we quote a tenson, the composition of a troubadour, known only under the name of the 'Monk of Montaudon,' who lived during the latter part of the twelfth century, and whose history likewise affords a curious insight into the manners of the times. Though his name has not been recorded, he is known to have descended from a noble family of Auvergne, to have entered holy orders from choice, and to have been first a monk in the convent of Orlac, and afterwards prior of the abbey of Montaudon. Here he occupied himself much with poetry; and his satirical songs, in which he freely expressed his opinions upon all the events and occurrences in the neighbourhood, soon in so great a measure attracted

the notice of the knights and barons residing in the vicinity, that they persuaded him to leave the convent and become a man of the world. He then assumed the character of an itinerant poet, retaining, however, the garb of a monk and the title of prior, and made a rich harvest of worldly goods, which he bestowed upon the convent. After having led this kind of life for some time, he presented himself before the abbot, his ecclesiastical superior, and representing to him the improvements he had made in the priory, asked his permission to repair to the court of Aragon, and to place himself under the command of the King Alfonso. The prayer was granted, and the monk introduced himself to the king, and was by him ordered to eat meat, to make love, and to sing and write poetry.* The love-songs of the friar, however, always retained a certain flavour of the scholastic training which he had undergone in the cloister. His satirical poems, on the contrary, were noted for their humorous boldness and unsparing wit, which frequently degenerated into cynicism. To this class of his compositions belongs the tenson above alluded to, in which the monks appear before the Divinity to accuse women of having taken possession of the art of painting invented by the monks, and of having, by the brightness of the paint applied to their cheeks, thrown into the shade the votive paintings on the walls of the chapels. The women, in rejoinder, contend that they were acquainted with the art of painting before the invention of votive paintings by the monks; and one of their number observes, that she cannot see that the monks are any the worse for her sex being able, in spite of scoffers, to cover over with paint the wrinkles under their eyes. Here the Supreme Judge interferes, and proposes to the monks to allow those women who are not above twenty, thirty years to paint in; but the monks demur, and will not allow more than ten years. At length, however, St Peter and St Lawrence succeed in bringing matters to a conclusion by inducing the parties to split the difference, and fifteen years is fixed as the longest term; but, says the poet, the contract was soon broken by the women: they lay on more red and white than was ever used for a votive painting, and have in consequence raised the price of saffron and other dye-stuffs: he thinks three hundred pots would hardly suffice to contain all their different cosmetics.

That the ladies were not quite guiltless of the offences here imputed to them, we may infer from the poems of other troubadours also, which, though less caustic in their tone, nevertheless do battle against the rouge-pot.

In general we are not left to glean a knowledge of the times and of the principles which ruled society from casual allusions to them in its poetical monuments. There are, on the contrary, among the works of trouvères and troubadours, compositions which, taking the form of didactic poems, give the most explicit information on various subjects. Thus the troubadour Arnaut de Marsans makes us acquainted with the qualities essential in a cavalier who would please the fair sex.

At the opening of the poem the troubadour, a lord of high repute, represents himself and his companions as upon the point of issuing from

* Diez—Leben u. Werke d. Troub.

his castle to enjoy a morning's sport. 'It was a morning in the beginning of the month of October. I had ordered two of my pages to take two falcons, and to a third I had given a vulture. My dogs and my greyhounds were with me, and we were preparing—ten well-mounted cavaliers we were—to enjoy the pleasure of a hunt with a falcon which I had selected expressly for the purpose, when we were unexpectedly retained by the arrival of a cavalier who had the look of a penitent.' Here the author gives a description of the stranger knight, whom he represents as possessing all those perfections which were then considered to constitute the beauty of a man, and then continues:—'The handsome but melancholy cavalier approached slowly, with his head bent down, as if he were overcome with fatigue, saluted no one, and, without uttering a word, took my horse by the bridle, and drew me aside. Suffering was depicted in his face, and without delay he made me acquainted with its cause. "For the love of God, have compassion on me, my lord," said he. "I come to you, knowing you to be the knight of all others best able to give counsel in matters of love. I come from a country very far from this solely to learn from you what is to become of me, and what I am to do. I love a lady as perfect in goodness as she is in beauty; but however much I endeavour to please her, I cannot succeed. I am obliged to confess it; I wish to love, but I know not how to behave. Tell it me then. Be my master, you who are so able a man. How must I behave in order that she may not always say no to what I ask, and that she may at last deign to love me?"

'At these words I sent back all my attendants, to whom I gave orders to return home with the dogs, to shut up my falcons and my vulture, and to take great care of them until the next morning, when I would resume the sport. Then, being left alone with my new guest, I took him by the hand (literally, by the glove), I begged him to give me time until the next morning to speak of his affairs, and to reflect upon what I had to say to him; and having asked him to condescend to tell me of what lineage he was, all that I learned of his family and his sentiments inspired me with a still greater interest in him personally. Having entered my room together, and being still alone, we sat down to play at chess and at draughts, and to sing songs, and to tell tales until sunset, when they came to apprise us that supper was on the table. We went into the great hall, where several persons were already assembled: the repast over, we went to bed, for the stranger knight being fatigued, stood much in need of rest. At daybreak we rose, we attended mass, and thence we went to breakfast, for Bibeaux, my *connétable*, had had it served up. When we had done eating I rose, and leaving all the company in the hall, I walked down the steps with the unhappy young man, whom I led into my orchard, and whom I seated opposite to me under the shade of a laurel bush. Then I commenced by telling him that I would speak to him neither of riches nor of understanding, as means calculated to give success in love, and that I reduced the essential qualifications to being lively and good-humoured, polite and enterprising. But, I continued, before I began to love, I would first of all learn to know the history of all the celebrated gallants who had made the most numerous conquests, who had felt and inspired the most violent passions. Happily, I have learned to know them from a master very learned in love, and I will repeat to you all that I heard from him.' Then follows a long list of

the heroes of love—such as Paris, who conquered Helen; Ivain, who was the first to introduce the fashion of wearing fur round the borders of cloaks, as also girdles round the waist, and buckles to the spurs, and for having invented tassels. After having heard the adventures of these and many other heroes, the amorous knight is enjoined to pay great attention to his dress. The master recommends fine and white linen, robes of a proper length and of the same colour as the mantle, and which should be sufficiently wide, so as not to leave the chest bare, which would be contrary to the rules of propriety. Thence he passes on to the attention to be paid to the cleanliness of the body. The head is to be well and frequently washed, and the hair to be shortened a little, for it ought not to be too long, nor either the beard or mustachio, it being less offensive to wear all three too short than too long, a proper medium being the most advisable. As the eyes are the interpreters of the sentiments of the lover, and the hands are the ministers of the unceasing services which his love inspires, these ought to be kept cleaner than any other part of the body. These lessons are followed by instructions as to the precautions to be observed in the choice of esquires to serve the knight who is in love. He must at least have two that are courteous, civil, and 'well-spoken,' so as to be able to give a favourable opinion of the master, of whose messages they are the bearers. Then follow instructions relative to the management of a household, to the manner of receiving and doing honour to one's guests, of entertaining them, of making them comfortable, of forestalling all their wants, of providing 'good cheer' for them, and of serving them well at table, without ever beginning with one's self, which would be a great want of civility. 'Before you sit down to table,' he says, 'let the servants be well instructed as to what they have to do, so that they be not obliged to come and interrupt you, and whisper in your ear, which gives a look of a mean and sordid housekeeping. Let all the provisions be distributed in the morning to the knights and esquires, and let nothing be wanting that may be wished for, if you be anxious to preserve the reputation of an honourable lover, who never does anything but what is proper.

'If you visit the courts of princes, do your utmost to distinguish yourself by your magnificence. Keep open-house: do not have doorkeepers who drive away with hard blows esquires, pages, beggars, and jongleurs; but let all these abound in your house. Take good care not to be the first to arrive at court, leave it the last, and pay faithfully and liberally for everything you have taken on credit. Should you, however, be in want of money, and not disinclined to play, play at the great games,* which are noble games, and not at those games of hazard, which are only suited for avaricious and interested persons. Whoever takes dice in his hand, or throws them, degrades himself. Play, therefore, at the great games; and however much you lose, be never angered: do not move about like a man greatly agitated: do not wring your hands like one distracted. Whatever you hear said about you, let not your countenance shew any traces of emotion, for this would at once lower you in point of gallantry.' The lordly troubadour then proceeds to lay down rules for the proper equipment of the knight who wishes to please the ladies, for the caparison of his horse,

* Supposed to mean chess and draughts.

and the number of his retinue, for his conduct in combat, where of course the utmost intrepidity is essential; and this Lord Chesterfield of the middle ages ends by giving a bold account of the many heart-conquests *he* has made, following this up, however, with a prayer that he may not be considered indiscreet, as he has only mentioned the names of those ladies who had particularly wished that the favours they had bestowed upon him should be publicly proclaimed.

If the picture be deemed not sufficiently complete, we may turn to another of these old romance compositions, entitled 'Lay of the Bachelor of Arms.' Here we learn that the aspirant, as soon as he is admitted into the most noble order of knighthood, must prove himself exempt from every vice and frailty, and must unite in his person every virtue, every perfection, and above all things, he must honour the ladies. He must be gay, circumspect, brave, loyal, courteous, gentle, humble, and discreet, and watchful in every way not to sully his purity, and 'to be as neat within as without.' Devoting himself in every way to honour the new dignity which he has acquired, he must follow the profession of arms without sparing either his life or his fortune, and in the first tournament which occurs, he must strain every nerve to carry off the prize. If he be victor in the first tournament, he acquires a new grade, and is thenceforward styled Bachelor of Arms, and his exploits are bruited far and near by troubadours, knights, and ladies. If the bachelor wish 'to plume himself with plumes of high prowess,' he must seek combats, and fly idleness and avarice, which are incompatible with this noble quality; he must eschew that false glory which is not based upon numerous military exploits. He only is a bachelor of arms, who, having seized his shield, and placed himself in the ranks, impatiently awaits the commencement of the combat, in which his valour, his intrepidity, his skill, and his courtesy, must shine forth like bright stars. But it is not enough that he should be victor in the tournament—on returning to his castle he must prove himself as polite and as generous in his home as he has been brave and intrepid in combat. If he be a rich and mighty baron, he must share his riches with other knights less fortunate than himself, and let him not forget to empty his coffers and distribute his old clothes to the minstrels; 'for such is the profession of arms—great noise abroad and much joy at home.' The knight may be handsome and brave—if he join not generosity to valour, he will never be honoured with the glorious title of *preudhomme*.

This, says the troubadour, is the royal route which I will indicate to the bachelor who aspires to that distinguished appellation. It is not the road of rapine, nor of greediness, nor of indolence—it is one which leads from vigour to firmness, from firmness to boldness, from boldness to prowess, and from prowess to courtesy: it is thus the bachelor must proceed, and thence at last to largesse (liberality.) When, after having spent his youth in the profession of arms, he sees his hair turn gray, it is time that this turn in his age should cause a change in his mind. Let him, then, return to God all that he owes him; let him repair the follies of his youth, in order to merit the noble appellation of *preudhomme;* but I recommend him besides, if he desire to acquire this title of a perfect knight, to abandon the tournaments, to take the cross, to wend his way to the countries beyond the seas, there to give the last proofs of his valour in the service of God. It

would be wrong not to do for Him twice as much as for the world, let therefore the knight, in single combat or battle, pursue with his trenchant sword the enemies of Jesus Christ: at this price only can he obtain the supreme title of *preudhomme*. All are *preudhommes* who do well.

Another piece of Provençal poetry introduces us to the writer, the Lord Amanieu des Escâs, a troubadour who lived about the year 1200, as seated one winter evening after dinner by a blazing fire in his hall, carpeted with rushes, and surrounded by his esquires, with whom he is conversing on arms and love; 'for every one in his household, down to the meanest varlet, busied himself with love.' (Our readers must remember that in those days love was not only a sentiment but a service, subject to rules generally received as obligatory.) One of his young attendants, of more amorous disposition than the rest, draws nigh to ask from his master, known to be the lord of all others best versed in these matters, instruction on the subject of love. Having interchanged with the page some preliminary compliments and advice, the knight enters upon the subject demanded, and first of all enforces upon his auditors the importance of listening attentively to what is said, and of endeavouring to retain it, so that they may not be like those persons, who no sooner leave a house than they have forgotten all the tales they there heard recited, and all the clever things which have been said. He further advises them to fly bad company, and to be neither slanderers nor scoffers, nor yet deceivers, liars, and traitors. He recommends them, if they would please the ladies, and make themselves beloved by them, to prove themselves frank, generous, and brave, and to speak graciously and politely. He then instructs them as to how they ought to dress in accordance with their means. If they cannot have a *pourpoint* of good cloth, they must give additional attention to the cut, so that it be made suitable to the figure; at all events, their boots must always be in proper order, and their hair well attended to, and they must distinguish themselves by the neatness of their girdles, of their purse, and of their dagger. Clothes torn and worn out are recommended in preference to such as are ripped in the seams; because, he says, the latter denotes untidiness, which is a vice, the former only indicates poverty, which has never been considered as such. His instructions relative to love enjoin fidelity, loyalty, punctuality in attending to all the tastes and wishes of the beloved object, and care to please those whom she loves, in order that they may speak well of the suitor. Praise, he adds, more than anything else kindles love. It cannot be doubted that the heart of a cavalier often gives itself to a lady whom he has never seen, but whose good and amiable qualities he has heard lauded; in like manner love takes birth in the heart of ladies, for which reason an esquire or a knight cannot acquire too many virtues, in order that his fame may reach the ears of the lady of his love. The young aspirant is then enjoined, when once he has gained the good graces of the lady, to practise discretion more than any other virtue, under penalty of forfeiting not only her favour, but the esteem of all other ladies. If by any unlucky chance he should feel jealousy arising in his heart, and the lady, though her conduct give too much cause for suspicion, should nevertheless assure him that there is not the slightest shade of probability in what he has seen with his own eyes, he is advised to reply: 'Yes, madam, I firmly believe that you are right, and I am

wrong; I must have been dreaming, or have been deprived of my senses.' By this blind complacency he will regain her affections. In addition to the virtues already named, courage and skill in combat are of course mentioned as of essential importance.

However great the influence of the troubadours over their contemporaries, it requires but little knowledge of human nature to make us feel assured that the lessons of self-denying virtue which they inculcated were less attended to than those more in consonance with the tastes and tendencies of their hearers. Indeed, though history attests, as we have seen, the beneficial effects of those institutions which their compositions contributed so greatly to develop, on the other side it bears still more striking evidence of the extent of folly to which many of the qualities commended by them were carried. At the follies committed in the name of love we have already glanced; but valour and magnificence had also their fanatics. Not content with the reputation to be obtained by military exploits performed in battle for their country, or for some other cause which they had espoused, occasions to measure their strength and skill with antagonists of high repute—but to whom they stood in no kind of inimical relation—were eagerly sought by knights of all degrees; and even kings and ruling princes would expose their lives in such aimless combats, and sometimes even disdain to avail themselves of the means of defence sanctioned by the customs of the times. Excessive magnificence was a prevalent fault, particularly among the great personages of the period, whose munificence very frequently originated in vanity and ambition, and as often degenerated into insensate prodigality. Kings gave away whole provinces; mighty barons held open-house, and placed a helmet above their gateways, as an invitation to those who passed by to come in and partake of their hospitality; and the knights who served them in their turn gave away their last penny to the first jongleur who presented himself. A remarkable instance of the meaningless prodigality of the times is related by the monk Geoffroi of Vigeois: Henry II. of England wishing in 1170 to celebrate by a magnificent tournament the reconciliation between the Count of Toulouse and the king of Aragon, who had been at war, named Beaucaire—a town distinguished by the splendid entertainments which the barons and knights of Provence gave there every year, and which is still renowned for its great annual fair—as the place of assembly. Neither the king of England nor the king of Aragon made their appearance on the occasion, but a great number of barons and nobles assembled, and, as was their wont, vied with each other in magnificence. Among other things, it is mentioned that Count Raymond of Toulouse presented to the Baron Raimond d'Agout 100,000 gold or silver pieces, which the latter immediately distributed among 10,000 knights: Bertrand Raimbaut, another nobleman there present, ordered a piece of ground in the vicinity to be ploughed up, and sowed in it 30,000 sols in copper farthings: Guillaume de Martel, whose retinue consisted of 300 knights, ordered all the viands prepared for them in his kitchen to be cooked over the flames of waxen candles: the Countess of Urgel sent a coronet of the value of 40,000 sols to be presented to Guillaume Mita, who, it was expected, would be proclaimed king of the minstrels: and finally, Raimond de Vernous had thirty fine horse brought forward and burned

alive as a spectacle for the people; and this act of wanton cruelty and foolish prodigality was, by the poets of the times, lauded as a proof of noble liberality.

But though we have hitherto seen the troubadours in their levity only, there were not wanting among them noble characters and earnest minds who, sorrowing over the corruption of the times, attacked with fearless honesty and unsparing severity the depravity, cupidity, and selfishness which, then as now, and as at every other period of history, more or less disgraced the various classes of society. The poems consecrated to the chastisement of vice in all its forms were called *Sirventes*, and are very numerous. In some the grovelling vices of the citizens are attacked, in others the more brilliant but not less reprehensible faults of the nobles; and even the clergy and the monks, the servants of proud Rome, who for the second time had assumed the dominion of the world, were not spared by these unflinching spirits, whose poetry represents the liberty of the press of the middle ages.

The object of the political Sirventes was chiefly to chastise the promoters of the civil discords, which frequently distracted society; to blame the unjust or impolitic acts of the temporal rulers, as also of the court of Rome; and to criticise the undertakings of the great and wealthy barons—in a word, to repress everything that could tend to disturb public order and tranquillity. But among this class of poems there are also many warlike songs, in which the troubadours, laying aside their character of peacemakers, and mingling insults with exhortations, endeavour to revive national and personal animosities, and to rekindle long and bloody feuds. Sometimes, also, adopting the supposed interests of religion, they upbraid their contemporaries with want of zeal, and call upon them to take up the cross for the deliverance of Sion, and paint in glowing colours the pleasures of carnage and victory.

Among the poets distinguished for compositions of this description, is one in whom we learn to know the troubadours under a very different character from that in which they have hitherto appeared to us. Bertrand de Born, a baron of Perigord, the friend of the rebellious sons of Henry II. of England, and one of the most impetuous and violent of French noblemen, was of an unstable and audacious disposition, and brought to his poetical compositions the same temerity, impetuosity, and reckless passion, which characterised his actions; and to these qualities is owing the place assigned to him in the ranks of the most distinguished warriors and the first poets of the twelfth century. While his verses were exciting the worst passions of the courts of France, England, and Spain, sowing the seeds of discord among the kings, and calling forth hatred and mutual distrust among their vassals, his arms were turned against his neighbours, his warriors were sacking their castles and devastating their lands. During the frequent feuds in which his violence and his intrigues involved him, his poetical talent did him as good service as his intrepid valour, for his insolent sirventes, which bear the impress of his inflexible character as well as of his turbulent passions, provoked and humiliated his enemies, while they inspired new courage into his soldiers and allies. Bertrand was a bad brother, a rebellious subject, and a dangerous friend, for which reason the stern justice of Dante has assigned to him a place in the

'Inferno;' but even in him we find the troubadour putting forward his claim to the title of 'singer of love,' for the stern muse of Bertrand, which revelled in carnage, sometimes unbent in the service of love.

Among the writers of moral sirventes, none hold a higher character than Peire Cardinal, who was born at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and is by some of his biographers said to have attained the age of one hundred years. Of noble, but not distinguished parentage, he was destined for the church, but as he grew up, the attractions of the world lured him away from his native place. He devoted himself entirely to poetry, and, accompanied by a jongleur who sang his poems, he wandered from court to court, and gained many a noble protector. 'Peire Cardinal,' says Diez, 'deserves the name of master of the moral sirvente, for which he did as much as Bertrand de Born did for the political sirvente. The zeal and frankness with which he attacks the depraved morals of the times, the originality of his manner, and the energy of his expressions, deserve the highest praise; but his descriptions are faulty, in as far as they are too general in their character, so that from a historical point of view they are but of little importance.'

The allusions in the works of Peire Cardinal are, however, sufficiently intelligible to make us understand that, during the religious wars which devastated the countries of the Langue d'Oc, his voice, as well as that of his brother troubadours in general, was raised in defence of the persecuted Albigenses, and in reproval of the persecutors, whether mail-clad warriors or cowled monks. But neither poetical anathemas nor warlike courage could stay the whirlwind which swept away with the independence of the south of Gaul that branch of the romance-tongue which was the bearer of its intellectual life.

Until the commencement of the thirteenth century, the southern provinces of Gaul, bearing severally the names of Provence, Dauphiné, Septimania, Gascony, and Aquitania, and even the Spanish provinces of Catalonia and Aragon, though living under separate governments, considered themselves as forming together one country, and the inhabitants of all were indiscriminately designated as Provençals, and seemed destined ultimately to form one great and independent nation, distinct from the provinces of the north of Gaul, which were likewise undergoing a slow process of fusion, and among which a unity of language in like manner existed. In the twelfth century the south—where the Teutonic element had never assumed the same degree of ascendancy as in the north, and where the traces of Roman and Greek civilisation had never been completely effaced—possessed a decided advantage over the latter, still sunk in comparative barbarism. In these provinces, as in all the countries where the Roman laws had not been entirely superseded, feudalism never took deep root. Large cities, governed according to the ancient municipal laws of Rome, and whose citizens in wealth and enlightenment, and even in chivalrous attainments, vied with the feudal knights and barons, dotted the country in all directions, and spread industry and wellbeing around them, and in several cases seemed bent upon erecting themselves into independent republics. Their riches and their civilisation, their democratic tendencies, their chivalrous manners and splendid festivities, their poetical

deification of love, and the originality of their literature, marked the Provençals as a race apart, united by bonds of sympathy with Spain, feared by Italy, and hated by the sovereigns of the north, but more particularly by the kings of France, who, though their dominions as yet comprised but a small extent of territory—in many cases far surpassed by those of their mighty vassals—had nevertheless formed the ambitious project of uniting under their sceptre all the provinces of Gaul, and of forming out of an agglomeration of feudal principalities one powerful and independent monarchy.

To the qualities which distinguished the Provençal mind from that of the surrounding countries, and indeed from that of the greater part of Christendom at the time—which was swayed more arbitrarily and more effectually by the spiritual sceptre of Rome than was ever the ancient world by its material power—was added a decided dislike of the spiritual and intellectual yoke of the church, a secret rebelling against it, and a profound contempt for many of the papal doctrines. The growth of this spirit was no doubt owing to the influence of a religious sect (known by the name of the Albigenses, derived from the locality in which they first appeared), which had extensive ramifications through the country, whose opinions were embraced by almost all the inhabitants of the cities, and which was protected by princes and nobles, though the pure and austere morals of the sectarians formed a glaring contrast to the brilliant corruption of their courts and castles. Protesting against the abuses of that power which the Christian church had acquired by its services in the cause of humanity and civilisation, but which it was now commencing to wield for the benefit of the popedom and the priesthood alone, the doctrines of the Albigenses bore a great affinity to those which were permanently established by the Reformation of the sixteenth century, but for which the world in the thirteenth century was not yet ripe. The 'heretics,' however, leavened the populations among which they lived, and liberty of conscience and of speech reigned throughout the Provençal countries, and went hand in hand with the love of independence. This state of things equally endangered the power of Rome, which, under Innocent III., had reached its culminating point, and the ultimate objects of the kings of France. The destruction of the independence, spiritual and national, of the fair provinces of the south, was therefore determined upon. A crusade was preached against the Albigenses; a century of devastation and bloodshed, of religious persecutions, of treachery, poisonings, and *auto da fés*, and of crimes of every description, passed over the territories of the Langue d'Oc, at the expiration of which term even the language itself had almost ceased to exist, and the voice of its poets had been drowned in blood and tears. Provence had become a dependency of the crown of France; the number of its inhabitants, thinned by the ravages of the religious wars, was filled up by colonists from the north, who followed in the wake of the Crusaders, and whose harsher, but more manly and vigorous tones eventually superseded the soft accents of the south. The defeat and extinction of the Langue d'Oc was the triumph of the Langue d'Oi, which, spreading its dominion with the conquests and acquisitions of the kings of France, and following the destinies of the French monarchy, became coextensive with the latter, and underwent the fluctuations of its fortunes and its civilisation. During the

whole reign of chivalry, the romances of the early trouvères continued to be the favourite literature of the people, and called forth numerous imitations, which, however, did less for the development of the language than for the future historians of the times.

As for the effect produced in the north by the crusade against the south, the very warriors and poets who had taken part in it expressed their condemnation of it, and the destroyers of the Provençal tongue borrowed some of its sweetness before it utterly died away. The most polished trouvère of the thirteenth century, Thibaut, Count of Champagne, after having served forty days in this inhuman war, returned home, and branded the author of it in a few withering lines, in which, as well as in all his other compositions, the influence of the south is unmistakable.

'Thus at a period, which history represents as rude and credulous, the human mind had already attained a degree of independence which was often in contradiction with the acts of society, and which, though it did not prevent evil, blamed it.

'This intellectual independence was more common than is generally believed. The great number of books published during this period proves that there must have been a great number of readers. At the sight of the libraries of verses, which date from the twelfth century, it must be admitted that among the urban and feudal populations many persons must have sought amusement in this manner; and that reading, and reasoning upon what had been read, must have been a pleasure much relished at that period. Many ideas must in consequence have been spread abroad; and independent reflection took birth in the midst of prejudices which seemed still to form as it were the swaddling-clothes of the human mind. Reason had already acquired rights. Its empire is not a bold innovation in modern Europe, dating only from yesterday; ideas of justice and tolerance are not creations of philosophy; they are fundamentally connected with our nature, they reappear as soon as our minds are exercised by study.

'This epoch furnishes no additional book with which to enrich the select library of mankind. But in studying the literary works which it has bequeathed to us, we learn to understand history better, and we may correct many a prejudice relative to past ages.'*

* Villemain—Cours de Littérature Française.

NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND is among those British possessions which are only now growing into promise. Labouring as it has been under many injurious influences, it never until recently offered to the emigrant a safe home and a profitable field of exertion. No more than eleven years indeed have elapsed since it was formally recognised as a province of our empire, and it is therefore matter of little surprise that it stands in the rear of many among our distant colonies. Disputed rights to the soil, a doubtful settlement, struggling claims, and the hostility of the natives, long deterred any but hardy, and often unprincipled adventurers, from choosing it as the place of their new abode. At length, however, these difficulties have been extinguished; a promise of tranquillity has appeared; and New Zealand is likely to run a fair race with our other possessions in the Southern Ocean. Still there is some variety of opinion with respect to its capabilities as well as much dispute concerning its actual prospects; and it will be interesting to sketch, as amply as our space will allow, the history, the aspect, the resources, and the present condition of the country.

The discovery of New Zealand is generally attributed to Captain Abel Janssen Tasman, but the honour has also been claimed for the Spanish commander Juan Fernandez, who sailed from South America in 1516. He steered in a south-westerly direction during a whole month, and then 'reached a land fertile and pleasant, inhabited by a race of white people, well-made, and dressed in a kind of woven cloth.' This is supposed by some to have been New Zealand; others imagine that De Gonneville fell in with the islands even as early as 1504; but these conjectures can never be resolved into certainty. It is indisputable, however, that Tasman, sailing from Batavia in 1642, discovered in the extreme south a high mountainous country, where he anchored in a pleasant bay. The shore was crowded with tall people, many of whom played on a kind of trumpet, but were afraid to come near the ships. They resembled the Japanese in some respects, had very hoarse voices, and were clothed slightly in matting or woollen cloth. They bore huge clubs, and killed some of the persons who endeavoured to traffic with them. The Dutchman attached little importance to the result of this voyage, and his countrymen neglected it altogether. Their enterprise was then flowing in a full tide upon the blooming islands of the Indian Archipelago, and few adventurers cared to penetrate what they supposed to be a barren continent spreading all round the Antarctic Circle and piled

with the accumulated winters of the Southern Pole. The Unknown Land was little remembered. Pearls and spices, gems and gold, attracted the avarice of Europe to the East.

For more than a hundred years, consequently, these shores remained unexplored. Now and then some mariner, driven from his course, saw them at a distance; and one ship is supposed to have been wrecked, and its crew slain by the inhabitants; but they were a desert to the eye, and a blank on the map of the globe. In 1767, however, the indomitable Cook, who never retreated from any adventure, steered round the little group, laid it roughly down on a chart, navigated the channel which separates the North from the Middle Island, and called it Cook's Strait. He landed, took possession of New Zealand in the name of Great Britain, and convinced himself it was an excellent field for colonisation. Not being one of those narrow-sighted adventurers who disdained all new countries unless their atmosphere was redolent with perfumes, or their soil enriched with precious ores, he saw that the islands were well adapted for culture, and offered an admirable emporium for the trade of the southern seas. He suggested the regular settlement of New Zealand. The idea was well received in England. It appeared full of promise. Many persons took it up, and among others Dr Franklin formed a plan to carry it into effect. Nothing, however, resulted from these attempts, and the islands were again for a brief period given to oblivion.

When, however, in 1788, England had been humiliated by her miserable war with the American colonies, the attention of parliament was engaged in fixing upon a suitable field for penal colonisation. Debates occurred: New Zealand was mentioned as a favourable position. Tales, however, of its savage inhabitants, their cannibal propensities, and their hatred of white men, had been circulated, which deterred ministers from the scheme. Up to that period, indeed, the reports of New Zealand emanated chiefly from the fancy, or from the exaggeration of rumours brought by Captain Cook, for seldom or never had an English vessel anchored near its shores. As early as 1793, nevertheless, the South-Sea whalers who made the remotest islands only stages in the progress of their victorious industry, pushed their adventures thus far, pursued their gigantic game through that distant ocean, and watered on the dreary coast of New Zealand. They were rapacious and unjust in their dealings with the natives, who, on the other hand, were treacherous and cruel to them. In the conflicts which took place frightful loss of life occurred. The whites, with the advantage of superior weapons, shot down their enemies wholesale; but the savages, collecting in vast numbers, often gained the day, and took a terrible revenge. Each seemed to thirst for the blood of the other. No confidence could be established. The visits of Europeans were therefore only armed incursions, and their intercourse with the people only that of war. One English sailor indeed, surviving alone a shipwrecked and massacred crew, lived among some friendly natives during several years; but with his exception no white man appears to have dwelt on shore until 1814.

This state of affairs then attracted attention among the philanthropists who had settled in the young colony of New South Wales. A chaplain there suggested the idea of founding a church mission in New Zealand. He carried the scheme into effect; and the governor of New South Wales,

declaring New Zealand dependent on that territory, appointed one English and three native magistrates. In 1823 the Wesleyans founded a mission a little to the north of the Bay of Islands; but during five years they exhausted their energies in resisting the attacks of the natives, bearing up against hardships, dangers, and privations until 1828, when, removing their headquarters to Waitangi, they established themselves more securely, and continued their labours with more success.

Meanwhile in Great Britain various travellers had published books on New Zealand, while the Missionary Society issued annual reports, which in some degree dissipated the popular ideas respecting the invincible ferocity of the people and the dangers which awaited all settlers. Two converted chiefs also—Hongi and Waikato—accompanied a missionary to England in 1820, and were introduced into various circles of society. Retaining all the cunning of the savage, they had learned some policy from the civilised man. Nothing could be more satisfactory than their behaviour. They passed at once for perfect gentlemen and pious Christians. Among other places they visited the university of Cambridge. All the doctors were charmed with their manners. They exhibited every token of refinement and religion. In the course of their entertainment they fell in with a professor who learned the pronunciation of their language, reduced it to letters, and composed a grammar and dictionary of it. Catechisms, prayer-books, and parts of the Bible were translated into this tongue, and numerous books sent out for distribution among the people. The demand gradually increased, and some years afterwards a printing-press was at work in those remote and lonely islands. Long as the course of their future history may be, it will never record a more remarkable fact than the introduction of letters, and the erection of that wonderful engine among them—the element and the instrument of civilisation.

The chiefs were introduced among various personages to Baron Thierry, a Frenchman by birth. This individual was ambitious of becoming a landlord and a prince, though his estates should be near the Southern Pole, and his subjects should be tattooed barbarians. Hongi and Waikato flattered this fancy; made him believe it was easy to obtain both title and territory, as well as power; and Baron Thierry gave the missionary a large sum of money to effect the purchase. The preacher received it, and appropriated a trifling sum to buy a small portion of land. What he did with the rest we know not, but the transaction afterwards led to some disputes with the French.

In 1825 the project of colonising New Zealand was revived in London. A company was formed to effect the object. Various influential persons associated themselves, and laid their views before the government. No objection was or could be raised against the undertaking. Its object, indeed, was highly approved, and a crown-charter was promised if the preliminary expedition accomplished its object. The adventure was, however, confided to an incompetent and timid leader. When he arrived, the natives crowded round and performed a war-dance, probably as a mark of welcome. It alarmed him. He purchased some land at Hokianga and in the Firth of the Thames; but the terror of the dance was too great, and he ignominiously fled the country. It is seldom, indeed, that the reproach of pusillanimity can be laid upon a British captain; but so in this instance it

was, and an admirable plan was marred by a leader as deficient in ability as in courage.

The civilisation of New Zealand had not yet developed itself to that point when ideas of individual property are very distinct. Contracts for the sale of land were unknown until 1814, when the first magistrate, desirous of obtaining a site for the missionary establishment, carried from Sydney a legal deed, with blanks for the names of chiefs and places. It was filled up, signed by the marks of some petty potentates of the islands, and the transaction was complete. In imitation, a vast number of documents were drawn up by adventurers who straggled into New Zealand from Australia, from the French, American, and British shipping, and even direct from England. The signatures of chiefs were purchased for the merest trifle, and sailors, with the earnings of a year, became mighty landlords. The system grew into disrepute among the conscientious settlers, and has become famous as *land-sharking*.

The natives never understood the purport of the deeds they signed: their ideas of property were utterly distinct from those of Europeans, yet they prized to a high degree the articles for which they had bartered away their natural patrimony of land. Muskets and gunpowder, the instruments of destruction, which, like most other savages, they prized far above the implements of peace, they regarded as priceless treasures. From the first they never exhibited that fear of them which made some inhabitants of the New World look upon white men as divinities armed with heavenly weapons. Hongi and Waikato, indeed, had while in England, notwithstanding their civilised manners, bestowed more care in the acquisition of guns, and the deadly ingredients which supply them, than on any other thing. They became skilful shots, and arrived in New Zealand glorying in the full panoply of European war. Hongi especially had collected a great store of muskets, and returning to his own country, immediately armed his tribe. All his aspect of humility disappeared; every sign of the Christian vanished. He stood up in his true character as an unreclaimed savage, delighting in bloodshed, and living by plunder, with a royal appetite for sack and pillage. His superior weapons gave him incalculable advantage. Every community in all directions round the Bay of Islands was attacked. A desolating excursion to the north gave the first flush of victory to his arms. Then he assaulted a powerful tribe seated on the western coast of the North Island; they resisted him for some time; but the firearms of Hongi overcame them. Defeated again and again, they fled, and exercised against still weaker hordes the skill they had acquired in a contest with their accomplished countryman. These weaker hordes, again, led by Rauperaha and other chiefs, descended on the northern shores of Cook's Strait, crossed the sea in canoes, ravaged the opposite coasts, and spread ruin as far as Otago. They almost exterminated the people as they went: war broke out beyond; and the flame which Hongi had kindled passed over nearly the whole length of New Zealand. All the country was blasted by this destructive visitation. In the Northern Island the people were thinned and scattered; in the Middle Island they were all but annihilated. A few miserable tribes, or remnants of tribes, remained, indeed, to indicate the original character; but the spirit of the race was gone, and the group

was made desert by passions which had been awakened by the false convert Hongi.

In 1827 numerous hardy adventurers from Australia, who determined to recognise no limit except that of nature to their enterprise, undertook a whale-fishery beyond New Zealand, and settled on the shores of Cook's Strait. They fraternised with the expelled tribes under Rauperaha, and suffered many hardships and losses in the alliance. Continual savage forays took place, and the whalers were not behind the islanders in ferocious acts of retaliation. Irregular settlements thenceforward spread all over New Zealand, and crimes committed in the name of civilisation were beyond the control of any existing power. The whites embroiled themselves with the natives; an appeal to arms followed, and the islands were once more drenched with blood. Both divisions of the population were in a state of perfect anarchy. Reform was imperative in the affairs of New Zealand. The plan adopted was one as inefficient and awkward as could well be conceived: thirteen chiefs were induced by the missionaries to sign a letter in which they claimed the protection of Great Britain. Supported as it was by the influence of many among the principal persons in the settlement, it bore sufficient weight at the Colonial Office, and an answer was sent to the thirteen chiefs declaring their request granted; at the same time instructions were issued to the governor of New South Wales to appoint a president at the Bay of Islands. That functionary, when he arrived, found himself uncertain as to the duties he was called on to perform: he seemed accredited, not to the native powers, but to the missionaries at the Northern Peninsula. Functions he had none defined, and his authority was equally unreal. The settlers laughed, and compared him to a ship of war without guns.

Years followed this arrangement, framed by the united wisdom of the Colonial Office and its ecclesiastical agents in New Zealand; but the wars it had been intended to remedy continued unabated. Runaway sailors, escaped convicts, systematic swindlers, and adventurers of the most reckless description congregated there, revelling in anarchy. The islanders, intoxicated with pride by the possession of firearms, dealt havoc among themselves; the white men wasted their blood in mutual quarrels. The natives committed outrages on them, and they on the natives. Vice and disease, violence and crime, diminished the population; and in 1835 there was not perhaps in the world, even in the slave-dealing states of Western Africa, a spectacle of more miserable disorganisation than was exhibited in New Zealand. A new attempt was necessary, and a new scheme was prepared. Two or three circumstances combined to press the state of the group on the attention of legislators at home.

The Baron de Thierry, who was ambitious of a chiefdom in New Zealand, had not forgotten his project. He carried on his intrigues in the South Seas, and published in several places the fact that he had acquired by purchase a right of sovereignty in the islands, of which he intended shortly to take advantage. Some newspapers in France noticed his proceedings; some interest was excited. The prospect of French dominion, however, was such as the missionaries could not see approach without alarm. They called on the more respectable settlers at the Bay of Islands to join them in demanding protection from England. Instead, however, of applying

for the exercise of those full powers which would naturally result from the acts of Cook and the government of New South Wales, they concocted a plan of their own. Thirty-five chiefs of the Northern Peninsula agreed to sign a paper, declaring themselves an independent nation, as the 'United Tribes of New Zealand,' promised to meet in Congress, to frame laws, to regulate justice, and live in peace. They invited the southern tribes to join in this fraternity. The idea no doubt was good; but such institutions suit only an educated society. Composed, as it doubtless was, by the missionaries at the Bay of Islands, this document was in all probability signed by the chiefs in utter ignorance of its import. They understood no more indeed of the meaning of this new charter of their liberties than of the deeds for the sale of land which had been drawn up by the Sydney lawyers, with blanks for the names of persons and places: indeed their language had hitherto contained no terms to express 'independence,' 'sovereignty,' 'government,' 'confederation,' 'legislature;' these had to be invented, as well as a name for the country, since the natives had none of their own. Still the comedy was recognised in Great Britain; and the captain of a man-of-war was sent to offer the 'United Tribes of New Zealand' a choice of flags, that they might select one as the symbol of their national freedom—the sign of their existence as a people.

The plan, however, was no more than a romantic dream. Agreeable as it might be to the missionary ideas of poetry, it was beyond their power to train up a native state on the confines of the Antarctic Circle. No meeting of the federal chiefs ever took place; and the transaction was never known, much less acknowledged, by any but the inhabitants of a small peninsula which forms indeed no more than a twelfth part of the whole country. Representations were made, one after another in constant succession, to the home government, complaining of the evils which appeared aggravated rather than modified by this scheme: a memorial, signed by the principal merchants in the South Sea trade, was presented to ministers: the more respectable settlers and chief members of the mission in New Zealand sent home a petition; but the Colonial Office appeared pleased with the fancy of an island state with feudal institutions growing up in that distant sea. In 1836 a committee of the House of Commons, investigating the affairs of aborigines, published a lamentable picture of the condition of affairs: in that year also another committee, on the disposal of waste lands, received evidence of the value of New Zealand as a field of colonisation. The facts adduced made a deep impression on the public. A company was formed to promote the settlement of the islands; a scheme was deliberately prepared; information was diffused; and application for powers was made to the executive. It refused them; advising the formation of a joint-stock company, which would be encouraged. Much discussion followed, and this plan was at length adopted. Arrangements were made to purchase territory. A fine ship was despatched, on the 12th May 1839, from Plymouth, under Colonel William Wakefield, who was charged to found the colony. On the 16th of September a body of emigrants prepared to follow, though no intelligence of the first expedition had arrived. A rendezvous, however, had been appointed at Port Hardy, in Cook's Strait. The emigrants collected on the deck of each ship, and as no government existed in New Zealand, they

agreed to a simple but comprehensive system of rules for the maintenance and enforcement of British law. The articles were signed amid deafening cheers and discharges of cannon; but an administration had already been provided, and Captain Hobson was appointed governor of New Zealand in the event of its sovereignty being obtained.

The preliminary expedition reached Cook's Strait on the 17th of August 1839. The British settlers then amounted to scarcely a thousand, of whom five hundred were established on the Northern Peninsula, and the rest along Cook's Strait, at Banks' Peninsula, or further south. There were settlements of the Church Mission in the Bay of Islands, a little way inland, and in the Valley of the Thames. The Wesleyans were stationed on the Hokianga and Wairarapa. Whalers and sealers had congregated in the central and southern districts, while numerous land-speculators, attracted by the idea of a regular colonisation, had arrived from Sydney. Some of these, as well as some of the whalers, obstructed Colonel Wakefield's progress, but the more reputable class assisted him. Of all the opposition he received, however, none was so bitter or so obstinate as that of the missionaries. They actually sent a preacher to warn the people against the new-comers, to fill their minds with suspicions, and to secure their lands before the colonel could make any purchases. He consequently chose as the theatre of his operations Cook's Strait, partly from its natural advantages, and partly because it was distant from the irregular communities settled in the north.

The natives appeared still to set little value on their lands. They were, nevertheless, eager to trade with the whites, having perceived the advantages many of their neighbours had gained from a similar intercourse. Colonel Wakefield held long conferences with the heads of tribes. They were occasionally interrupted by some ferocious chiefs, who refused to think of any peace with the Pale-skins, and by the jealousy and hostility of the missionaries, the Sydney speculators, and the whalers; but at length there was obtained a cession of territory on both sides of the Straits, as far north as a line drawn from Kawia to Point Turnagain, and as far south as the forty-third parallel of south latitude. Early in 1840 the first body of emigrants arrived to cast the seeds of a genuine British population into that soil, and were received by the people with a friendly welcome. The consul and Governor Hobson arrived about the same time with a staff of civil officers and a supply of money to commence operations. Early in February of the next year large assemblies of the natives met in the Bay of Islands and other places, and were induced to sign the Treaty of Waitangi. Emissaries were despatched to various quarters to obtain the adhesion of the various tribes, and the sovereignty of Great Britain over New Zealand was at length formally proclaimed. A certain Polish writer—who hires his pen to the best bidder, and has made himself ridiculous on more subjects than one—has produced a bulky book to prove this the most horrible transaction that ever disgraced the human family; but whether in the South or in the East he is always at sea and never sure of his latitude. The islands became fairly a British possession; and all who have faith in the happy destiny of mankind will see in the transaction only a step in advance towards the universal victory of civilisation.

New Zealand being now a British colony, we may cast a glance at the region—its aspect, its resources, its geographical divisions, its climate, and its people. Afterwards we may follow the fortunes of the young settlements formed upon its soil, and conclude with a fair view of its actual state. In all these details there is something of the remarkable, and much to rouse in us a regret that the islands have not been more liberally developed. New Zealand lies in the immense Austral Ocean between New Holland and Cape Horn. On the east that ocean rolls to South America, on the south to the Pole, on the west to Van Diemen's Land, and on the north it stretches boundlessly away to the Arctic Circle. The group is situated between 34 and 48 degrees south latitude, and between 160 and 179 degrees east longitude. It consists of two large islands—the North and the Middle, otherwise New Ulster and New Munster, with a lesser one called Stewart's, or New Leinster, and several scattered islets. The extreme length from North to South Cape exceeds 1100 miles; its breadth varies from 300 to 1 mile, though 100 is the average. The larger islands are separated by Cook's Strait, and Stewart's is divided from the Middle Island by Fourneaux's Strait. The North Island contains, it has been computed, about 31,174,400 acres of area; the Middle 46,126,080; and Stewart's 1,000,000.

To afford the reader an idea, by familiar comparison, of their extent, we may say that the North Island is about a thirty-second part less than England, exclusive of Scotland and Wales; that the Middle is about a ninth less; and that the whole group contains 78,300,480 acres, or not more than 50,000 acres less than the whole of Great Britain and Ireland with all the adjacent isles: consequently we have in New Zealand an extensive country, capable, in respect of its size, of accommodating 25,000,000 persons at the least. Its natural capabilities are by no means of inferior proportion. Tracts of barren hills, irreclaimable bogs, naked sandflats, and considerable expanses of water-surface, there certainly are; but amply allowing for these, it appears no exaggeration to assert that at least two-thirds, or about 52,000,000 acres, are fitted for settlement, and might yield abundant sustenance to a population, whether by herds and flocks, or vintage and grain. New Zealand is most nearly of all countries the antipodes of Great Britain. It lies 1200 miles east of the mighty island of New Holland; and if we suppose an immense semicircle formed by the continents of Asia, Africa, and America, extending in a sweep from Cape Horn, by Behring's Strait, to the Cape of Good Hope, encompassing the Indian and Polynesian Archipelagos, and comprising the greatest oceans on the globe, New Zealand occupies nearly the centre.

New Zealand, like many other groups in the Southern Sea, is of volcanic origin. A chain of lofty hills, broken into high sharp peaks, runs along the Middle Island from north to south, their summits towering in some instances to a height of 14,000 feet. The most elevated pinnacles are wrapped in a robe of everlasting snow; and during the winter season, when the whole ridge is clothed in this magnificent covering, its effect is beyond the power of art to describe. The mariner has compared it to a gigantic crest of foam rolled up by the billows of the Austral Ocean, and appearing ever ready to sink down and disperse over the waves. In the North Island the hills are lower and less distinctly connected; but a few of their

isolated peaks invade the regions of perpetual snow. One of them, Mount Egmont, is an extinct volcano, reckoned to be 8840 feet high: it is situated at the South-West Cape, near Cook's Strait. The first person who ascended it was the intelligent traveller Dr Dieffenbach in 1839. Tongarroo, a volcano still active, and Ruaperhue, whose fires have long been extinguished, stand in the centre of the island—one 6200, the other loftier, both crowned with perpetual snow, and forming, with two or three others, a magnificent group of mountains, reared in the middle of a more level but picturesque country. Mount Edgecombe is an extinct volcano near the Bay of Plenty. No one has ever been known to ascend its summit, which is supposed to be about 7000 feet high. Hence the surface of the island north-east to Mount Egmont wears the traces of violent volcanic action, chiefly proceeding from the crater of Tongarroo. Boiling fountains break from the ground in many places, geysers spout up their foam, fumeroles emit columns of sulphury steam, solfataras shoot forth clouds of luminous vapour, and hot springs in constant ebullition spread over the district in an extended line. In White Island, lying in the Bay of Plenty, exists a low crater, with the rim composed of alloyed sulphur. A chain of lakes, connected closely with the volcanic agencies we have enumerated, gives additional proof of the formation of the region. Lake Tago, in the south-west, is the most extensive. Of an irregular triangular shape, its greatest length is about thirty-six miles, its width twenty-five. Many little creeks indent its borders, and several streams feed it from the south; while the Waikato River, flowing away westward, bears to the sea the superabundant waters. Around spreads a broad level tract or table-land, beyond which the surface is depressed, and gradually formed into hills and valleys, where the drainage of the peaks, ranges, and plateaus, accumulated in the beds of streams, is carried to the ocean. Detached ridges, more or less elevated, diversify the aspect of New Zealand, lying almost invariably in one direction—from north to south—and dividing the low alluvial plains from the high table-lands.

In the Middle Island also there are several bodies of fresh water of various capacity. Lakes Arthur and Howick are the principal in the north-west, Waiora in the south-west. They contribute at once to adorn and to fertilise the country, resting in beds hollowed out no doubt by volcanic action. Earthquakes are not infrequent, but the shocks are slight, and little regarded by the people: numerous outlets easily allowing the subterranean power to discharge itself, render the region, indeed, safe from these terrific and destructive explosions which in the Indian Archipelago have cleft islands asunder, and covered a plain with the ruins of a mountain. Formerly, according to tradition, severe convulsions of the earth took place; but the memory of no living man reaches so far back as a time when any terrible calamity was caused by them, unless the loss of property to the amount of £15,000 in 1848 may be reckoned as such. The natives consequently betray no fear when they happen, and even the settlers are becoming habituated to them.

New Zealand has in many of its natural characteristics been placed in close comparison with Italy. It is a narrow, lengthy tract of land, divided into sections by chains of hills, watered by streams of long course, but

inferior capacity for navigation, containing many provinces adapted for rich culture, and covered in many parts with a fertile volcanic tufaceous soil, resembling that which in the south of Europe favours the cultivation of the vine. It resembles the beautiful Peninsula—the crown of the ancient world and cradle of the arts—in offering opportunities for a species of colonisation similar to that which peopled it—namely, the settlement of numerous independent communities, each with abundant resources in its own territory, and little facility for communication with its neighbours, except by sea. It has been compared also to the British Isles in its irregular, straggling, oblong shape, its detached position from the nearest continents, the ready means of water-communication between all parts of the coast, its numerous estuaries and bays, and its natural capacities for trade. Like Great Britain, its climate is influenced by the sea-breezes; and its coast abounds in fish of the greatest delicacy and variety.

Casting a general glance at the aspect of the country, we find it very various: it is not all beautiful nor all unpicturesque. Near the river Thames the voyager approaching casts his view over a tract of low, rolling hills, clothed with fern, and surmounted by one or two black, scoria-covered volcanic peaks, dull, barren, and cheerless to the eye. In other parts an impenetrable forest is spread over the surface, a mass of evergreen trees and shrubs, matted and twined together with supple-jacks, creepers, and wild vines. Precipitous hills, deep, black, boggy ravines, and dismal gullies, spread in monotonous succession for miles. Then perhaps you emerge on a wide country of valley and plain, lake and forest, with snow-capped mountains glittering in the distance, long grassy slopes, and all the features of English scenery. Fields of vivid green, streams winding among them, hills with blue or rosy peaks, and woods fringed with flowery thickets, vary the landscape, which is made still more enchanting by the light brilliant atmosphere, the fresh breeze, and the sky unblemished by a cloud.

As in most countries presenting similar geographical features, New Zealand presents numerous indications of mineral wealth. Copper, silver, and iron, with coal, sulphur, and manganese, have been discovered, each in at least one spot, and worked with considerable success. They already form articles of exportation, and will probably furnish materials for manufacturing on a large scale. Lead-ore, tin-ore, and what is supposed to be nickel, have been detected, but not hitherto procured in any extraordinary abundance. Many other riches remain, doubtless, for further research to discover; but it will be well if what has been already brought to light is developed even to a moderate extent. Compared with the geological formation of the Andes, the ranges of New Zealand present very similar characteristics, and it is believed they may contain even the more costly metal which is found in the giant chain of South America.

In these mountains are traced the sources of streams and rivers which flow into the sea at various points along the extensive coast-line. Some rise from many springs, play down the slopes in rivulets, accumulating and meeting until their associated waters form a river. Others gush from copious fountains, and break into many brooks, which ramify until they shoot like threads of silver over the surface of the plains. Rising, as all the streams do, at a considerable elevation above the level of the sea,

into which they discharge themselves after a very abrupt course, or long windings through a rugged country, they are not generally navigable for any great distance. Some, however, tortuous and broken as they are by falls and rapids, flow one, and even two hundred miles. The high peaks of the hills, intercepting masses of cloud formed by the congregated vapours of the surrounding ocean, bring them down in floods, which supply the rivers with a perennial flow, affording an exhaustless water-power in every hollow and valley of New Zealand. Advantageous as they would thus be were the region densely peopled in the more elevated tracts, they are in the lower provinces blessings to the population, spreading out wide alluvial flats, fertile beyond exaggeration, large spaces of which are now ready for the plough and the drill; while in others the axe of the woodman and the task of drainage still remain to render the land susceptible of cultivation.

Intersected as its surface is by rugged tracts or lines of peaked hills, extensive plateaus variously elevated, and alluvial districts, New Zealand is still further varied by large fens, which might easily be drained, and are generally situated near the sea. In these divisions four peculiar classes of vegetation severally thrive—forest, grass, fern, or a mixture of grass, fern, and native flax, and a few humble shrubs and clumps of trees, including the cabbage-palm.

Few regions in the world in comparison with the extent of coast-line—about three thousand miles—equal New Zealand in the excellence and abundance of their harbours. Here a commodious, safe, and central rendezvous is offered to the vast shipping trade of the Southern Seas, including myriads of islands, many of them the most fruitful in the world. It might form the entrepôt of commerce between the Indian and Polynesian Archipelagos, and will probably, when its affairs have been liberally settled, literally become, as many orators, writers, and economists have prophesied, another Great Britain in the Austral Ocean.

To the British emigrant, however, one consideration is paramount above all views of profit. It is nothing to him that a region abounds in harbours, ports, and bays; that it has a fertile soil, is rich in minerals, abounds with timber, and promises wealth to the industrious settler, unless its climate be genial to the European constitution. A mine of gold or an estate near Cape Coast Castle would not induce him to make his habitation there; the gold-washings of Borneo will not allure him to live amid its marshes; but in New Zealand soil and climate equally invite his enterprise. We have with respect to this subject heard many erroneous statements; but a careful examination of accounts by the most competent authorities imposes on us but one belief. We maintain without reserve that the climate of New Zealand is better adapted to the English constitution than that of any other British colony. The immense preponderance of water over land in those latitudes causes a less degree of average heat than in the northern region, where the land greatly preponderates over the water. In temperature, therefore, New Zealand resembles that of the country between the south of Portugal and the central departments of France, or rather that which, from its insular character, Great Britain would enjoy if its centre lay twelve hundred miles to the west of Cape Finisterre. The extremes of heat and cold in winter and summer range within very confined limits.

An immense expanse of ocean stretching away on all sides, tempers at once the heat of the tropics and the cold of the Antarctic Circle. England, indeed, in many phenomena of its climate differs widely from New Zealand. Its cold is more intense in winter, and some of its prevailing winds are more constant and disagreeable; but this would appear to arise more from the nearer proximity of a continent to us than to any of our possessions in the Austral Sea.

In the order and character of its seasons, the climate of New Zealand is not strongly distinguished from Australia itself, especially New South Wales. August ushers in the spring, to dress the country in the attractions of verdure exquisite in its variety of tint and form. In December summer comes, flourishing until March, when the leaves are gilt by autumn, the bloom of the earth fades, and winter falls in July. Temperate as the climate is, summer does not scorch, and winter does not nip with cold. Nowhere except in the southern districts, nearest the region of perpetual ice, does the water ever remain frozen under the beams of the risen sun. Snow never lies on the plains. Even at that extreme point where the coast is washed by a sea which rolls its unbroken billows to the pole, evergreen plants, more vigorous than any in Devonshire or the Isle of Wight, thrive to the edge of the water. At the Cape, and in New South Wales, hot winds occasionally prevail, drying up the ground, and producing disastrous droughts; but in New Zealand no such visitations occur. A supply of water which never fails is continually brought by the winds to the source of springs in the mountains, and the mild temperature renders it peculiarly refreshing to the soil.

Frosts, at times on the lofty plateaus, nip the acacia and the potato plant, but near the coast they never are observed; and the presence of winter is only felt by more frequent rains and more boisterous breezes, which to the stranger, as they whirl in savage gusts over the hills, appear as though announcing a disagreeable climate. They scarcely, however, prevent the bud from spreading into bloom. There is no absolutely rainy season. Showers continually fall, and a fortnight rarely passes without their descending to invigorate the sources of production. The country is speedily dried by a pleasant genial warmth. Still it is comparatively a moist atmosphere, like that of the Malay peninsula, and more rain probably falls in the year than in Great Britain. Winter and spring are the wettest. Heavy dews fall in those seasons, and in the morning foamy mists hang over the lakes and river channels: an hour of the sun, however, melts them away, and leaves the air perfectly pure and lucid. Indeed, from its geographical formation, and the character of its surface, water in New Zealand flows rapidly to the coast. Large outlets discharge the superabundant contents of the lakes; and the few swamps which exist might in almost all cases, as we have already noticed, be destroyed by a careful though simple system of drainage, such as was adopted to dry up the Lancashire morasses. In spots where a clayey subsoil lies deep, the waters accumulate in fens, but not in sufficient quantities to affect the climate. The harvest season is almost completely dry, the general average of showery days being 124 in the year. In Cornwall at home it is about 180; in Bristol, 140.

The moisture which generally charges the air invigorates the soil, and

covers it with blooming vegetation. The fecundity of the earth is wonderful: it springs easily into cultivation. Some small tracts have only a slight layer of mould lying on a rocky, untractable substratum, but even here the verdure thrives thick and rank. Sandy flats, which in regions less profusely irrigated would be naked and valueless, are here speedily overgrown, while the salt spray of the sea showering upon the green mantle that in some parts overlays the islands to the water's edge, does it no injury.

In this mild and agreeable climate man attains old age without pain, nor is he compelled ever to be on his guard against the influences of the weather. During three-fourths of the year the settler in the neighbourhood of Cook's Strait may sleep with his bedroom window open; but when violent winds and showers prevail, a small fire is by no means a superfluous luxury, especially as the colonists' residences are very often no more than partially wind-and-water-tight. With the exception of these intervals, occupation under the open sky is before all others the most healthy and pleasant. The luxuriant vegetation, the everlasting green of the trees and pastures, the atmosphere so transparent that objects can be discerned at an amazing distance, the varying tints of the sky, with the picturesque landscapes afforded by the harmonious mingling of hills, plains, lakes, and woods—all these delight the eye, and kindle the animal spirits. Herds and flocks may wander unhoused at all seasons of the year without excess of wet or bitter frosts to injure them.

Every climate of course has its incidental diseases; and in New Zealand the humidity causes sometimes ulcers, boils, abscesses, and eruptive affections, which, however, never assume a malignant character, and disappear without medical aid. Among the natives, from various causes foreign to the climate, carbuncles occur. The Europeans, when acclimatised, may be all but sure of health. Inflammatory complaints, strictly so called, are unknown; they almost always assume, when their symptoms do appear, the form of catarrh. No endemic disease exists. Influenza and croup occasionally appear as epidemics, and with careless people rheumatism is not uncommon. But, on the whole, no country on the earth is more salubrious. We do not find in it, as a traveller has observed, the bilious planter of the East or West Indies, or the aguish settler in the forests and on the river banks of South America. There are no epidemic or endemic fevers, as in the East and West Indies, and parts of the United States; no ague, no dreary winters, as in Canada; no hot winds, long droughts, conflagrations, snakes, and vermin, as in Australia. The pure air, continually in motion, invigorates the frame and buoys up the mind. Invalids rapidly recover. The thermal springs in the North Island indeed, with the attractive scenery and delightful atmosphere, present it as a healthy and picturesque place of sojourn for those who have worn down their constitution in the dangerous climates of the East.

The value of New Zealand consists rather in its soil, its climate, its position, and its commercial capabilities, than in its natural productions. The indigenous fruits of the earth are few, and not important; while those that have been introduced render it one of the richest countries in the world. It does not yield, indeed, spices or camphor, or all the luscious delicacies of the Oriental orchard: but it affords the growths of Europe, and that which

will purchase from the neighbouring East every rarity its inhabitants could desire to enjoy. Besides the mineral treasures we have noticed, it contains others most valuable to the English settler—abundance of water, timber, coal, lime, and stone of various kinds, the chief materials of industry. The soil is variously distributed over the surface of the country, supporting, as we have already remarked, various classes of indigenous vegetation. On the banks of streams, among the hilly tracts, a deep, rich, alluvial mould prevails, and in some of the valleys—that of the Hutt in Wellington District in particular—a pure black or brown sandy loam lies in a stratum so thick as to appear inexhaustible. Wherever dense forests exist, the same soil abounds. When the woods are cleared from parts covered only by a thin layer, this is often washed away by the rains, leaving nothing but a cold, clayey earth fit only for pasturage. To illustrate the effect, however, of climate or weather upon the soil, it may be mentioned that this, which is spread over the drier, hilly, and undulating districts, when well turned over, and subjected to the influence of the atmosphere, becomes extremely fertile. In other respects the same influence is remarkable. Sandy strips of land, which from their nature would in many other countries remain sterile and naked, are here by the natives planted with potatoes very successfully; stony hills, most impracticable in appearance, flourish with abundant crops of that nutritious vegetable.

One great drawback, nevertheless, to the agricultural capabilities of New Zealand is the fact, that even in the richest valleys or plateaus, where the forests have been cleared, the waters wash away the upper soil, laying bare the less liberal clay; but an improved system of husbandry, with the judicious rotation of crops, the use of proper fertilising appliances, and, above all, the careful regulation of the water-flow by drainage, all such inconvenience can be remedied: such at least is the opinion of well-informed residents in the group. Industry can afford, however, to be vigorous in its exertions when the soil is so ready to reward it.

We may now approach the subject of the natural and acquired wealth of the province, and here its peculiar character should be remembered. We shall find it possessing many of the characteristics which Adam Smith pointed out with respect to England, and Sir Stamford Raffles, with modifications, in reference to Java. It is an agricultural, pastoral, and mineral country. First among the productions of the soil we may reckon timber, which in regions destined, as Lord John Russell once said, to give laws to a great part of the southern hemisphere, deserves to be considered as of great importance. The indigenous trees tower, many of them, to a prodigious height, producing timber in unequalled perfection—some close-grained, heavy, and durable, for domestic and public architecture; some fit for ship-building; others hard, light, of fine texture, and elegantly veined, for cabinet-work; and others indeed for every variety of purpose: the white, yellow, and red pine—the last with leaves like ostrich plumes; the *totara*, a reddish wood, with roots that take a beautiful polish; and many others, not known in Europe, which it would be useless minutely to describe. Some of the timber-trees bear fruit; others rich clusters of flowers, like the purple honeysuckle; others leaves like the myrtle, and blossoms with crimson petals and golden stamina. One produces leaves, affording a fragrant beverage resembling tea. All are in immense variety and abundance,

yielding materials for every kind of work. Beautiful furniture has been made in Edinburgh and London from some of these finely-grained, hard-textured, brilliantly-polished woods, several of which yield rich dyes, while others emit a grateful perfume. Among the trees which have been introduced are the oak, the ash, the horse-chestnut, the Spanish chestnut, the walnut, and several species of the mimosa. They appear to thrive well; but the experiment is not yet sufficiently mature to decide on the quality of the timber in its full development.

Equally important with the timber is the native flax of New Zealand, a peculiar plant, of which ten or twelve varieties have been found—some in the low marshes, others on the surface of rich alluvial plains, others on hill-sides barren of everything else. The largest kind has leaves ten or twelve feet in height, and tapering from three or five inches to a point. These never lie open, but are folded in a graceful curve, like huge eccentric sea-shells. Bunches of flowers grow from the stem with purple chalices full to the brim of a delicious syrup. Though it grows wild everywhere, it must be planted and cultivated with care, to be made available for manufacturing purposes. Fifty or sixty fern-plants exist in New Zealand. Their roots once formed an important article of food with the natives; but since the settlement of Europeans, so many materials of subsistence superior to them have been introduced, that the lordly Maories have abandoned to the wild hogs this humble provision, together with the root of the bulrush. From an edible pulp contained in the stem of one variety the early colonists used to make a very respectable imitation of apple-tart. The fruit of one shrub, called *tutu*, affords the natives an insipid but harmless wine; the seeds, however, are poisonous, and at particular seasons the leaves highly injurious to cattle. A few indigenous grasses occur, all of them perennial; but the scrub-flax and fern occupy the wide plains and slopes, where myriads of sheep and cattle might find pasture. An indigenous anise-seed grows in many parts, greatly improving the flesh of the animals feeding on it. European grasses, however, spread rapidly, and the native species promise soon to be altogether extinguished.

Like Australia, therefore, New Zealand is on the whole poor in natural vegetable growths. Only one indigenous fruit of any importance is known—the *kiekie*, a parasitical plant, bearing a cucumber-shaped fruit, said to come to perfection only once in three years. Poor as it is, however, in this respect, the country now possesses almost every vegetable produced in Great Britain, with many others transplanted from the exhaustless soil of the East. Captain Cook, it is believed, introduced potatoes more than seventy years ago: new varieties have been added from time to time to improve the quality. The root now thrives in great perfection, and the natives subsist principally upon it. In the poorer soils two crops are annually obtained. During the prevalence of the California gold-fever, speculators in Wellington bought large quantities of this vegetable for £5 a ton, shipped them, and sold them at San Francisco with a profit of 700 per cent.! A small sweet potato is also grown, and a small but delicious yam, which some suppose was brought by the Maories when they came to New Zealand from their original country, undetermined by ethnographers, in Polynesia. Maize was introduced before the islands were systematically colonised, and flourishes in great abundance, except

near Wellington, and in some of the more southern districts, where there is scarcely sufficient hot weather to ripen it. Melons, pumpkins, gourds, and others of the same class, wild oats, yellow trefoil, and other grasses, now prevail plentifully, affording abundant subsistence to man and the creatures which minister to his necessities. Every sort of grain known in Europe, with its numerous varieties, has been introduced. Wheat from an Egyptian mummy has been sown with great increase, and the black-bearded wheat with solid straw, so plentiful in the south of Spain. The corn grown in the Valley of the Hutt is of a quality so fine that it might be exported with advantage even to England. Its straw is nearly six feet high, and it yields an average of from forty-five to fifty bushels per acre. The ordinary qualities thrive to rich perfection in the alluvial valleys, and along the borders of streams where a fine soil prevails.

Oats are cultivated as much for the straw as the grain. Two crops of oaten straw are frequently cut in the course of a single year—the first yielding four tons and a half per acre. Hops and barley grow in great profusion, and if industriously cultivated would prove of immense importance to the colony. Free as the climate is from injurious electrical phenomena, and abounding as the islands do with pure wholesome water, they might supply Australia, India, and South America with malt liquor, of which it is calculated more than 100,000 barrels are annually exported from England. The moderately rich soil on the hill slopes is best adapted to this description of husbandry. As we have already said, almost every grass in the pastures of Great Britain has been introduced into New Zealand. Twenty-five species mingle on the Hawkshead Plains in Wellington District, carpeting them with a soft, beautiful covering, where herds of sleek cattle and thickly-fleeced sheep fatten all the year. When the curing of flesh for exportation to the neighbouring regions is undertaken on a large scale, this branch of husbandry will prove of eminent importance, and every emigrant carrying out good seed will be a benefactor to the colony.

Clover, saintfoin, trefoils of various kinds, vetches, tares, lupines, lucerns, beans, peas, buckwheat, lintseed, mustard, rapeseed, and mangel-wurzel thrive extremely well; and though coriander, caraway, and cress—which grow so abundantly on the fertile hundreds of Essex—have hitherto been neglected in New Zealand, they would no doubt afford an ample profit to the proprietors of land in the alluvial districts.

In the vegetable garden we find peas, broad beans, French beans, cauliflowers, carrots, turnips, broccoli, potatoes, celery, cucumbers, strawberries, tomatos, radishes, lettuces, parsnips, beet-root, spinach, onions, asparagus, sea-kale, artichokes, cardoons, rhubarb, capsicums; indeed everything of the kind grown in Great Britain.

Picottees, carnations, geraniums, polyanthuses, primroses, cowslips, crocuses, tulips, hyacinths, roses, pinks, pansies, dahlias, balsam, China asters, peonies, honeysuckle, violets, and almost all other European flowers flourish richly; and in December no sight can be more beautiful than the bloom of a New Zealand garden.

The orchard contains plums, apples, pears, figs, peaches, nectarines, grapes, currants, the common gooseberry, quinces, filberts, raspberries, apricots, cherries, and the Cape gooseberry—a wholesome, pleasant fruit, whether raw, cooked, or preserved, which thrives like a weed wherever it

is introduced. The banana, and a few others of an Oriental character, form immense orchards. Many fruits which are annual in England are biennial, or even perennial, in New Zealand; while others which we delicately rear in the hothouse, grow there vigorously in the open air. If the flower-garden be managed well it will shew a fine bloom all the year round. Geraniums, as in Portugal, take the shape of shrubs; hedges even are formed of them; and if the varieties are judiciously mixed, this beautiful fence of verdure will throughout all the season be spangled with bright flowers. Considerable plantations of tobacco have been raised by the natives; but the manufacture of it, even for consumption among themselves, has not yet been attempted by the colonists.

If Australia be poor in the animal creation, New Zealand is still more so. No beasts or reptiles native to its soil, except bats and lizards, are found upon it. In the neighbouring seas, however, abound those mammalia which crowd all parts of the Pacific Ocean—the sperm, the humpback, the fin-back, the pike-headed, the large-tipped, and the black whale, frequent its coasts, and their capture for the valuable oil and bone afforded to the early colonists their most adventurous and profitable occupations. Seals of numerous kinds formerly abounded in Cook's Strait and off the shores of Middle Island, but the sealers since 1827 have nearly exterminated them: this has doubtless been through an inconsiderate plan of fishery; for by judicious arrangements, leaving the seals in breeding seasons unmolested, this source of profit might have been perpetuated. The conger-eel, sole, plaice, and flounder, inhabit the waters, with an infinite variety of others unknown to Europe—a kind of shark or dog-fish, some like the cod, others the doree, others the mullet. Immense fisheries might be established, especially as salt is easily procured by evaporation; and a large and lucrative market is offered among the Roman Catholics of the west coast of America, of Manilla, and of Australia.

Several kinds of birds are indigenous to the woods and neighbouring waters of New Zealand—among them a gigantic albatross, the oyster-catcher, the bittern, the kingfisher, cormorant, quail, wild-duck, mocking or parson bird, parrots, paroquets, woodhen, pigeon, and others; some of them with superb plumage. There have been introduced peafowl, pheasants, turkeys, geese, ducks, common fowl, Guinea-fowl, canaries, and bullfinches. The varieties kept in cages for their song are continually increased by the favourites which emigrant families carry out with them.

A degenerate mongrel-breed of dogs exists in the islands. It was probably introduced by the early voyagers, and is used by the natives in the chase of the wild-hog. The skins of those with silky white hair are made into garments by some of the wilder Maorie tribes, and tufts from them adorn their spears. Bulldogs, kangaroo-dogs—a mixture of greyhound and mastiff—Scotch deer-hounds, German boar-hounds, Scotch colly sheep-dogs, Newfoundlands, terriers, and spaniels, thrive well, and are rapidly multiplying. It is remarkable that distemper and hydrophobia have been hitherto unknown among the dogs of New Zealand. Horses are already supplied in considerable numbers to New South Wales, and a swift, strong, hardy breed is furnished to the cavalry regiments in India. Cattle have been introduced from Australia and Van Diemen's Land, as well as some Devon bulls and cows. Beef and pork might be cured in great quantities,

to supply the whaling and trading ships. Goats are still few. Sheep will probably furnish at no distant time one of the most important articles of export. The country is peculiarly well adapted to them, even more so than the neighbouring pastures of New Holland. In New South Wales the average weight of a fleece is two pounds and a half; in New Zealand it is from three to four pounds. Few burrs exist, and the wool is silky, long, and fine. The annual increase is from 90 to 100 per cent. Cats, rats, mice, pigs, asses, mules, locusts, caterpillars, ants, centipedes, spiders, flies, mosquitos, and maggots, enter into the animal kingdom of New Zealand. In the native villages or *pahs*, where the people are dirty, vermin abound, as they do in all communities distinguished by habits of uncleanliness. Colonisation has introduced also besides some insects not particularly valuable, others extremely useful to the settlers; among the most important are bees. In New Zealand the months make little difference to this valuable insect. The bee-keeper is often overwhelmed by the multitude of swarms. The land may indeed be one day overstocked, but such is not yet the case, and the quantity of honey yielded is amazing. A single swarm was, in the summer of 1843–44, placed in a good situation, near an extensive flowery tract of woodland. In September 1844, it yielded 30 lbs. of honey; in 1845, 205 lbs.; in 1846, 721 lbs.; and in 1847, 1211 lbs.: or altogether, 2167 lbs. in four years. Hollow trees are very numerous in the woods: these are quickly occupied by the industrious little colonists whose industry is so beneficial to the country. With all these natural advantages, without extending our speculations to others still to be discovered, we may without hesitation assert that New Zealand possesses every qualification which it can require to become one of the most prosperous and noble provinces of the British empire.

There is, however, one other important consideration necessary in a view of New Zealand with reference to its capabilities as a field of emigration—the character of the native inhabitants. In many other parts of the world occupied by white men, the aboriginal race has contracted the limits of its dispersion, retreated into the wilds, and is vanishing before the genius of civilisation. In this group, however, they appear as a superior family of men, capable of refinement, willing to associate with the strangers who have located themselves on their shores, and desirous of mingling with them in amicable intercourse. The savages of Australia are among the lowest of humankind; the natives of New Zealand are among the most intelligent of barbarians. Physically they are a fine race of men, well built, with an intellectual expression, possessing considerable powers of conversation, aptness for invention, and easy manners. Their garments are not inelegant or immodest; but sexual immorality strongly prevails among them. Balancing their good and evil qualities, it is difficult to find a general term to characterise them. They are filthy in their persons, bestial in their habits, grasping, bullying, lying, treacherous, cruel, and gross; yet they are good-natured, light-hearted, fond of their children, ready to learn, simple in their deportment, trustworthy and honest, despising fraud or theft as the most contemptible of crimes. Gradually they are improving in their social habits; adopting better clothes, dispensing with shark-oil and ochre, which disfigure their persons, learning to use mirrors, brushes, combs, and clean shirts. They are not indeed a whit inferior in intelligence to the

uneducated classes of Europeans. A Maori scholar beginning to learn after fifty often becomes extremely proficient. They pay attention to the culture of their lands, eagerly accept improvements, gladly exchange their own rude implements for European tools, sow grain instead of living on roots, hire themselves for fair wages, and put money in the bank. They have acquired ideas of freedom, which is a mighty sign of progress, and are jealous of their rulers. A few have abandoned their ancient customs of polygamy, and those who hold intercourse with the whites have improved in their treatment of the female sex. The women possess numerous qualities, which might be developed to good purpose. Many of the British settlers have Maori wives, who soon acquire the neat habits, the domestic skill, and matronly aptitude necessary to the comfort of a home. Perhaps, however, the most curious indication of their progress is a newspaper, in the full, soft, and flowing Maori language, which is circulated among them. In industry and the useful arts they had indeed, before the arrival of Captain Cook, made considerable progress, which was remarkable in a cannibal race; and even in the fine arts they have long exercised themselves. In one respect, however, they are far below the dwellers on the coast of New Holland and the savage artists of Depuch Island—their carvings are generally representations of the grossest immorality. The immorality, which is one of their national characteristics, was long encouraged and aggravated by the dissolute crews of whaling-ships arriving at the station. They became friends with the people through an intercourse of vice; but year after year, as civilisation takes firmer root, reforms are effected in the manners of the people. They formerly carried on their vilest practices in the clear light of day; they now seek the dark, and exhibit shame when detected. In this we perceive a hopeful sign of progress.

In their domestic life, and in their war-practices also, they retain, nevertheless, many savage and uncouth customs. These we need not describe, since details of barbarian manners are of all things the most monotonous to European readers. From all we know, however, and from the testimony of the most eminent writers on the subject, it appears evident the Maories of New Zealand are a superior race, capable of high civilisation, whom we may one day see living peacefully in cities, villages, and hamlets, engaged in all the occupations of industry, and contributing as much to the prosperity of New Zealand as the white settlers themselves. A considerable fusion of the races is already indeed going on. The most cheerful thing the philanthropist can promise himself is to see this state of things continue without the recurrence of those harassing wars, excited by the ambitious chiefs, which have been the curse and the blight of the country. The native population is estimated at about 130,000. These, with about 20,000 settlers, form the tenants of a region capable of supporting 25,000,000 of human beings, besides contributing through the means of commerce to the support of millions more. Whenever civilisation has taught them the value of peace, their numbers may be expected greatly to multiply; while the immigration of settlers, still considerably checked by the ferocity of the natives, will increase in a still larger proportion. We may look to the natives as well as to the colonists for consumers of our manufactured articles; for as soon as they have imbibed a taste for cotton

and cloth, the half million sterling of exports, which at present forms all our commerce with New Zealand, will increase rapidly.

From this general account of the group, we may pass to a sketch of its various divisions, separated into colonial provinces, and indicate the history and actual progress of each settlement which has been formed. Wellington was the first—founded by the association of 1840. The fertility of the districts in its neighbourhood, the excellence of the harbour of Port Nicholson, with its admirable position for communication with all parts of Australasia, and the amount and character of its population, render it the most important European establishment in the group. It comprehends all that part of the North Island which lies south of the 40th parallel of south latitude, forming a tongue of land ninety miles in length, with an average breadth of sixty miles, including about 5400 square miles, or 3,456,000 acres. At least 2,000,000 of these may bear crops or feed flocks and herds. A lofty ridge of hills divides the province into two nearly equal portions. The western slopes down to Cook's Strait, and is watered by many streams. A uniform sandy bank, moderately wide, rims the shore, except at a few places where the hills jut out in prominent bluffs. Thence for four or five miles scarcely any elevation occurs, it being a sweep of grass or fern country, intersected by swamps and morasses easy to drain. Further the land rises in degrees of undulation, covered with woods which continue almost without a break to the highest line of the ridge, which is covered with snow only in the severest days of winter. The hills which shut this district in shelter it from the cold south-east winds; but a warm northern gale, with cool sea-breezes, blow over it, fertilising the soil and refreshing the air. East of the mountains spreads an extensive plain, known in its southern part as the Vale of the Wairarapa—a spacious lake, whose numerous tributaries profusely water the whole province. Near the sea a chain of hills encloses this spacious level, carrying a high plateau which continues to the shore, and there sheers down to the beach in tall majestic cliffs. It is principally open pasture; well-irrigated valleys opening at intervals through this lofty tract afford avenues to the interior, while inferior ranges intersect the country in various directions. In one of the valleys lying between is the mouth of the river Hutt, and the noble harbour of Port Nicholson.

The Valley of the Hutt extends from the sea to the Tararua Range, running between high slopes for fifty miles. It is of extraordinary fertility, irrigated by periodical floods of the stream, which spread over the alluvial tracts on its border a rich deposit from the hills. When the settlement of Wellington was founded, a site for the town was laid out and divided into 1100 sections of one acre each. Round about 1100 sections of 100 acres each were also surveyed. Every purchaser of a right of selection in London, according to an order of choice to be regulated afterwards by lot, could choose one town and one rural section. A hundred lots of the same kind were chosen for the natives with similar regulations, as though they actually purchased the land. The site chosen was close to Lambton Harbour, where a sea-frontage extended along the beach for three miles—comprehending levels known as Thorndon and Te Aro Flats. Some slopes on the contiguous hills were included, and the boundaries were carried south of the harbour two miles from the beach.

At the southern extremity of Lambton Harbour, twenty-one sections formed a private property down to high-water mark. With this exception the public road runs between that line and the houses along the beach. A frontage of 140 feet was allotted as a public wharf, but is occupied by a native village. The sections especially favoured in situation were eagerly sought for by commercial members of the community. Three solid jetties were built, and vessels of seventy tons can unload alongside. Many substantial dwellings and warehouses, some built of bricks made on the spot, stand near at hand. The office of the Union Bank of Australia, the Wesleyan Chapel and Mission-House, the Customhouse and the Exchange, also occupy positions in this eligible part of the town.

Further back from the beach, a crowd of houses, various in size and construction, form a nucleus for the city, which is destined, we believe, to shine conspicuous amid the offspring of Great Britain in those remote seas. Wind-mills for grinding flour, a brewery, and two or three hotels and taverns, have already impressed it with the characteristic stamp of British civilisation. A flat, a hollow, and some charming wooded slopes, are dotted with edifices of different kinds. On a low eminence in the centre, conspicuous above the rest, a jail and barracks stand, reminding the settlers of two among the greatest banes of humanity—the necessity for a permanent military force, and a prison to punish the evil passions of men.

Following the beach-road outward, a continuous street, or single line of taverns, shops, and stores, full of bustle, meet the eye. Prominent among other edifices the Scotch Presbyterian Church attracts by its simple architecture. At the end of this line, near Thorndon Flat, a neat English church and parsonage, with the residences of the principal inhabitants, another set of barracks, the old Company's offices and buildings for the reception of emigrants, the chief hotel, and other buildings, impart to the landscape a lively English aspect, sufficiently curious in a region which has for little more than a decade been included in the recognised possessions of Great Britain. Near this spot the shopkeepers and housebuilders of the neighbourhood have with admirable liberality built a jetty, and given it freely to the public use. Wellington is thus picturesquely situated. Steep, wooded heights rise in the background, with foliage of lively green and open glades in the forest, whence a long sweep of pastures is unrolled towards the sea. A belt of land is reserved all round the town for public purposes; and a wood of fine timber being enclosed, will probably be properly preserved. Streams descend from the western range to irrigate the district; they yield an exhaustless supply of pure water. To ships they are a great convenience, as lying at anchor in three fathoms' depth they can load by hauling their long-boats to and fro along a line stretched from the vessel to the shore—discharging cargo often in the same way.

Te Aro Flat is of a poor gravelly soil, partly consisting also of undrained marsh. Near the hills, however, much improvement may be observed; and gardens blooming with fruit-trees and flowers stand in beautiful contrast with the uncleared tracts, still clothed in the ancient drapery of nature. All around, indeed, is perceived the struggle between civilisation and a savage land. Wellington itself, though putting on the aspect of an English town, wears still the raw appearance of an infant settlement. A few main streets only have been built upon, and the roads are far from easy to wheeled

vehicles. Improvements, however, are rapidly taking place, and paths are cut from the harbour to the various dependent settlements: some of these are extremely small and interesting. Labouring families in communities of forty or fifty, with a number of cattle and sheep, settle down, saw up the timber, and carry it for sale to Wellington or its vicinity, while the smaller wood is useful as fuel. The operation of clearing thus pays its own expense. In the Karoir District, an upland valley to the west, a cluster of houses was built in December 1846, and an edifice was erected to serve as chapel and school; and it was remarked that in 1847, on the public ceremony of opening it, when the whole population of 200 gathered, not one death had occurred during the twelvemonth. Another circumstance of this kind, still more curious, was observable at Wanganui. During seven years from its foundation, when the number of inhabitants rose from 200 to 600, not one died. But perhaps the most remarkable evidence of a salubrious climate is the fact that, during a period of twenty-eight years—from 1814 to 1842—the Church of England Missionary Society had not to record the death of a single one among their numerous missionaries and catechists in any of the New Zealand colonies.

In various other parts of Wellington province settlements have been established with more or less success, and patches of barley, wheat, garden and orchard cultivation, enliven the aspect of the country. The natives, in a great number of instances, have been friendly to the strangers; and New Zealand women have been taken to wife by many a British settler. These little promises of civilisation, springing up amid the beautiful wilderness of those remote and romantic islands, suggest the most agreeable ideas. Imagine a steam-engine on the banks of the Mawanutu! A short way up the river an English house of entertainment stands near a cluster of habitations surrounded by cultivated land. Nearly opposite, two brothers named Kebbel settled in 1842, and brought with them from England a steam-engine of twenty horse-power, expecting to derive a good profit from cutting up the timber, which flourished in boundless abundance along the stream on both sides for more than seventy miles. With a perseverance that no difficulty could subdue, a zeal that no disappointment could quench, they made friends of the natives, paid them for a right to occupy land, engaged them to work, and set to to erect buildings. Gable after gable, roof after roof, was constructed. Wooden frames, with simple thatch, constituted the materials. At length a cast-iron chimney, forty feet high, arose amid the pile of edifices; the engine was placed in position, the steam was got up, and the machinery set in motion. Language cannot describe, and fancy can hardly conceive, the wonder and admiration of the New Zealanders. In all that district the fame of the Brothers Kebbel spread, and their engine was regarded as a marvellous invention of the white man's genius. Unfortunately for their speculation, however, timber of admirable quality was abundant in all the districts contiguous to Wellington, and no necessity existed to seek it on the banks of the Mawanutu. In addition to this discouraging circumstance, an accident occurred by which some of the thatched buildings caught fire. The machinery indeed was saved, but great loss occurred. As a timber-mill, therefore, the engine was useless; but it was afterwards adapted to a flour-mill, and with success. Many white settlers came to the neighbourhood,

who, with the numerous native villagers scattered along the river, brought grist to the mill of the Brothers Kebbel.

Wellington, by the latest accounts, is thriving. The old rough roads are being replaced by fine highways; cultivation is extending its circle; the aspect of the province is rapidly changing—cottages and gardens multiply in the wilds, while in the town itself a society is becoming distinct; dinners, dances, soirées, and tea-parties are civilising the colonists; polka and Cellarius are tripped to Jullien's tunes; public meetings are held; and the 'Wellington Independent,' an admirable paper, reports of the orators, each in his turn, that 'the honourable gentleman' sat down 'amid loud and long reiterated cheers.'

The district in immediate dependence on Wellington is occupied by about 6500 European settlers, engaged in cattle and sheep-farming, whale-fishing, trade, manufactures of various kinds, and agriculture. In 1848, 2178 acres of land were in cultivation in Wellington itself, while about 50,000 head of live-stock fed on the pastures. Emigrants with cattle will make fortunes there; emigrants with only their labour to offer will find a comfortable home. From 30 to 100 per cent. profit is realised in the farming of stock. One man who settled more than ten years ago, possessed 200 sheep, 15 or 20 horses, and a small sum of money, owns now £10,000, an estate, and a brig of his own. Many others have prospered in a similar degree, and still more may prosper, who in England can scarcely preserve themselves from the Insolvent Court.

Though Wellington is the commercial, Auckland is the political capital of New Zealand, being chosen as the seat of government: it was selected in 1840 by Governor Hobson from a strange caprice of fancy — lying 150 miles from the nearest northern settlement, and several hundreds from the Straits. The district in its vicinity spreads round the shores of an extensive gulf known as the Wairo, or Firth of the Thames — hilly and woody, with valleys of extreme fertility. Numerous harbours and creeks pierce the coast, and these are in many places bordered with vegetation to the water's edge. The surface of the province is curiously varied—undulating tracts, table-lands, and vales, conical hills, small low plains, and rugged sweeps of land; some bare, others covered with pine-forest, others wrapped over with fern-scrub, and others composed of rich red or black loam thinly sprinkled with grass. The town itself presents an uninviting aspect, and has never been a favourite with the emigrant, yet a population of more than 2500 has been attracted to it. The resources of the district are of a character somewhat peculiar. It yields the magnificent *kauri* pine, furnishing the navy with noble spars; but on ground where this tree has grown nothing else will thrive for many years. It is a cold, gray clay unfit for cultivation; but in its neighbourhood soils of splendid fecundity occur, on which the vine flourishes abundantly. Other timber-trees are found in Auckland province, many of them very valuable. Copper, tin, sulphur, and manganese may be enumerated among its mineral productions. Its exports, besides these, consist of grain, flax, bark, whale-bone, salt, oil, wool, ropes, hides, and other articles—the whole amounting in 1848 to £15,096, though in 1845 it was £27,239.

Next to Auckland we may notice New Plymouth, described as the garden of New Zealand, known to the Maories as Taranaki. It is a considerable

tract of country, extending more than thirty miles round Mount Egmont, and thence spreading away in ranges and valleys to an indefinite distance inland. It was founded in 1840 by a company. They fixed on a position a little to the east of Cape Egmont, 180 miles from Wellington, where a thriving little settlement is now in existence. Its early progress was much retarded by quarrels with the natives respecting the ownership of land. The company could only secure about 60,000 acres, though the name of their possession appears to cover the district. The land here is remarkably level, covered with ferns, and bordered by beautiful woods. Numerous running streams afford irrigation to the soil, which is a light friable loam, of different kinds, remarkable for its powers of production. Agriculture succeeds to a surprising degree, though the capabilities of the district have hitherto been only partially tested. Wheat, barley, maize, potatoes, turnips, all kinds of garden vegetables, and several grapes, have been introduced, and yield plentiful returns. Cattle and sheep fatten admirably on the natural pastures, though subject to a peculiar disease—probably arising from overfeeding on the *tutu*—which destroys about two and a half per cent. Native labour is cheap; and when the best land in the neighbourhood is cleared, the plains of New Plymouth will undoubtedly be reckoned among the granaries of the Southern Seas. Already the town wears the aspect of prosperity. Churches, chapels, jails, court-houses, private residences, farm-houses, and labourers' cottages, are sprinkled over a block of land—some built of granite, others of sandstone, others of wood, which are abundant in the district. Iron, nickel, coal, and ochre, are also found; and gradually, as enterprising colonists congregate to it, new resources are discovered.

Nelson is the capital of several small settlements on the southern border of Cook's Strait. It was founded in 1841. The province consists of all that part of the Middle Island lying north of the 42d degree of south latitude. Towards the sea it is mountainous, being composed of about seven ranges, terminating in giant bluffs or spurs, which enclose magnificent harbours. Their slopes are densely wooded. Above lie extensive plains, or undulating tracts, covered with deep fertile soil, much of which, however, is matted over with useless vegetation difficult to remove.

The progress made by the colony is not brilliant. About 6000 acres of land have been fenced in, though not all put under cultivation. Where this has been done, a return of twenty-four bushels an acre of wheat, twenty-five of barley, twenty-one of oats, six tons of potatoes, and twenty-four tons of turnips, has been procured. An export trade of about £12,000 sterling is carried on by a population of nearly 3000 persons dwelling in the town, while more than 2000 inhabit the rural plantations, employed in the tillage of the ground.

These numbers will no doubt greatly increase within the next few years, when the knowledge of New Zealand is more familiar to people in this country. What can a man with £200 do in England? He can turn it, indeed, to some account; but he must set great reliance on the favour of fortune if he expect to become wealthy upon such a capital. In Nelson, however, there is a gladdening prospect open. Landing there with that sum in his pocket, the emigrant may collect the materials of future opulence. With a farm of fifty acres, rent free for the first year, he may have

a good wooden house, fence in part of his land, provide household necessaries for a twelvemonth — furniture, seed, draught-beasts; a foundation upon which the industrious, frugal man may build a splendid fortune. At the end of one year his farm may be worth a clear £220, and at the end of the second £320, which is an enormous per centage on the outlay. Clearly, therefore, those who have the ability to seek an independence in this, the antipodes of Great Britain, cannot claim compassion if they remain here repining in profitless despair. Nor is life in New Zealand, even in the country far from towns, an uncouth course of labour undiversified by enjoyment. A neat cottage, built of bricks, wood, clay, and wattles, or other cheap materials, with a neat fireplace and homely furniture, should be a paradise to those who have been accustomed to the unwholesome air of some squalid attic in a back street; but with a garden glowing with the bloom of a hundred flowers, and furnished perhaps with a rustic seat made from a whale's backbone, and a pleasant farm spreading around, or a pasture sprinkled with flocks, it appears a grateful sight even to those who have enjoyed competence in the old country. The settlers usually bake their own bread, cure their own bacon, and live, in fact, literally on the produce of their own industry.

The Free Church Scotch colony of Otago was founded in 1847, near the southern end of the Middle Island, in a district well watered, fertile, and excellently adapted for husbandry and pasturage. The worst parts of it afford abundance of food for sheep; while in the best, grain of unequalled quality is yielded at the rate of from sixty to sixty-five bushels per acre —oats, barley, maize, and potatoes being grown in similar proportion. The settlement was planned with admirable judgment, except, perhaps, that the price of lands is somewhat too high. However, conducted as it is with a vigorous spirit, and great general liberality, it can hardly fail of realising a success worthy of the enterprise which established it.

The Otago territory is an oblong tract of land running from north to south about seventy miles, with an average width of twelve. Like all the others, except that of Canterbury, it is composed of alternate hill, vale, and plain, but is covered over its whole extent with evergreen vegetation: this is occasionally devoured by conflagrations, accidental or otherwise. The climate, variable though it be, is mild and very agreeable. Summer is dry and genial, refreshed by occasional showers; winter is unpleasant, from its unsettled character. The soil is, as we have said, fertile; and the settlers who occupy it appear bent on developing its riches with vigour. The last account of the land in cultivation shewed, indeed, only 185 acres laid out in wheat, oats, barley, field-oats, potatoes, and garden culture, while 108 more were in preparation; but the promise of increase is abundant, and every sign of progress is displayed. The live-stock of the colonists consisted in March 1850 of 62 horses, 796 grazing cattle, 26 working bullocks, 4667 sheep, 60 goats, 350 swine, and 451 poultry. In the little infant town of Dunedin there were then 139 houses, composed of clays and poles, of brick, of stone, and other materials; at Port Chalmers, 15; and scattered round about in rural situations, 119. Several good roads have been formed, which are rapidly improved. A population of 1189 inhabited these dwellings—673 men and 516 women—filling the occupations of farmers, stockholders, labourers on the land, traders, innkeepers, boat-

men, and domestic servants—belonging to various religious denominations, but all inspired by a spirit of industry, of good-will, peace, and a common zeal for the common welfare. It is supposed that there are not more than forty natives in the district; so that no fear exists of a massacre such as that of Wairu some years ago. The revenue of Otago for the third quarter of 1850 was £1179. An interesting fact in the economy of the settlement is, that during two years from its foundation only one criminal case occurred, and that of so trifling a nature that a bench of justices might adjudicate upon it. No civil cases occurred, and litigation was unknown, though one lawyer was among the settlers. There is no settlement in New Zealand, or indeed in the world, which offers more advantages to the emigrant. Its soil, climate, and public economy are equally admirable.

We have some private letters which describe the settler's mode of life at Otago. Finding himself there, with £100 he may purchase and stock a farm. Upon this he labours, and it is only on four or five days in the year that the weather is not so warm as to enable him to work in his shirt-sleeves. He spreads his table with the produce of his own land, dressed to his taste by a frugal wife—perhaps a native. When he desires an excursion he starts away to chase the wild hog, and at the farmhouses or sheep-stations is always sure to find a hospitable lodging.

To rival this Presbyterian colony, the Canterbury settlement was, in 1850, founded near Banks' Peninsula, on the east shores of the Middle Island. Every settler paid down £3 for each acre of land: 10s. as the actual purchase-money, £1 to support a hierarchy and educational establishment, and the rest for public purposes—bridges, roads, surveys, &c. It is not absolutely essential that all the Canterbury colonists should be members of the Church of England; but those of other denominations must pay their money to support the institutions of that church. A dissenting body, however, will no doubt arise within the settlement, and procure for itself immunity from this burden.

The country chosen by the Canterbury settlers consists of about 2,500,000 acres, enclosed by a range of hills. It is perfectly level, watered by many rivers and rivulets, and covered with grass. A few swamps, easy of drainage, some stony patches, and other impracticable spots occur; but almost the whole is adapted for pasturage, while a great part may be profitably cultivated. Few native inhabitants exist in this territory; but labourers have been brought down from other parts of the island. The agricultural characteristics of the Canterbury province vary little from those of the other parts of New Zealand, except perhaps that they are of a superior order. We wish well to the association; and though varieties of opinion may exist as to the policy of its particular constitution and designs, we have no doubt the whole country is equally solicitous for its welfare. Whatever may be their peculiar objects or views, those men are worthy of praise who endeavour to transplant from our overcrowded islands men and women to quicken into life the waste places of the New World, to people its solitudes, and give a bloom to its neglected deserts. As one sign of progress, the first number of a newspaper—'The Lyttleton Times'—was lately issued.

Whether, therefore, he choose Wellington, Nelson, Otago, Auckland, or Canterbury as the field of his enterprise, the emigrant will find in New

Zealand all the materials which industry can desire to work upon. He will enjoy a fine climate, a ready soil; a land where coal, iron, copper, stone, and wood are in abundance; where sweet, pure, wholesome water is plentiful; where corn, and all other kinds of grain, may easily be raised in splendid crops; where his labour may be well rewarded; where he will have few taxes to pay, and few of the unnatural restraints imposed by our old society to observe. Shortly, doubtless, he will be admitted to a share in those free institutions which are the peculiar pride of the British people; and thus, with every natural aid to his energies, he may enjoy independence in a region which, of all others on the face of the earth, most nearly resembles his parent country.

The New Zealand settlements have not, up to the present day, presented that spectacle of brilliant progress afforded during recent years in Australia. But those who on this account are induced to despond should remember the early history of the Australian colonies. They should call to mind the long and desperate struggles of New South Wales, the unhealthy infancy of South Australia, the puny childhood of the Swan River Settlement, the misfortunes of Van Diemen's Land—cursed with an overwhelming convict population. In New Zealand, also, we find ample explanation of the broken course of its progress, and a glance at its history since Captain Hobson took possession of it in 1840 will indicate what we mean.

When the colony was formally established there already existed several irregular settlements, governed hitherto by no confirmed laws. There were then three elements of population—the aborigines, whose chiefs incited them to enmity against the British; the old settlers, missionaries, and land speculators, who formed a turbulent, discontented, and mischievous class; and the new emigrants, whose claims were occasionally hostile to those of the other parties. Collisions in consequence arose, and long troubles distracted the group. It would be useless to all but a few, and perfectly wearisome to the general reader, to enter into details respecting all these complications. It would be unimteresting to describe the wars with Rauperaha and Ranghiheata, which have at length been terminated; and still more so to notice the affairs of the New Zealand Company, which bequeathed its functions, its charter, and its debts to the British government in April 1850. Suffice it that these troubles appear at an end. The principal question now remaining to be settled lies between the colonists and the mother country. Being of a political nature, and belonging to the future, it does not fall within our present purpose to treat upon it.

The chief question of interest for the emigrant is the nature of the country as a colonising field. Thousands balance their choice between New Zealand and the more prosperous settlements of Australia. One circumstance has in innumerable instances decided in favour of the latter—the character of the people. Of the Maories many accounts have been circulated, as of a cannibal race—fierce, implacable, fond of blood, to be bound by no treaty of peace. We have all heard of the unfortunate wight who preferred the coast of New Guinea to the shores of the Bay of Plenty, having heard that at the feasts in the native houses there was always a 'cold missionary on the sideboard.' Tales less droll, but little inferior in exaggeration, have been circulated by very serious travellers. None can deny that the New Zealanders have been cannibals, or that many

of their chiefs have until recently displayed an inveterate hostility towards the British settlers. The terrible massacre of Wairu, and several wholesale murders perpetrated upon children and women, have proved the fact. In this, however, as in many other circumstances, the aspect of New Zealand appears to have considerably changed.

We now find thousands of the Maories collecting in schools and chapels, reading the New Testament, learning the elementary arts of civilisation, entering into the most cordial and friendly intercourse with their white teachers, and evincing a desire as well as an aptitude to receive instruction which forbids us to despond of their ultimate complete conversion. It is only recently that white men have adopted a humane philosophy in their dealings with the savage; formerly the rifle and the powder-horn, the cutlass and the pike, were the instruments employed to impress him with respect for his civilised brethren. To hunt and shoot down the savage has been a favourite occupation with many adventurers; and it is still a doctrine maintained by some, that the sword must utterly root up the ancient barbarians, the original possessors of those distant regions, before the soil can be made ready to receive the seeds of civilisation. That idea is now, however, exploded in the mind of Great Britain, and to conciliate is found a better and wiser policy than to coerce or destroy. Anecdotes might be multiplied to shew that among many of the New Zealanders there exists a feeling friendly to the British people; that they appreciate the advantages of the new government, which secures their peace and defends their property. Even so early as the death of Governor Hobson in September 1848, the chief Werowero wrote thus to the Queen of the British Islands:—

'GOOD LADY VICTORIA.—How farest thou? Great is my love to you, who are residing in your country. My subject is—a governor for us and the foreigners of this island. Let him be a good man. Look out for a good man—a man of judgment. Let not a troubler come here. Let not a boy come, or one puffed up with pride: we, the New Zealanders, shall be afraid. Let him be as good as the governor who has just died. Mother Victoria! let your instructions to the governor be good. Let him be kind. Let him not come here to kill us, seeing that we are peaceable. Formerly we were a bad people, a murdering people; now we are sitting peaceably. We have left off the evil. It was you who appointed this line of conduct, and therefore it is good to us. Mother, be kind!'

No doubt the terms of this letter were dictated by the missionaries; but the spirit of it, among a large number of the people at Waikato, was most happily diffused. Little more than a year ago there were 24 missions in the country, 180 missionaries, 303 European and native teachers, and 4826 absolute converts, while thousands of others are in different stages of enlightenment. In another address to the Queen the New Zealanders expressed a desire to receive many white men into their country; but, instructed by their teachers, joined in the protest against rendering the islands a depôt of crime from the mother country. 'Oh, Lady,' they said, 'we shall be perplexed if the convicts come here. They would steal the property of the Europeans, and the natives would be accused of the theft, and we should be very much displeased. Rather let gentlemen, men of peaceful life, come out. We like such men. Let them be numerous, for our country is large.' Hitherto these arguments have

man, who will consent to be satisfied with rough comfort, may reach Otago, for example, for £15.

Containing as it does, therefore, extensive tracts of unpeopled country, only wanting moderate labour to cover it with the materials of wealth, New Zealand offers home and fortune, health and happiness, to the emigrant. His anticipations, however, must be reasonable, and his resolve must be to prosper by the labour of his hands. Perhaps a few words of advice may not here be out of place. They are offered from a writer who held the position of magistrate in the colony, and derived his knowledge from a residence of four years.

In the first place, the emigrant should educate himself for the object he has in view. A little knowledge of European languages, of mathematics, of land-surveying, of mechanics, architecture, geology, botany, chemistry, and veterinary surgery, will be most useful to those who desire to attain superior success. More practical accomplishments, however, will suffice for those of the humbler order. As to the outfit they require, it is impossible to lay down a plan. Clothes of a strong durable kind, useful tools and implements, —nothing tawdry or fanciful, but all strong, plain, and durable; seed of all varieties, plants, a few serviceable books, and strictly such things as will be necessary to your absolute comfort. Arrived in New Zealand, listen to no grumblers, and be careful how you accept the service of strangers. Waste no time in the towns, but proceed at once to the scene of your future labours. There, if the choice of situation be tolerably prudent, industry, frugality, and thrift will certainly bring independence and fortune in their train. It should be remarked, also, that young women of good character and habits are invariably well married in the colonies. But their views must be temperate, and their notions of happiness such as are consistent with vigorous application to the duty which settlers owe to the society of which she forms a part—that of speedily acquiring the means to become independent, prosperous, and serviceable to the young state growing up before her eyes. If this caution applies to the women, equally so does it apply to their husbands; for New Zealand, like every other colony, only promises fortune to those who have the courage and the principle to seek it, by means of persevering exertion.

Men emigrating with these ideas, and following their object in this manner, will contribute as much to their own welfare as to that of the colony they inhabit. When such settlers are multiplied, even in a moderate degree, we may expect New Zealand to realise the anticipations which on every side have been formed of its success. A few travellers who have lounged a mile or two inland, and spent three or four days in the outskirts of some settlement, or amid the dirt of a seaport town, bring us discouraging accounts of the land; but from the trustworthy, able, and intelligent travellers, without exception we derive only corroboration of the views embodied in this Paper. The country offers a combination of advantages presented by few other regions in the world. It is admirably situated for purposes of commerce; its configuration, and the nature of its coast, afford equal facilities for trade; its climate is all that a native of Great Britain can desire; its soil, with some inconvenient characteristics, is abundantly fertile; it abounds with timber, with many important minerals, with coal and water; it produces all the grains and

birds are numerous; or a few *karaka* and *kahikotea* interspersed with thousands of others; or places where wild pigs congregate: these are the circumstances conferring value on the forest and the swamp. Facts of this kind have imposed on the colonists the necessity of strict justice in their dealings with the natives. A neglect of this, oftener perhaps through ignorance and carelessness than through deliberate dishonesty, has involved the British settlements in many troubles.

Disastrous, however, as many episodes in their history have been, the New Zealand colonies have, on the whole, steadily progressed ever since the period of their foundation: every obstacle, indeed, to their advancement has been of a temporary or artificial character. Nature has been liberal to the country. There are now about ten European settlements, with several other small communities dependent on them—the largest with more than 7000, the smallest with a few hundred inhabitants. Of these every individual enjoys prosperity—some in humble but happy comfort, others in easy competence, others in brilliant fortune, but all raised above poverty. 'You could not,' says a private letter, 'find a beggar in the whole of New Zealand.' Many, however, who were all but beggars when they landed, are enjoying independence now. We know an instance of one man, a Scotch gardener, who arrived at Otago without a shilling, and has now a little fortune. Altogether the European population may number a little more than 20,000, scattered over an extensive region, and separated into sections by large intervals of wild country. These have at length established peace with the native population. We are assured by the governor, that probably in no part of the world are life and property more secure than in New Zealand. So pacific indeed are the prospects of the picture, that a considerable reduction of the military force is in contemplation. War, we hope, is there at an end; for the Maories appear to have adopted the philosophy of one of their chiefs, who may be styled the Elihu Burritt of New Zealand. There was a great meeting in the open air, and the sister of Ranghiheata the rebel harangued her countrymen. She declaimed on the aggressions of the white men, and upbraided the warriors of her tribe for listening to offers of peace. An old chief then started up, desired this Amazonian orator to resume her seat, informed her that she was 'the silly sister of a sillier brother, and no better than a dog's daughter.' He then addressed the crowded assemblage, and put it to them 'whether pigs and potatoes, warm fires and plenty of tobacco, were not better things than leaden bullets, edges of tomahawks, snow-rain, and empty stomachs.' The former were to be enjoyed, he said, in the plains, by preserving friendship with the white men; but the latter must be suffered in the mountains if they maintained war with those invincible strangers. Thunders of applause greeted the old man's oration, and the close of the war was determined upon. Two hundred hogs roasted, three hundred baskets of stewed eels, and mountains of baked potatoes, were then brought forward to inaugurate the treaty with a feast of peace. The voyage to New Zealand remains to be considered. The length of the sea-journey is of course greater than that to British America, the United States, and the Cape of Good Hope. It is, however, safer. Only one vessel was ever wrecked while proceeding to these colonies, and no crew was ever lost. The expense is not by any means great; for a hardy

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In the first place, the emigrant should educate himself for the object he has in view. A little knowledge of European languages, of mathematics, of land-surveying, of mechanics, architecture, geology, botany, chemistry, and veterinary surgery, will be most useful to those who desire to attain superior success. More practical accomplishments, however, will suffice for those of the humbler order. As to the outfit they require, it is impossible to lay down a plan. Clothes of a strong durable kind, useful tools and implements, —nothing tawdry or fanciful, but all strong, plain, and durable; seed of all varieties, plants, a few serviceable books, and strictly such things as will be necessary to your absolute comfort. Arrived in New Zealand, listen to no grumblers, and be careful how you accept the service of strangers. Waste no time in the towns, but proceed at once to the scene of your future labours. There, if the choice of situation be tolerably prudent, industry, frugality, and thrift will certainly bring independence and fortune in their train. It should be remarked, also, that young women of good character and habits are invariably well married in the colonies. But their views must be temperate, and their notions of happiness such as are consistent with vigorous application to the duty which settlers owe to the society of which she forms a part—that of speedily acquiring the means to become independent, prosperous, and serviceable to the young state growing up before her eyes. If this caution applies to the women, equally so does it apply to their husbands; for New Zealand, like every other colony, only promises fortune to those who have the courage and the principle to seek it, by means of persevering exertion.

Men emigrating with these ideas, and following their object in this manner, will contribute as much to their own welfare as to that of the colony they inhabit. When such settlers are multiplied, even in a moderate degree, we may expect New Zealand to realise the anticipations which on every side have been formed of its success. A few travellers who have lounged a mile or two inland, and spent three or four days in the outskirts of some settlement, or amid the dirt of a seaport town, bring us discouraging accounts of the land; but from the trustworthy, able, and intelligent travellers, without exception we derive only corroboration of the views embodied in this Paper. The country offers a combination of advantages presented by few other regions in the world. It is admirably situated for purposes of commerce; its configuration, and the nature of its coast, afford equal facilities for trade; its climate is all that a native of Great Britain can desire; its soil, with some inconvenient characteristics, is abundantly fertile; it abounds with timber, with many important minerals, with coal and water; it produces all the grains and

vegetables known in these islands; it is in the neighbourhood of great fishing-grounds; it is the natural metropolis of the Southern Ocean; and thus, with every natural advantage, there only remains to crown it with prosperity the continued application of British energy. In the colonies already formed we find a population equal in every way to that of the mother country; and we are assured by a recent traveller, that nowhere during his wanderings did he find communities more truly sociable, more addicted to hospitality, or more generally deserving of success, than the founders of what Lord John Russell believes will be the capital of the British empire in Australasia. That opinion or prophecy of our minister may point to a remote period; but we anticipate beholding in New Zealand, at no distant day, a colony enjoying the institutions which are especially dear to the children of this soil. The settlers belong to a superior class—if intelligence, energy, and perseverance constitute superiority; and they would doubtless employ those qualities as honestly and as ably in promoting their public as in cultivating their private interests. There is no reason, therefore, why an intemperate pedantry on the part of a governor should foster bitter feelings in New Zealand. The colonists have never asked for more than they have a right to possess.*

* The reader is referred to the 'Emigrant's Manual' (recently published by W. & R. Chambers) as containing a less highly-coloured, but still favourable statement of the claims of New Zealand as a field of emigration.

THE TOWER OF FONTENAY.

WHOEVER would seek now for the Castle of Fontenay sous Brie, once so proud and powerful, would find only a mass of ruin, which is every year by degrees vanishing away. The keep, as is always the case, is the most entire; and a few scattered towers and mouldering walls, covered with a drapery of ivy, serve to indicate how extensive the building once was. The castle stands on an elevated spot overlooking the neighbouring country, which is covered with rich woods, pastures, and corn-fields, a bright river running through the landscape, and gently-rising hills forming the background of the picture.

One of the least decayed of the towers is called La Tour de la Reine Anna: it stands a little lower than the rest, on the decline of the hill, and commands a charming view down a valley, beautifully varied with foliage of all descriptions, through which a brawling stream runs glittering among the verdure and flowers. There are few persons left who can explain why the tower has this name, and most strangers are content to leave the spot without inquiring farther; but to an English person the place would have infinitely more interest if the fact were known of its connection with our own country, through one whose fate can never cease to excite commiseration.

When the beautiful Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII., arrived in France as the bride of the good old King Louis XII., called the Father of his People, she had in her train a little girl of about five years of age, confided to her charge by one whom she looked upon as her dearest friend. The child was to be brought up by the Lord of Fontenay, her father's near relation; for it was at that period the custom—a bad and unnatural one—for every family of rank to send away their children to be educated in another house; and a constant exchange was thus made, which after-events frequently proved to be a most injudicious proceeding, calculated to weaken the ties of parentage and affection.

When Mary of England kissed and took leave of her little charge at Abbeville, before she delivered her to her new protector, the Lord of Fontenay, the child's tears flowed so fast, and she clung so fondly to the young queen, that she was with difficulty pacified. Mary took her on her knees, and with caresses and soothing words endeavoured to quiet her infantine grief.

'Why do you weep, my pretty Anna?' said she; 'you are going to kind friends, and will have many to love you as I do. Smile again, dear child, as you used to do: see, you shall have a crown on your head, and be a queen as well as myself. Oh how lovely she looks with this golden circlet over her fine silken curls!'

As the queen spoke, she playfully placed a jewelled crown, which was lying on her table among a heap of gorgeous ornaments just presented to her by her admiring bridegroom, on the head of the weeping child; but the action, far from soothing, only seemed to irritate her grief; and as she continued to sob and hide her face in the bosom of her friend, the glittering crown fell heavily to the ground at her feet.

'No, no,' murmured the petted and sorrowing little favourite; 'Anna hates it—Anna will not wear it.'

Mary laughed good-humouredly, and said to her royal husband, who stood by amused with the scene, 'Though your majesty sees that I have not taught my little friend wisdom, do not suppose we are all in England so silly or so ungrateful.'

'You are all charming,' sighed the enamoured king; 'everything you do becomes you. I love this pretty tyrant for your sake, Mary; and I predict a happy fortune for her, in spite of her tears.'

'How indulgent you are!' returned Mary in a subdued voice. 'How happy I must think myself. I trust I shall deserve your goodness!'

'It is you who are kind,' he replied; 'with all your beauty and youth, to devote them to an old man such as I.'

'The Father of his People!' exclaimed the queen. 'I would rather hear that title given to my husband than any other; and if you were *very* young, it could scarcely be yours. It is the freshness of the mind that gives youth; it were vain to count by years.'

Meantime little Anna had forgotten her tears, and had fallen asleep in the young queen's arms. She was gently removed, and gently caressed, and her friend stole away before she awoke. When she did awake, she found herself placed before a cavalier on horseback, whose arms supported her nearly as tenderly as those of the queen. Her bright eyes opened and met his, that were bent upon her beautiful face with a smile which childhood never mistakes, and they were friends in an instant.

The Lady of Fontenay received her charge with delight, and the lovely child was soon all gaiety and buoyancy, her transient sorrows forgotten amid all that was brilliant and joyous.

She grew up with the children of her hosts, who were nearly of her age, and was the favourite and delight of all. She was quick in her studies, and rapid in the acquirement of accomplishments: she danced with a grace which made her a little wonder to those who crowded to see her execute the intricate figures of the day with her cousins, who endeavoured, without envy, to emulate her acquirements. Her voice possessed remarkable sweetness, and a pathos which was peculiarly attractive; even at a very early age it had a charm which troubled all hearts, and as she grew in years, the sensibility of her soul imparted to it an additional beauty. She would sit sometimes for hours with her companions in the garden of the tower appropriated to her use, imitating the song of the birds in such perfection, that her amused and admiring auditors, in their childish glee,

insisted that Anna sang better and sweeter than the nightingale and the thrush, who strained their throats in reply to her melody.

'I will tell you what the birds say,' she playfully exclaimed to her cousin Marguerite, to whom she was even more attached than to the others; 'I sometimes fancy I hear words as they sing, and can form them into sentences and verses. Hear what the nightingale said to me yesterday evening, as he sat singing on the boughs just at my chamber window:—

Dost thou sleep when stars are bright?
Dreamer, wake and watch with me:
I am singing all the night,
Rocking on the highest tree;
As the branches gently move,
Telling thee, "I love—I love!"

Yonder glides a gentle fay,
Clad in silver robes and green;
She was hidden from the day
These thick sighing leaves between.
See her in the moonlight rove,
Listening, while I tell my love.

Troops come forth as fair as she;
Come thou, too, and join the throng;
Heavy sleep and day agree,
Night was made for dance and song:
Echoes fill the charmèd grove
With the chorus of my love.'

'Ah,' said Marguerite, 'I have heard of nothing but love lately, for my brother is to be married soon, though he is so young; and my father has only now told me that I am to be a bride next year. What is it to be in love, Anna? Do you know?'

'I believe,' answered Anna gravely, 'it is a feeling almost divine—something like that we think of Heaven—something like that we have to our mothers, and fathers, and brothers—but not quite.'

'Don't you think it is like that you feel for Henry Percy?' said Marguerite slyly. A blush rose in the cheek of Anna, and she turned her eyes on the ground, but did not answer.

'I should think,' said Marguerite, 'he could explain it himself, for it was but this morning I heard him telling my brother Louis that he thought you formed for love.'

'Did he really say so?' exclaimed Anna; 'I was afraid he never thought of me at all.' But as she raised her flashing eyes, an object immediately before them caused the blushes in her cheeks to become crimson, for Henry Percy himself was standing gazing at her with a look of admiration which it was impossible to mistake for indifference.

'I heard your song,' said he quickly, 'and dared to approach unbidden; yet I should not have ventured but as the bearer of news. Sir Thomas Boleyn will be here in an hour—his messenger is but now arrived.'

'My father!' cried Anna starting; 'he is not surely come to take me home?'

'Oh no, no,' said Marguerite, 'we will not part with you, dearest Anna; you must never leave us. Are you not at home here at Fontenay? Oh, Lord Percy, what ill news you tell us!'

'Be not alarmed,' replied he; 'I have heard of no such intention; but, selfish as I am, it would not pain me if Sir Thomas took his daughter to the court, which is more than likely; and when once there, she is too bright a star to be allowed to return again to obscurity.'

'You are so courtly, my lord,' said Anna smiling, 'you teach us rustics what to wish. If Marguerite may go with me, I should delight in seeing the court. Is it not grand and beautiful?—and is not Queen Claude amiable? How gay it must be!—what dresses, what pageants! Oh I hope my father is really come to take us there!'

'How light is woman's fancy!' said Percy with a philosophic air; 'but now in tears at the idea of change, now all delight at the thoughts of the world's vanities!'

'But we know nothing yet of those vanities and dangers which you have so well passed through,' replied Anna archly; 'and perhaps we shall not want a sage guide to be our support.'

Much lively conversation ensued, and the picture which Percy drew of the court of France was indeed calculated to excite considerable interest in the minds of his friends. He spoke of the admired and brilliant king, Francis I., and his gallant nobles; of the gentle, amiable, and beneficent queen, then in her twentieth year—the pattern of goodness, though the least attractive in person of any lady of the court; of the gorgeous Louise of Savoy, witty, brilliant, and profuse; of her learned, beautiful, and accomplished daughter, Marguerite de Valois; of the gay, bold, handsome, and impetuous Bourbon. He told them of tournaments and festivals, of processions and hunting-parties, and dwelt on the round of gaieties and pleasures which awaited them.

'A court must be indeed a sort of paradise,' exclaimed Anna, her eyes dancing with delight. 'I should think no one could ever be unhappy there; but unhappiness is to me only a word, for I never knew it.'

'May it be always so to you, beloved child!' said a voice near; and Anna was clasped in the arms of her father. Sir Thomas Boleyn now, for the first time for eight years, saw his daughter; and her beauty and grace so astonished and delighted him, that he could scarcely restrain his pleasure; and his exclamations of gratitude to his relations, the lord and lady of Fontenay, were warm and sincere. Neither was he sorry to hear of the admiration she had inspired in the breast of the son of the Earl of Northumberland, and his paternal heart bounded with exultation as he hastily sketched out a flattering picture of her future life. He immediately resolved to keep so fair a treasure from the world no longer, and though his lovely daughter was little more than fifteen, he determined to carry her to Blois, and introduce her at court. All preparations were made, and it was agreed that the lady of Fontenay should accompany Anna and her own eldest daughter, who was the godchild of Marguerite de Valois, and present them to Queen Claude.

The evening before their departure from the castle of Fontenay, as Anna stood, somewhat pensively, beneath that favourite tree where the nightingale was wont to serenade her every evening, her eyes were suddenly attracted by observing letters on the bark, which she discovered to be her ini ls, A. B. The manner in which she contemplated this sign of secret ornment, traced by an unknown hand, indicated no resentment; almost

involuntarily she drew a pin from her hair, and leaning against the tree, began to imitate the writing; but as she did so, by apparent mistake, the A became an H, and the B a P; and then blushing at what she had done, she endeavoured to efface her work, when she found her hand arrested, and turning quickly, was aware that Henry Percy was at her side. A very little explanation was necessary to account for the letters of her name being found there, but they could neither of them ever afterwards exactly explain how it happened that before they parted that evening Anna Boleyn had given her promise to Henry Percy never to become the bride of another, and he had vowed to be hers alone.

'You are very young, Anna,' said he, 'and very beautiful: you will be admired, adored, wherever you appear, and it will be more difficult for you to keep your word than for me; for never can I behold, amid a thousand beauties, one who can compare with you for a single instant. I have, besides, already seen the world, while to you it is entirely new. Yet will I rely upon your faith, for I will judge it by my own.'

'Henry,' said Anna solemnly, 'you know I am apt to jest and say light words, but though I am indeed young and inexperienced, I know well the value of affection. I have told you I love you, and this my first, will, I am convinced, be the last attachment I can ever feel. I once, when an infant, threw a crown from me, and have been rallied about it ever since: but I would reject a crown to-morrow for your sake. I would rather the axe fell on this little neck, Henry, than betray your confidence in me. But,' she added gaily, 'no king will ask my hand, for King Francis, gallant as he is, is a married man, and so is fat King Henry of England, so I am perfectly secure from either.'

As she spoke, a large drop fell on her hand, which was clasped in that of Percy. 'We must go in,' she said, rising; 'the rain is beginning to fall; we shall have a storm.' The lovers parted at the low door of the tower, and Anna hastened to her chamber. The moon had been suddenly obscured, and her beams no longer poured in through the loopholes of the turrets, as the young girl groped her way up the winding-stair. The door at the top opened to welcome her, and Marguerite came forward with a lamp. As its rays flashed upon her as she entered, her cousin uttered a cry.

'What is the matter, Anna?' exclaimed she. 'Are you hurt? How did this happen? Here is blood!' The white dress of Anna was stained all down from her neck, and a mark was on her hand—for that which she took for a drop of rain, 'the first of a thunder shower,' was blood—from whence she knew not, nor could ever discover.

Whatever impression this singular incident might make on the two young friends that evening, it was quite forgotten the next morning when they mounted their palfreys in the castle court, and full of life, youth, and expectation, began their journey towards Blois, where Francis I. then kept his court. Never had the waters of the beautiful Loire looked more sparkling; never did the vine-covered côteaux which they bathed appear more luxuriant. Although the spring had not yet given place to summer, and the vines were still young, the tender green of their leaves delighted the eye, and the fragrance of their delicate blossoms perfumed the air on

all sides; and the whole scene was full of gaiety and freshness as the lively party pursued their route, pleased with everything, and beholding beauties in the commonest objects. All was new to them, and all was drest in rainbow colours. Anna and Marguerite never ceased their exclamations of wonder and admiration at every fresh object of interest, and on this charmed ground there is no want of such, particularly when a brilliant sun and animating air give lustre to that which is already charming. Percy rode by the side of the young ladies, with Sir Thomas Boleyn, while the lord and lady of Fontenay proceeded at a slower pace in their ponderous travelling-coach, in more state than convenience. The nearer they approached Blois, the more wild became the spirits of the two friends, and their ringing merry laughter sounded sweet in the ears of the father and lover of Anna, who both regarded her with pride and admiration as she managed her steed with exquisite grace, and at every word and movement shewed some new charm of manner and vivacity.

'Is it true, dear father,' said she, suddenly becoming grave as the lofty battlements of the castle of Blois began to grow more distant on their sight—'is it true that Queen Claude is not handsome? I cannot imagine a queen being otherwise. I hope I shall like her, and she will like me.'

'As to her person,' answered Sir Thomas, 'she has a soft, pleasing countenance, but is by no means what is called handsome at court: her goodness, however, makes up for that; for the reflection of her mind shines over all, and when her gentle voice has been once heard, no one ever thinks of asking about her beauty.'

'She is,' added Percy, 'called the flower and pearl of the ladies of her age, superior to all in modesty, purity, piety, and courtesy. Her charity is great, and her sole aim is to make her subjects happy, and please her husband.'

'But he, the handsome King Francis,' observed Sir Thomas, 'though the most accomplished cavalier in Europe, is by no means such a pattern husband as our own King Henry, who sets a bright example of conjugal tenderness to all the world.' Anna burst into an uncontrollable fit of gaiety at these words.

'What is it amuses you so much?' asked her father. 'Do you think that quality so slight a merit?'

'Oh no,' replied Anna; 'but I was thinking what an amusing thing it must be to see so fat a man make love, and how ridiculous it would be in him to suppose he could please any one but his wife, who is much older than he, and very grave, they say! Is it not so, father?'

'King Henry,' said Sir Thomas rather gravely, 'though certainly very portly, is one of the handsomest men of his court: and pray observe, my fair critic, it does not become young girls to talk quite so freely of kings and queens: you must restrain your lively sallies when you get to court, for there wit is dangerous.'

'Oh no, no—that cannot be the case!' exclaimed Anna; 'for is not Marguerite's godmother, the charming princess, the most witty and lively person in the world? and has not Lord Percy told us how they laugh, and sing, and jest, and play at court from morning till night? I mean to enjoy myself so much! Oh what a delightful life it will be!'

Anna's expectations were more than realised when she really found her-

self in the midst of the most brilliant assemblage of all that France could produce of genius, beauty, and grace. She soon became a great favourite with all the princesses. The quiet and amiable queen, to whom she was, immediately on her arrival, appointed maid of honour, delighted in her gaiety, and found solace in her agreeable and witty conversation; while the learned, and accomplished, and charming Marguerite d'Alençon took infinite pleasure in hearing her *naïve* remarks, and observing the rapid development of her mind. But with the king's mother, Louise de Savoy, she was an especial favourite: too young to be a rival, she found her a most amusing companion, whose simplicity, she imagined, prevented her from altogether understanding the position in which her ill-disguised passion for the Duke de Bourbon placed her. She preferred Anna to attendants of more advanced age whose experience had been gained in courts; and thus, without affording food for scandal, and yet avoiding a spy on her actions, she could receive the Constable, and enjoy his society with no other witness than the amusing child, whose gay remarks served only to give piquancy to their interviews. But it shewed small knowledge of human nature in Louise, when she trusted to the ignorance of a young girl just entering life, whose curiosity and anxious wish for knowledge of all kinds developed those powers of observation which her hitherto secluded life had only retarded.

'Marguerite,' said Anna one day to her cousin, 'I have found out a great secret: Madame Mere is in love with the Constable!'

'Impossible!' replied Marguerite. 'Why, he is a married man!'

'True,' said Anna; 'yet I am sure of what I say, odd as it seems, and wicked as it must be. But, what is more, I see plainly enough that he tries to escape her society. Does it not appear to you strange to be in love with a married man? Till we came to court, I thought it impossible, as you do even now; but I never let anything pass me; and when they think I am occupied with mere childish things, I am observing all around me; and there is not a person at court whose secret could long be kept from me. There is the pretty Countess de Foix, I saw her blush so when the king kissed her hand the other night: the queen saw it too, and sighed so heavily. I hope she does not see as clearly as I do. How miserable a wife must be whose husband loves another! I am sure dear Percy would be true to me, or I should indeed be unhappy. As for me, I would not encourage the admiration of a married man for all the world, pleasant as it is to be admired. I heard the king say yesterday that you and I were twins of beauty, and he thanked Monsieur de Fontenay for adding two such fresh flowers to his summer. You know his favourite phrase—"A court without women is like a summer without flowers?"'

'Oh, Anna,' exclaimed Marguerite laughing, 'King Francis is a married man, remember!'

'Oh, as for kings, you know,' returned Anna, 'neither you nor I can have anything to say to them as lovers: we have only to make our curtsy, and reverence them, as in duty bound. I have another secret to tell you, cousin,' she added mysteriously: 'Madame Louise is going to-night to consult her wise physician Cornelius Agrippa about her future destiny, and has promised to take me with her to hear mine!'

'I should like to go too!' sighed Marguerite; 'but I dare not, even if

invited, for my godmother holds such predictions in contempt; besides, she often blames her mother for trifling with the learning of the great physician, who does not like to be taken for an astrologer.'

'Ay, so he says,' answered Anna; 'but he likes, nevertheless, to be looked up to as a mysterious character. I will tell you what he shews us to-night.'

It was early the following morning that the two young friends again met, and, according to her promise, Anna recounted to her cousin the result of the interview which she had shared with Louise of Savoy when she consulted her celebrated physician, hoping to hear the secrets of her future life.

'I had never,' said Anna, 'seen the great Agrippa before; and as I thought all astrologers must be old men with beards, I was surprised to see a man still quite young and remarkably handsome, although his cheeks are rather hollow. His eyes are very sparkling and piercing, and his forehead is extremely high, broad, and white; his hair curls over his shoulders, and his air and gait are very striking and graceful. Madame Louise begged him to shew her, at length, her wish and her destiny, as regarded a particular person, in the magic glass which he had been so long perfecting. He hesitated, and replied that it yet required several minutes before the exact time was come to gratify her. "In the meantime, then," said she, "pray oblige me by letting this inquisitive young lady know a little of her future fate. As for her wishes, she has so many, that your glass will, I fear, be so covered with them, as never to be clear again." Agrippa fixed his eyes, as she spoke, on me, and appeared to start. "You have brought here a person," he said, as he took my hand, and looked on the palm, "whose destiny is somewhat complicated, as I see at once in these lines. If you have any formed wish, young lady," he added, rather contemptuously I thought, "it will appear in this glass." As he spoke, he held before me a mirror, in which I saw a great number of persons pass along, among whom was Percy, who looked at me reproachfully, and hid his face with his hand as he hurried rapidly forward, leaving several of those young courtiers who are always complimenting me, but whom I do not care for at all—some kneeling, some writing verses to me, some singing to a lute—so many, that I could hardly count them. Madame Louise laughed as she looked over my shoulder, and exclaimed that I must be a sad coquette to wish for so many lovers; but presently they all disappeared, and the mirror was clear. "Oh tell me, pray," I exclaimed to Agrippa, "who among all these is, after all, to be my husband?" "None of all these," he answered gravely: "you are too light and volatile for such gossamer adorers; you would both fly off together at the first breath of a summer wind. Here is the suitor who will gain your hand, if not your heart!" As he spoke, I saw pass along the surface of the glass a tall portly man of a very commanding figure and majestic air, who paused suddenly, and bowed very humbly; he held a mask to his face, and wore a masker's dress, so that I could not clearly discern either his shape or his features. Madame Louise suddenly uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "Why, whom have we here?" cried she; "some gallant in the character of Henry of England—rather a venerable suitor for our little friend. Let us see his face, I entreat;" but while she spoke, the shade faded away, and Agrippa lled out that the moment was come for Madame Louise to take her turn.

I continued to look on, although she now stood forward, gazing in the magic mirror; and in an instant a scene was represented like a picture. There was a fine chamber, on a sofa in which sat a very fair lady reading a letter, and in tears; a moment afterwards a door opened, and a cavalier entered hastily, and throwing himself on his knees before the lady, embraced her tenderly, and snatching the paper from her, tore it in pieces, and stamped vehemently on the fragments. I recognised instantly the Constable de Bourbon, and the lady was not Madame Louise, but his own wife. Madame Louise started up angrily as she gazed, and commanded the astrologer to change the scene. She also, rather sharply, ordered me to retire; therefore, as I saw no more of the vision in the glass, I know not what besides it was that greatly moved her, and caused her to chide Agrippa as she withdrew, in a singularly cross manner, to her chamber. For my own part I have not slept all night, so troubled have I been with the reproachful looks of Percy, and the appearance of that grand-looking stranger who, it seems, is to be my husband.'

It was soon after this conversation that Sir Thomas Boleyn one morning desired his daughter to attend him, and made to her the following communication:—'Anna,' said he, 'the welfare of our family has always been a kind consideration of King Henry, and I have just received another proof of it in the care he has taken of our interest. You are not aware of the distressing contentions which have for many years existed between our house and that of Ormonde. I have long wished them at rest, and a proposal of the king's has given me the desired opportunity. You, my pretty Anna, are destined to be the peacemaker, and I am come now to announce to you that you may henceforth consider yourself the affianced bride of Piers Butler, a youth gifted by nature with great qualities'——

'My father!' exclaimed Anna, bursting into tears, and giving way at once to the feelings of the moment, 'that cannot be; I have already given my promise to Henry Percy, and I thought you approved of our attachment.'

'You have done wrong, Anna,' answered her father without emotion: 'a daughter so young as you has no right to act so independently; but the promises of a child are of little consequence, particularly as Lord Henry Percy's hand was no longer in his power when he received your vows. He is shortly to be married to Lady Mary Talbot, the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. All is prepared for the wedding, at which the king himself and the cardinal are to be present.'

'What!' cried Anna, 'has Percy consented so readily to give me up?'

'When you are older, my dear child,' said Sir Thomas, 'you will cease to be surprised at such events. Lord Henry of course looked upon you as an inexperienced country girl, with whom a courtly cavalier might be permitted for a time to amuse himself—nothing more. My daughter will have too much pride to regret her first unfaithful lover; probably she would have had many more but for this timely marriage, which will be solemnised almost, I flatter myself, as soon as his own.' Anna dried her tears as she listened to her father's quiet, determined, and rather sneering mode of acquainting her with a circumstance of such importance to herself. She made no reply, and he quitted her, desiring her to prepare shortly for their

return to England with the dowager Queen Mary, and her husband the Earl of Suffolk.

Anna, as usual, sought her cousin, to whom she related what had occurred, and in her arms she shed the first bitter tears which had ever dimmed her eyes.

'Alas!' she said, 'it is true that Percy has not kept his promise of writing to me since he left France; and of late I have been much disturbed by his long silence; but when he placed this turquoise on my finger at parting, he told me, in spite of all appearances, to rely on his truth; for should he be unfaithful to me, or should any misfortune overtake him, the stone would at once become white. I have looked at it every day, and it is still as blue as the sky, therefore I have been still content; and see,' she continued, as she held up her hand, 'it looks as pure as ever—— Ah! What do I see! the stone is white—not a vestige of the hue of heaven in it!' Both friends looked with amazement on the ring, which was indeed no longer blue, and was strangely discoloured and spotted, and the intertwined letters, A. B. and H. P., joined by a true-love knot, were disunited, and the knot effaced.

When Sir Thomas Boleyn found that his fair daughter gave herself up to passionate tears, and refused to listen to his representations of the advantages of her near connection with the family of Ormonde, whose property he had long disputed and contended for, he was strangely perplexed, and was at first at a loss how to proceed. He communicated to Cardinal Wolsey the temporary delay which he foresaw in his compliance with the king's wishes, and in return received a letter addressed to his daughter, purporting to be from her late lover, which he was directed to deliver into her hands. It merely contained a few cold words releasing her from her engagement to him. When this letter was given to Anna she was overcome with surprise at her lover's perfidy. When assured, however, by her father that Percy had been readily induced to relinquish her in consequence of the opposition of his family to his contracting an alliance with one of meaner birth than his own—for so they affected to consider the Boleyns—her pride rose against such an unexpected insult, and her confidence gave way. She was little aware of the arts that had been practised to induce Percy to write this fatal letter; little did she imagine that at the time she was indignantly commenting on his unworthiness, he was reading and re-reading a letter as similar as possible to the one she had received, which the too-zealous cardinal, ever ready to indulge the king even in his most trifling wishes, had caused to be written in her name to the unsuspecting object of her affections.

The pride of Percy was equal to that of Anna, and when from interested persons he heard accounts of the lightness and levity of her he had so much confided in, and was assured that she had willingly acceded to her father's desire, that she should become the wife of Piers Butler, he resolved no longer to oppose the wish of his family, and the desire expressed by King Henry, that he should espouse Lady Mary Talbot.

When Wolsey, to further a plan of his own, took so much trouble to prevent the marriage of Anna Boleyn and Percy, his guardian angel slept; for if the natural course of events had been allowed to flow on without interruption, his own downfall would not have been brought about by means of the 'spleeny Lutheran,' whose happiness he thus heartlessly destroyed. But though the marriage of Lord Henry Percy with Lady

Mary Talbot was accomplished, and a bar thus placed between the lovers for ever, Sir Thomas Boleyn was not prepared for the determined opposition to the match he proposed on the part of his daughter, whose character seemed suddenly to have acquired a degree of force and resolution hitherto dormant. She proclaimed to her father her resolve never to become the wife of Butler, and appealed to all her friends in the French court to protect her from the threatened tyranny which would force her into a union she detested. Finding that he could not contend against such a powerful combination, Sir Thomas was induced to yield, at least for the present, and Anna was left some time longer in France. Her health, however, having suffered from the violence of her feelings, she returned with her cousin to Fontenay; and there, amid the shades where she had first listened to the vows of Percy, she indulged in a temporary gloom, foreign to her nature, but not unusual in times of sorrow with persons of her ardent temperament.

It was late one evening in autumn, when the mournful sighing of the wind amongst the dry leaves whispered sad tales of decayed hopes, that Anna was sitting alone under the tree where she had carved her lover's name, when, as the moon rose crowned with clouds, her faint light disclosed an object moving along a neighbouring avenue. She watched it for a time, and then became aware that it was a deer which had apparently been startled from the wood, and was with uncertain steps pacing the glade, down which it at length disappeared with a swift bound, and was seen no more. Anna shuddered.

'Strange,' she mused; 'the last time I sat in this spot, when I beheld the unworthy Percy for the last time, that same apparition of the deer startled me: it is said to be no creature of earth, but the spirit of one of the ancestors of this family—a wife murdered by a jealous husband, and that whoever beholds it will share the same fate. It might have been mine had I indeed wedded a man whose love for me could cease so soon; but these predictions are little worthy of note, for now I shall never be a wife. I know too well how frail is man's affection, and will never place my trust again to be again deceived.' She remained so much absorbed in reflection, that she had not observed the approach of a person who had advanced within a few paces of her before he himself seemed aware that he was not alone. He uttered an exclamation as she suddenly rose; and the light of the moon falling on them, Anna and Percy recognised each other.

'My lord,' said Anna when her emotion allowed her to speak, 'why are you here? What can be the meaning of your visit to this place, which your desertion of all honour has rendered a desert to me, as much as it was once endeared by those rash and empty vows which had the power of deceiving an unpractised heart?'

'I was ignorant that you were at Fontenay,' replied Percy in an agitated voice; 'and I merely came here to behold once again a spot too dear to me. Yet it was my purpose to seek you, and I rejoice to see you here. All explanation, I feel, is now too late; but it may not be yet so to satisfy the doubts of a heart broken by misfortune, and reduced to one miserable hope—the only ray of joy that can henceforth shine upon my dismal pathway through life. Look on this letter, Anna, and tell me if it be really written or not by you?'

As he spoke, he held forth the letter supposed to be addressed to him by Anna Boleyn. She caught it from him, glanced hastily over it, and uttering one word, 'No!' in piercing accents, fell fainting on the ground. With a wild cry Percy raised her in his arms; and using every method he could imagine to restore her, bore her to the brink of a little fountain near; and having bathed her hands and face with the cool water, she presently recovered, and looking up, found herself supported by her weeping lover. Sad was the scene of explanation which followed. Anna related all that her father had represented to her of Percy's unfaithfulness, and he recounted to her the arts which had been used to induce him to renounce her.

'Percy,' said Anna, when the first burst of her grief was over, 'we must now part, and our fates decree that it should be for ever. The gulf that separates us is too deep to be closed, and both must wander henceforth on either side at a distance from what we hold dearest. I renounce the hopes with which I began life, and shall look no more for affection beyond the ordinary portion which falls to the lot of most of us. I have never known the happiness of my parents' love since infancy, for happiness was not to be mine. I had fixed my whole heart upon your affection, and that I may not now share. Take back the ring I have so much prized: with it I give you my promise never to be the wife of another—that is all I now have in my power.' Percy took the ring, and pressed it to his heart with the hand that offered it.

'Farewell, Anna!' he exclaimed; 'ours is a hard fate, and to submit is our only course. I shall not return to England for many years, but I shall quit France at once, for both countries are now odious to me. You will not hear of me till time shall have softened the bitterness of my grief and self-reproach. I take your ring, and I absolve you of your promise: you are too fair, too good, too young, to permit hope and happiness to be at once extinguished. Think of me only as one unworthy of you, and strive to do what I never can—forget.'

When Percy and Anna quitted the garden that night, they left the joyousness of youth behind them. The character of the fair, susceptible girl, whose feelings had received so severe a shock, was changed from that moment. She became reckless and careless of the opinion of the world, and gave herself up altogether to its amusements. She returned to the court, which was soon after saddened by the death of the amiable Queen Claude; and she then entered into the service of Marguerite de Valois, Duchess d'Alençon, in whose refined society she enjoyed intellectual pleasures, which for a time prevented her from dwelling on her early disappointment. But the duchess, although a woman of great mind and powerful genius, was by no means strict in her principles; and Anna found her rustic notions of propriety, her enthusiasm for virtue, and her delicacy of thought, treated as romance, and spoken of with levity. By degrees she began to feel ashamed of the importance she had formerly attached to constancy and pure affection—chimeras at which the witty Marguerite laughed.

'My fair Anna,' said the duchess, 'do you not yet know, though you have been at court so long, that the constancy you are always talking of is only an idea—it is like the Arabian bird, which has been looked for from the beginning of time, and never yet found? The only way to enjoy life

is to take whatever of amusement the present offers, never to reject an opportunity of driving away unpleasing thought, and never to trouble yourself with dreams of the future or recollections of the past: neither are of any avail, and why should we cloud our little day with that which we know is altogether vain?

"Faut prendre le tems comme il vient,
Car inconstant est la fortune."

Pray follow the advice of our good friend Froissart, and cease to tease yourself with visions of what can never be.'

The philosophy of Marguerite had its effect on Anna's mind, and, surrounded by a host of flatterers and admirers in the most brilliant court of Europe, the image of Percy insensibly faded from her thoughts. She could not, however, resolve to accept the hand of any one of her numerous lovers, for her heart was never touched again. Her fondness for admiration increased with what it fed on, and the timid and retiring Anna Boleyn became by degrees one of the gayest coquettes, as well as the most acknowledged beauties, of the court of Francis I. But that at this period the king was altogether engrossed by his passion for the lovely Countess de Foix, his volatile fancy would scarcely have allowed him to pass over so beautiful an object of regard as the charming Englishwoman. His admiration of her beauty was, however, loudly expressed; and as his taste was undeniable, and his sister Marguerite, whose judgment gave the tone to all society around her, pronounced that nothing was to be compared to the loveliness of her young friend, it became a fashion to adore her as a divinity; and no young nobleman attempted to escape the snare, for the reputation of an attachment to the reigning beauty, the more hopeless it was, the more advantageous to the character of a gallant à la mode. Anna was gratified by all this homage, and her vanity delighted in the number of her admirers, among whom she detected so few who deserved the name of lovers, that her conscience was quite free when she played with all alike, herself entirely 'fancy free.'

The renown of the beauty of Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter was not confined to France; it began to be much talked of at the English court, which was but dull and sombre in comparison with the brilliant one over which the most graceful monarch in Europe presided. Henry of England heard, not without a certain degree of envy, of his rival's magnificence, and the successes that attended him in every way. His queen was grave and dignified, and the ladies who surrounded her were as dull and demure as the severity of her manners required. It was only at the palace of the cardinal that Henry found the gaiety and ease of foreign manners, and there the most agreeable hours of his life were spent. All that was most brilliant and attractive from abroad was sure to be found under his roof. Talent of all description was fostered; visitors of rank and high refinement and accomplishment from time to time arrived from the French court; and, as a theme likely to flatter the English monarch, the charms and fascinations of the beautiful Anna were frequently alluded to. At length Henry's curiosity was roused, and he wrote to Marguerite of Valois, with whom he was in the habit of corresponding, and from whose lively and

witty letters he derived infinite amusement, to reproach her with keeping away from her natural sphere a being whose grace would enliven his dull court, and shed a lustre over the gloom of his English sky. Marguerite replied jestingly that she would be generous enough to spare her favourite for a time, on condition of her returning at the end of a few months; and Anna, not displeased at the compliment, and not unwilling to obtain new amusement, having, besides, heard that the court of the cardinal had numerous attractions, was by no means annoyed when a summons from her father, and his prompt appearance to be her escort home to England, caused her to prepare to quit one scene of her triumph for another, which in anticipation was even more attractive.

No sooner did Anna Boleyn appear at a grand fête, given by the powerful prelate who at that time ruled both England and the king, than it was confessed that rumour had not exaggerated her fascinations. There were masks, and music, and revels of all kinds on this occasion; but the cardinal observed with vexation that the night was far spent before the expected announcement of the arrival of the king crowned the glory of the festal scene. It happened that a fit of contradiction had taken possession of Henry's mind, and when the time arrived for him to repair to the cardinal's palace, he was sitting gloomily in his closet, wrapped in a reverie quite unusual to him. His thoughts took a novel direction, and his usually boisterous spirits were singularly depressed.

'Why should I,' he mused, 'care to receive pleasure from gaieties provided from the court of Francis? Is there not treasure in my own rich kingdom capable of comparing with the tinsel of his? He overcomes me in everything—even in person, for I am told that he retains the slightness of youth, and has the appearance still of a boy, while I am becoming every day more portly, and look older than I really am. I shall not go to these revels—they distract and amuse me not.' Instead, therefore, of proceeding, as he had proposed, to Wolsey's entertainment, he commanded the attendance of his secretary, and for some hours busied himself in serious occupations.

Meanwhile the cardinal's anxiety became very great, and knowing the capricious temper of his master, he began to fear that he had fallen into some unexpected disgrace; he resolved, therefore, on a scheme which should bring the king to his palace if it were possible; and accordingly, leaving his guests silently, and unperceived, he threw on a domino, and entered a boat, which glided swiftly from York House to the steps which led from the river to the king's palace at Westminster. He ordered his people to remain there till his return, and proceeded alone to the king's apartments, of which he possessed the secret of a private entry.

Meantime the beautiful Anna was but little amused with the gay scene around her: she had expected that the king, whom she had as yet never seen, would have shewn the curiosity he had expressed to the Duchess d'Alençon, and hastened to a spot where he was sure of beholding her. She had been particularly careful of her dress and appearance that night; and her glass, as well as her attendants, had told her that she had never looked more attractive. Her costume was singularly becoming and graceful; and as it was made according to the newest fashion introduced by the tasteful Marguerite, and was a present from her, it had attracted versal admiration. Her under-robe was of rich white satin, embroidered

with silver-flowers and knots, between which, on scrolls, were letters in small coloured stones, forming mottoes taken from the works of Italian, Latin, and French poets, worked with great minuteness. Over this she wore a long dress of pale rose-coloured velvet, with a broad border of pearls disposed in wreaths, every one finished with one large depending pearl. Her waist was clasped with a belt of gold, with one long end studded with precious stones, and finished with a square tassel of pearls which reached to her feet. Her neck was adorned with a massive jewelled chain, the links having medallions encircled with mottoes in diamonds, a parting gift from Louise of Savoy; and her head-dress, which was the first of the kind ever introduced into England, was composed of a worked gold caul, which confined her luxuriant hair, over which was a curiously-cut rose-coloured velvet cap, depressed on the forehead, and open at the sides, the long ends turned back, and nearly meeting in front, being richly embroidered with pearls and jewels, and leaving a space between for a pendant of great brilliancy. Another jewel confined a delicate white feather, which, turning outwards, nodded with the weight of several tassels of jewels disposed at its edge.

She had already trodden several measures with a grace which charmed all beholders, and had reseated herself, and was listening to the admiring encomiums of her partner, when a figure in a dark domino, which had been for some time standing near, approached, and somewhat unceremoniously took the place of her cavalier, at that moment beckoned away by the cardinal, who had re-entered the hall after a brief absence. The domino addressed her in French with an excellent accent and a voice of considerable sweetness, and paid her some compliment on the conquest she had made of every heart in the room, his own among the number. 'But,' said he, 'you are so accustomed to this success, that one more or less of course is uncounted by so fair a sorceress in her spells.'

'Oh,' said Anna, smiling, somewhat amused at the stranger's ease of manner and want of ceremony, which she found uncommon in the new society she had so lately become acquainted with, 'English hearts are precious things, not readily thrown away, and are strictly guarded. For instance, your gallant monarch shews an example of highly-commendable prudence in avoiding danger to-night, for the beauty of the fair ladies at the cardinal's court is truly a perilous attraction.' As she spoke, she turned her laughing eyes on the domino, and started, for she recognised at once the figure which she had seen pass over the glass in Cornelius Agrippa's chamber, the face of which she had not seen.

The domino appeared to observe her emotion, and attributing it to some other cause than the real one—probably one flattering to himself—became extremely animated; and Anna soon found his conversation so much more agreeable and sprightly than that of any person she had before conversed with, that she allowed herself to be entirely engrossed by him, till in a short time she discovered to her surprise that that part of the hall in which they were seated was quite deserted, and no one attempted to approach the spot. She then rose, and laughingly remarked—'I have been so occupied with our conversation, that I have offended every one. Do you observe that all my adorers, as you term the gallant swains around, have entirely deserted me for kinder nymphs; and behold I am now forlorn? Let me

resume my sway before it is too late, for you must know that I am extremely ambitious, and will be queen or nothing.'

The domino, catching her hand with a passionate gesture, exclaimed, as he pressed it to his lips—'Queen! would you were so indeed! None could wear a diadem with so much grace! You are already empress of my heart!'

'But you are a stranger, and a disguised one,' replied Anna gaily. 'How can I tell if I have any glory in my conquest? I care not for undistinguished lovers.'

'I am the very meanest of those who dare to love you,' replied the stranger, 'and have no dignity but what your eyes can confer. You are the sun which has drawn me from the earth, where I have hitherto been rooted in darkness; but while you shine, I shall continue to bloom, and you will, you must prize the flower whose fragrance you have yourself created.' At that moment the cardinal advanced towards them, and taking the hand of Anna from the stranger, said with peculiar meaning, 'Sir Domino, the moment is come when all disguise ceases in these halls, and when my illustrious guests are known for what they really are, and receive the homage which is their due.' The domino laughed; and with one hand resuming that of Anna's, which the cardinal had taken from him, with the other he removed his mask.

'My Lord Cardinal,' he said, 'I cannot consent to this usurpation, in spite of all I owe you this night. This fair lady will be the cause of dissension between us; for though I see you intend to take possession of her, I claim her as my own.' So saying, he led the astonished Anna, who had not paused to reflect on the possibility of her unknown admirer being beyond the rank of an esquire, into another hall, where a banquet was prepared. All the guests fell back as the pair, followed by the cardinal, advanced, and a whisper of admiration, felt or feigned, accompanied their steps. Anna's heart beat quick with a thousand emotions as she recognised King Henry in the stranger, and as she rapidly reviewed the events which so short a time had produced. She had conversed unconsciously with the first personage in the kingdom; she had felt flattered, she scarcely knew why, at his evident admiration; she had said anything and everything that had occurred to her mind, had criticised courts and courtiers, drawn characters, and commented on passing circumstances, conceiving that she was talking to a stranger whom she might never meet again, and who, although a most agreeable and intelligent person, was probably her inferior in rank, and could never have an opportunity of challenging her opinions.

Henry, on his side, was in a state of extraordinary excitement: he had been forced to the fête against his will, he had avoided the sight of this dangerous beauty, and had been drawn into the vortex of her power in spite of all his struggles. She had spoken to him naturally, ignorantly, and with a charm and simplicity heightened by her native wit and spirit: never had he met with anything so *piquante*, so surprising, so novel, so out of the common way: never had he beheld any one he thought so fascinating, and at once he yielded to the delight of her society.

What that night begun, frequent interviews confirmed, and his passion increased from day to day, till he at length conceived no sacrifice too great to divine an object. At first, startled by his ardour, Anna endeavoured

to regain the ground she had lost by the encouragement her vanity had given him. She reflected on her position and his own: she thought on all her experience at the court of Francis I., on her early horror for the woman who ventured to receive the addresses of a married man, on Louise de Savoy and Bourbon, on King Francis and the fair De Foix, and she shuddered at the position in which she stood. But the more resolute she became in her refusals to receive the king after he had openly avowed to her the passion which he could not resist, the more that passion increased; and with his protestations, his tears, his entreaties, his promises, and his assurances that no power on earth should prevent his annulling his marriage, and making her his wife, her scruples by degrees vanished, and the last faint gleam of probity and honour faded from her mind.

The cardinal was disgraced, Queen Catherine was divorced—and Anna Boleyn was crowned queen of England.

It was on the day after the fatal 1st of June 1533, when the public ceremony of her marriage had been performed, that Queen Anna entered her private apartment, and there seated herself in a recess of a large window, her mind bewildered with the excess of her prosperity and the rapid rise of her fortunes. She was agitated and pale, and had commanded all her attendants to withdraw, that she might be left for a few brief moments alone to commune with her own thoughts.

In spite of all her efforts to the contrary, throughout the gorgeous ceremonies which had attended her marriage, one form was constantly present to her view, one voice sounded constantly in her ear; and when she felt an unknown hand press into hers a small packet, as she extended it to receive the salutations offered by hundreds of her subjects, she had an instinctive knowledge from whom that missive must have arrived.

She looked fearfully round the chamber in which she sat, as she opened the packet which she still held, and her trembling fingers with difficulty broke the seal which disclosed to her the ring she had restored to Percy on the night they parted in the garden of the Tower of Fontenay.

THE HEIRESS OF THE VAUGHANS.

VAUGHAN HALL was a stately but cold-looking mansion, and seemed to spread a chilling influence over its immediate vicinity, although the county in which it was situated was richly wooded, with verdant pasture-lands and shining water intersecting hill and dale. But the land just around the Hall was flat and uninteresting, and formed an oasis in a picturesque wilderness of sylvan sweets. There were park-like grounds, and shrubberies and lawns; and the house itself was a substantial, huge mass of brick and mortar, with windows in abundance glittering in the dazzling rays of every splendid sunset. But here was no joy, no festooning greenerie for the flickering rays of gold, and purple, and vermilion, to disport among and coquet with ere saying adieu for the night. No: all was cold and stern propriety at Vaughan Hall; the very sunset itself was kept in order. And never surely did mansion typify more clearly the character and disposition of its head — formal and uninteresting, yet standing forth conspicuously with perfect self-satisfaction. Not, as is usually the case, had the dowager lady of Vaughan gracefully vacated her place to an only son's wife: she had continued to reside with her son during the period of his first marriage, when at her instigation he had espoused a well-born but penniless girl, a near relative, and dependent on his mother. People said that this mother had chosen such a daughter-in-law on purpose to gratify her love of rule. However, there was not time given to prove how right or wrong the judgment might be, for the young wife died within a twelvemonth of her marriage, leaving behind her a baby-girl, to be brought up by the all-important dowager, who had perfectly succeeded in impressing her son with the notion that 'no one could manage like his own mother.' Affairs, whether of the head or heart, were best beneath *her* rule; her will was law; and the fidgety, exacting Madam Vaughan reigned supreme at the Hall, governing her son, and striving to govern every one else. Truth to tell, she generally succeeded; and in the particular of having her own way, by dint of scolding or cajoling, Madam Vaughan deserved to be called a clever woman.

At a very tender age it became evident that the little motherless Gertrude also possessed a strong will of her own; and even the dowager, used to command and to be obeyed, had a task almost beyond her powers in bending the high-spirited and beautiful child to her will. Perhaps she did not find out the secret in time, that a kind word, a persuasive look, would

effect more than all the peremptory or harsh dictates she was so fond of trying; the old lady had managed her own son, only child as he was; *he* had obeyed and feared her—why was it that the same rule did not succeed with her son's child?

It did not, however; and the dowager was puzzled, wondering 'who the girl took after?' As years progressed, the bickerings between the heiress and her grandmother became more frequent; and Mr Vaughan, who stood in awe of his mother, and loved his daughter as well as he could love anything, found his situation between them a rather difficult one. Gertrude was generous, affectionate, and full of youthful animation; her grandmother was penurious, narrow-minded, and an enemy to innocent fun and frolic of all kinds. Gertrude almost hated the snuffy dowager for grinding the poor, and doling out scanty aid to the needy; and this was the first occasion of open war, and of the young lady asserting her right to be treated at least on a footing of equality. The domestics of course all sided with her; but Gertrude was too delicate and refined to encourage domestic division or disrespect towards her grandmother; nevertheless, at fifteen she asserted her own power and will with rather more decision than was becoming; not because she was ungentle, but because she was intolerant of oppression and meanness in all their forms.

It might be that Mr Vaughan was glad to escape from the responsibility of directing a daughter whose strength of mind and intellect so far surpassed his own; and indeed he was dimly conscious of this himself—jealous of his prerogative, yet proud of his fair child, the most rare and precious treasure he possessed, though his wealth was abundant, and entirely at his own disposal, subject only to his mother's jointure, and left to him by father and grandfather, both lucky speculators in merchandise to the East. On the plea of failing health, and with his mother's approbation, Mr Vaughan determined on visiting the continent alone. The dowager was induced to consent to this step, in the hope that when her refractory grandchild was left alone with her, a series of lectures, enforced if necessary by punishment, might yet break her stubborn spirit. Vain hope—rash permission! In a year after his departure Mr Vaughan wrote to his astounded and incensed mother, conveying the tidings of his second marriage with a widow lady, who likewise was blessed with an only daughter; also notifying his intention of bringing his bride home immediately, accompanied by her little girl, who, he mentioned, was named Aliz, and was three years younger than Gertrude. Whether it was that Gertrude was delighted because her grandmother was so furiously enraged, or that she really rejoiced at the prospect of a companion, her joy was open and unbounded; and when Mr Tresham arrived at Vaughan Hall to condole with the afflicted dowager, she set him at defiance, and laughed in his face, although this gentleman was her father's contemporary and friend, and she had ever before treated him with respect despite his ill temper and eccentricities.

'Take my word for it, Miss Gertrude,' said Mr Tresham, helping himself to a huge pinch of snuff out of the dowager's box—'take my word for it, you'll be punished for these highly-improper demonstrations. This Miss Aliz, the new Mrs Vaughan's hopeful daughter, she'll work *you* some mischief. I prophesy it; remember my words. As for me, I wash my

hands of womankind in the lump; wherever they are there is mischief, unless, indeed, they have arrived at *your* years of grave discretion, madam' —bowing to the dowager.

Mr Tresham was a favourite of hers because he took snuff copiously, and rebuked Gertrude, and snapped and snarled like a quarrelsome cur. Why Mr Vaughan and Mr Tresham were friends, or were called such, no one could tell; they had been at school and college together, always intimate, Mr Vaughan peacefully bearing Mr Tresham's ill-humours, and Mr Tresham always seeking Mr Vaughan, as if for the sole purpose of venting them at leisure. Mr Tresham was a professed woman-hater, derided the whole sex, railed at matrimony and pretty faces, and was, in short, one of those peculiarly-privileged, disagreeable people who are tolerated in society because they are so 'very odd and eccentric.' Mr Tresham had scarcely been civil on the occasion of the first marriage made by his friend at his mother's express desire; but now the mother herself was his ally, and two to one being too many, poor Gertrude retired in tears. She was subdued at length, and trembled for her father's future peace and happiness when she listened to Mr Tresham's direful prognostications and her grandmother's vengeful tirades.

'What a home we shall have!' thought Gertrude as she retired to rest. 'If my new mother and sister have any spirits to break, the war will rage fierce and thick; if not—poor, poor things, I don't envy them. I wonder what little Aliz is like, and if I shall love her? At anyrate, I can protect her from grandmamma if she cannot protect herself. Aliz is to work mischief for me, says Mr Tresham. I wonder if Miss Clifford will approve of papa's second marriage, and what Mr Clifford will say when he hears of it?'

Gertrude Vaughan, young as she was, had formed an ideal standard of perfection, which, strange to say, had been permitted a realisation: strange, because Gertrude Vaughan's standard approached the highest of religious and moral beauty. In Mr and Miss Clifford she found the realisation of her dreams; and well had it been for the motherless girl, so unhappily placed, that so gentle and amiable a being as Miss Clifford in a great measure checked and kept in abeyance those exuberant outbreaks which might otherwise have degenerated into absolute violence. Miss Clifford was what the young denominate an 'old maid;' certainly a lady on the wrong side of forty, looking even older than she really was, notwithstanding the placid and resigned expression of her sweet countenance—a countenance which betokened sorrow and suffering, past, indeed, but not forgotten. Mr Clifford was his sister's junior by nearly twenty years: he was her sole remaining brother out of four. They had been absent from St Cuthbert's Priory (their ancestral seat, distant a few miles from Vaughan Hall) for six months in quest of health for Mr Clifford, in whom symptoms of incipient consumption had appeared—the fatal malady which had carried off his brothers.

Although detested secretly for their superiority, the brother and sister were openly tolerated—nay, even courted—by the dowager, Mrs Vaughan; for they were of an ancient and proud race, and it was the old lady's boast that she claimed kin with the noble Cliffords, impoverished though

they were. St Cuthbert's alone was left to them. Various causes had conspired to effect the downfall of the once powerful family: persecuted for their religion, for their loyalty, for their heroism and devotion—they had paid the penalty of being true and stanch when the reformers worked ruin around. Cyril Clifford, the present representative, had been designed for holy orders; but delicate health, and the decease of his three elder brothers, changed the aspect of affairs materially. He was the only protector of his sister, Miss Clifford: she had been to him both mother and sister combined; and he gave way to her earnest wishes, at the suggestion of their medical advisers, for a temporary change of scene and climate, and suspension from all intellectual labours—for Cyril was a devoted student.

Mr Tresham, so snappish and rude to all others, when in the presence of the gentle Miss Clifford invariably became tame and subdued: but there was nothing like admiration or gallantry in his demeanour towards her, which was simply more silent and respectful when in her presence; and it might also be observed with what covert interest he watched over the health and conduct of young Cyril Clifford, though often downright bearish towards him in manner. Cyril's refinement he termed 'effeminacy,' his high and courteous bearing, 'puppyism,' and his erudition,'pedantry.' 'He endured the lad,' he said, 'for his good sister's sake, who was a wise woman, and eschewed matrimony.' So tenderly attached as this brother and sister were to each other, left alone in the world together with reduced fortunes, and noble, generous hearts (the liberal hand and empty purse), it is not surprising that their position had rendered them somewhat averse to general society. Their disposition inclined to solitude and retirement, fostered, doubtless, by their peculiar circumstances; and it was possibly only the claim of kin on the dowager, Mrs Vaughan's part, which had induced them to cultivate the acquaintance of the inmates of Vaughan Hall. By degrees Miss Clifford's interest in the lovely and affectionate Gertrude ripened into warm affection, most fully returned by her youthful friend. Into Miss Clifford's ear she poured all her joys and sorrows, listened meekly to her pious admonitions, and strenuously endeavoured to profit by them; for there was this good in the high-spirited girl—she knew when she did wrong, and always repented her errors; sinned, and repented again; wept, and smiled, and threw herself on Miss Clifford's neck, exclaiming: 'Oh it is impossible you can care for me, you who are yourself so perfect!'

Miss Clifford had written to Gertrude according to promise, and the latter with proud delight hailed the welcome letter; her heart throbbed and her eyes filled with tears when she came to the words 'my beloved Cyril is certainly improving in health.' Gertrude was astonished at her own emotion; she did not understand why the very mention of Mr Clifford's name should cause her heart to beat faster. In his presence she felt a kind of awe, yet he was tender and considerate towards her as to a foolish spoiled child. A glance of reproof from his lustrous dark eyes overwhelmed Gertrude with contrition and even dismay; and when his cheek became pale, and his slight form more attenuated, often she had rushed away from the contemplation of the gradual change, seeking the solitude of her chamber to find relief in tears. Poor child! she had early begun

her idol-worship, unknowing it to be such: innocent, pure, and confiding, Gertrude believed, if she thought about it at all, that all her feelings were sisterly, and that Cyril Clifford never could be more or less to her. At sixteen, she was a novice in the dangerous love which romances teach; works of fiction were sealed books to her, for Mr Vaughan was no reader, the dowager still less so, and the library at St Cuthbert's Priory, to which she had free access, was stored with volumes likely to strengthen, not weaken or corrupt, the youthful mind. Cyril was now improving in health, the world was becoming bright again, and oh, she would strive to remember his precepts, and dear Miss Clifford's; and when they returned, she would be a woman grown, and perhaps, perhaps they might find her improved. She would strive at anyrate to be more worthy of their friendship. They were to be absent for three or four long years; but then it was to save Cyril, and Gertrude had a true woman's heart, devoid of selfish considerations where the beloved was concerned. If it was good for him, could she repine?

It had been a stormy day—gusts of wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning—when Gertrude stood in the cold, large hall to welcome the travellers alighting at the door. The last rays of a watery summer sunset illuminated but failed to render cheerful the bare expanse, so chilling in its magnificence. Gertrude was in her father's arms, clasped to his bosom, and dizzy with emotion, ere she regained self-command sufficient to bestow a calm regard on the two female forms beside her: they were those of her father's wife and her father's step-daughter, the little Aliz. A very young girl, with a profusion of golden ringlets, and large blue eyes, soft and holy as a Madona's, clung to a lady whose strong resemblance at once proclaimed her to be little Aliz's mamma.

Mr Vaughan's bride was still a young woman, and the extreme loveliness of both mother and daughter was absolutely startling, there was such a character of sadness about it—such a sweet, pensive melancholy, which in Mrs Vaughan assumed a more serious aspect. Her cheeks were wan, her beautiful lips compressed, and an expression of suffering dwelt on her brow; but she smiled as Gertrude turned towards her, such a smile as Gertrude had never beheld before. Few words she spoke; but her musical voice made Gertrude thrill as she placed the hand of the fair, trembling Aliz in that of her new sister.

Aliz looked into Gertrude's speaking eyes, and from that moment Gertrude knew that Aliz was to be her care. 'My gentle darling,' she exclaimed, 'welcome to Vaughan! My sweet little sister Aliz, what a joy you will be to me!'

'And will you not welcome me, dear Gertrude?' said her stepmother timidly, her eyes full of grateful tears as she contemplated the two beautiful creatures.

'Ah, mamma,' replied Gertrude blushing, 'I had almost forgotten you in my delight to find such a sister; but you are papa's care, Aliz is mine.'

Prophetic words! Mrs Vaughan felt them to be so, for with a heavy sigh she turned away, and followed her husband to the dowager's presence. There was a terrific scene: his aged mother's tears unmanned Mr Vaughan, and her upbraidings cut him to the heart. She was his mother, and he

her only child. She put back his bride with her withered hand, shaking her head, and muttering: 'The fair face and the cold heart: cold to my son, but warm to his gold—warm to his gold!'

Mrs Vaughan blushed scarlet, and her husband turned pale, and looked angry. 'Mother, what do you mean?—why do you talk so?' he cried. 'Why do you not welcome the daughter I have brought you?'

'I welcome *her!*—I welcome her! Nay, nay, my son; her fair face won't wheedle me: she hears me say it too. She'll get none of my gold, neither she nor her bonny daughter Aliz. And you think she loves you, foolish boy?' she exclaimed suddenly; for Mr Vaughan was often a boy with her.

'Well, mother, I hope so,' he answered seriously, at the same time drawing his pale wife to his side, and whispering words which none could hear. But she turned away weeping; and his mother cried triumphantly: 'She dares not face you, my son, before me, or declare that she married you for love!' Mrs Vaughan only wept hysterically, and the first seeds of suspicion were sown in her husband's breast.

The dowager had been successful beyond her hopes. She watched the pair with a scowling eye, which gradually became more tame and satisfied. 'Ah, my fine bride, we shall see which is strongest—a mother's influence or yours. I hate you because you have stolen my son's heart from me, but only for awhile—only for awhile,' muttered the dowager to herself as she took an unusually large pinch of snuff, tapping her gold box vehemently.

Never once did the second Mrs Vaughan make the slightest effort to obtain the mastery, or even her proper footing at Vaughan Hall. She retired in dismay and terror from the presence of the irritated dowager; and her quiet, subdued manner became even more subdued. Well had it been if any kindness and respect on the part of her husband had nerved the poor lady to sustain her lot. The poison, however, had been infused into Mr Vaughan's ear: it spread and grew; and at length he became convinced that his melancholy bride had married him for a home for herself and the child on whom her best affections were centred. She had been very poor, when Mr Vaughan, struck by her fascinations and beauty, 'made a fool of himself,' as Mr Tresham said. The novelty wore off; passion evaporated; and, alas! ''tis an old tale, and often told,' Mr Vaughan repented the step he had taken, and wearied of his wife. She patiently bore all his harshness and coldness. But the more patient and resigned the wife, the more overbearing and intolerant became the dowager lady. As for Gertrude, she was always respectful and affectionate to her stepmother; but she studiously avoided noticing by outward demonstration the line of conduct which her father pursued towards the hapless lady so completely in his power. Far different was it where Aliz was concerned. Her she took completely beneath her wing, shielded her from every blast, protected her from blame, and fostered the golden-haired nursling even like some rare exotic. And well did Aliz Lee repay fair Gertrude Vaughan's love and care—with silent gratitude and warm affection, yearning tenderness, and a depth of truth and thoughtfulness far beyond her years.

Early sorrows, privations, and self-denial, together with a most self-denying, sweet disposition, and a knowledge of that 'better part' which

sorrows often teach the young, had conspired to render Aliz Lee not undeserving the high encomiums so enthusiastically passed upon her by the generous Gertrude. A soft and gentle nature, sensitive and shrinking to the last degree, seemed to demand a prop whereon to lean: this stay Aliz found in Gertrude; and the more she leaned, the more Gertrude loved and fostered her. Never had Gertrude had any one to love before like her beautiful, winning, little sister Aliz, as she fondly called her. What in comparison to this pet was the curly-eared spaniel or the cooing doves? It was a strong human passion compared with the poetry of a day-dream; and Gertrude, who never did anything by halves, felt that for Aliz Lee she could lay down her life. Mrs Vaughan the younger looked on in silence; but a placid smile might be observed to illumine her features as her eyes followed the movements of the two fair girls—Gertrude with her arms twined round Aliz, whose head rested lovingly on the other's shoulder. It was a strange, ominous smile, and to those versed in such readings betrayed presages of what was to come. The shadow of death rested on the poor lady: she alone saw it afar off; and weary as she was of the world, which to her had brought nothing but disappointment and bitterness, she was quite ready to depart. At length the death-angel shook his wings so loudly that the dim-sighted and dull of hearing both saw and heard; then indeed the dowager relaxed her persecutions, and her son laid aside his coldness for a show of interest and tenderness. But the sufferer saw through the flimsy veil; she knew she had no place at Vaughan Hall, and that they were aware she would soon pass away. In two years from the period when she came there as a bride, Mrs Vaughan felt that her end approached, and that she must leave that stately mansion no more, save for the last dismal journey.

Mrs Vaughan one autumn evening was stretched on a couch beside the casement, gazing on the fading rainbow tints of the autumnal sunset; she was strikingly altered even within the last few hours: there was death in her eyes. She faintly beckoned Gertrude to her; and when Gertrude's tears fell thick and fast, the dying woman took her hand and whispered words of comfort. 'Do not weep, dear girl; I am going home, and I am happy. I have not much time, and I must hasten to say all that is passing in my heart. It is about Aliz I would speak. Listen, Gertrude Vaughan! listen! for in an hour hence I shall be beyond that setting sun, beyond human ken, and Aliz will be motherless. Never forsake her, never leave her. To you I bequeath my child, my angel-child, who has never caused me one moment's pang since her birth, who has been to me what never child was to mother before. She is yours now, Gertrude. It is enough; I need say no more; I know your noble nature, and I leave the world in peace.'

Mr Vaughan was troubled in conscience after his second wife's decease, but allowed himself to be soon comforted by his mother and Mr Tresham. Vainly the old lady strove to persuade her son to send Aliz away—to school, to a foreign convent, anywhere to get rid of her decently. Vainly, for Gertrude's strong will overpowered her father's weak one. If Aliz went, she went too; and Gertrude was her father's pride and joy: he could not part with her.

As Gertrude attained to woman's estate, she completely outgrew those

outbursts of temper which had once rendered Vaughan Hall anything but a seat of peace, the contentions between the dowager and her granddaughter frequently waxing loud and turbulent. Still they were opposed to each other—opposed in character, disposition, and action; but with quiet sway Gertrude had by imperceptible degrees asserted her right, and after her stepmother's death she took her place as the mistress of the household. Everywhere her influence was felt and acknowledged, and with impotent passion the dethroned old lady witnessed the advent of her queenly descendant. Strikingly beautiful and gracious in deportment, the contrast was remarkable between Gertrude Vaughan and Aliz Lee; the latter clinging to her stronger friend as some delicate tendrils twine around and are supported by a noble stem. There never was one who needed fostering and tending more than the gentle, delicate orphan; her health was so frail that Gertrude often endured intense anxiety as she noted the wan cheek and slight form, so like those of her mother. 'She is too pure, too good for this world,' sighed Gertrude; 'and my heart misgives me that I shall lose my treasure.'

Five years glided by; the dowager in her turn was gathered to her fathers; and the Cliffords were expected at St Cuthbert's Priory. Mr Clifford's health was perfectly re-established, and they were coming 'home to settle,' wrote Miss Clifford.

'My darling Aliz!' exclaimed Gertrude with delighted animation, 'how I long to introduce you to these dear friends! They are so noble, and so superior to all other human beings, that I hope you will learn to love and value them as I do.' Aliz said she hoped so too. Why was it that the remembrance of Mr Tresham's boding words came into the heart of Gertrude just then, and caused a pang which she hated herself for feeling?

'Aliz Lee work me mischief!' said Gertrude with a smile: 'it is impossible!'

In a sequestered nook near St Cuthbert's, sheltered by a superbly-wooded hill, and just at the commencement of a green valley, through which tumbled and foamed the rivulet, finding its way to St Cuthbert's hamlet, stood a low and rambling mansion, beautiful and picturesque. This was the Priory, the ancestral home of the Cliffords. There was a curious old gateway enveloped in ivy which admitted to an enclosure too small for a park, yet too wild for a shrubbery, surrounded and dotted by masses of ivy-covered ruins, arches tastefully festooned by nature's hand, and a few prostrate pillars, now forming moss-covered seats. There was a venerable cedar, too, whose antiquity was the subject of dispute. The original monastic building had evidently been a substantial and highly-decorated one, though not extensive; and in the present dwelling a richly-stained glass-window was preserved in the oak library, where the dim religious light fell on sculptured devices, black with time's sombre painting. In the entrance-hall were niches containing oddly-carved figures and illegible inscriptions; dark-coloured roses grew in the crevices and hung round the casements; and what with the gray walls, and gray lichens, and brown moss, and a mysterious dreaminess pervading the very atmosphere, St Cuthbert's Priory seemed a fitting shade for the recluse, who, wearied of the

world and its hollow ways, here sought peace and shelter. A stone screen, still bearing traces of elaborate carving, separated the garden from the park-like enclosure; and here, through the narrow arches, might be seen the brother and sister, arm in arm, slowly pacing the broad gravel-walks, and engaged in earnest conversation.

'We have been at home for nearly six months, Cyril,' said Miss Clifford; 'and what an eventful six months they have been! Have they not, dearest?' she added, looking up earnestly in her brother's grave face.

'Yet one day has passed like another, Beatrice,' responded he smiling; 'and few persons would call such a life eventful.'

'But there is a monotony of thought and feeling even when the life is one of action,' replied Miss Clifford; 'and such you experienced ere we returned to England. But is not that an eventful portion of life, my brother, when we first learn to *love?*'

Mr Clifford turned away to conceal a confusion which was not unbecoming even in 'the young man in his pride,' and his voice was low and faltering when he replied: 'It is more eventful, my dear sister, when we feel assured of our love being returned. Then, indeed, life wears a different aspect; familiar objects assume brighter colours, and old things become new.'

'Cyril,' said Miss Clifford impressively, 'your sensitive nature is ruining your happiness. Mr Vaughan is kind; tacitly permits your visits at the Hall—nay, encourages them; and do you think he would do this if he disapproved of you as a suitor for his daughter? Gertrude is not a woman to be lightly won: you must ask her love ere she permits her preference to be visible. Her dazzling beauty, charming disposition, and large fortune—oh, would the last item might be omitted altogether!—have already procured for her many overtures of marriage. She has refused all, her father tells me with triumph in his tone and look: he is not eager to part with her, and yet, Cyril, he permits your approach. Your fortune is far beneath hers; but Gertrude knows—Mr Vaughan knows—that a Clifford never thinks of wealth in the choice of a bride!'

'Beatrice, my counsellor and friend, would that I could open my whole heart for your inspection; but words fail me when I would endeavour to express the timidity and shrinking which deter me from avowing my passion. Gertrude is reserved and silent in my presence, yet behold her devotion to the fair girl whom she watches over as a mother; and her unpleasant father has an indescribable something about him which seems to say: "No danger attends your visits here: my daughter is safe for evermore." Yet I am drawn thither, Beatrice: Gertrude must see and feel that I adore her; and there are times when her dark-speaking eyes are full of beaming tenderness. Then she relapses into her reserve, and is the shy, proud heiress again.'

'Cyril, you are a lover, therefore I can excuse you,' replied Miss Clifford; 'but you are wrong to trifle and procrastinate with a girl like Gertrude Vaughan. You have known her from a child; the interesting, affectionate child has become the high-minded, delicate, lovely woman, unwilling to betray a preference until the irrevocable words pass your lips: "Will you be mine?" This is the true state of the case,' continued Miss

Clifford laughing softly; 'but you are such a foolish fellow, that you will not see it.'

'Beatrice,' replied Mr Clifford gravely, 'this is not altogether so. There is a mystery which I cannot fathom attached both to Mr Vaughan's demeanour and to his daughter's. He knows I love his child; she, too, must know it. Yet I know that he always detested our race; for in politics and in religion we have ever been adverse. And had I been told that Mr Vaughan would give me his only daughter in marriage, I would not have credited it. I fear to solve the mystery, for love makes me a coward, Beatrice. I fear to be banished from her presence, for she is as necessary to my existence as the light of day. Mr Tresham, too, behaves to me exactly as Mr Vaughan does: he is very watchful and wary, and seems to enjoy what is going forward. Gertrude gets on amazingly well with the cross old bachelor; and he is as kind to sweet Aliz Lee as to you, Beatrice—which is saying a great deal. But he must have a heart of stone, indeed, who could be unkind to the lovely flower which my noble Gertrude has nurtured in her bosom. I am almost jealous of Aliz Lee though.'

'Well, Cyril, I think you are so sometimes,' responded Miss Clifford, 'and not altogether without cause; for Gertrude's affection for the orphan almost passes the love of woman.'

'Gertrude is the only being on earth whom Aliz Lee has to love, and can we wonder that a nature like Gertrude's returns such affection so deeply?' replied Mr Clifford.

'Ah, no, no! indeed we cannot, dear Cyril,' rejoined his sister sighing. Perhaps the thought smote even her pure unselfish heart, that she herself was not the first in the affections of one human being. Yet Miss Clifford, wise, and thoughtful, and discerning, as she most assuredly was, judged too much from the surface. Gertrude was not the first and only object of Aliz Lee's affection. Well would it have been for the fair orphan's peace had it been so; but six months had been eventful to more than one at Vaughan Hall, for Aliz Lee, without a struggle to combat and to conquer, had given to Cyril Clifford the first love of her pure, young heart—the passionate love so different from that which she bestowed on her protectress—a fact she shrunk from admitting even to herself, and cherished as a secret to be buried with her in the grave. Yet one penetrating eye had pierced the veil, and to Gertrude Vaughan the secret was known.

'Shall I reveal to my Aliz that I read her secret,' soliloquised Gertrude, 'or shall I await the revelations of time?' She decided on the latter. But the remembrance of Mr Tresham's words arose to her mind: 'Aliz Lee will work you mischief'—and Gertrude shuddered. 'Alas!' she murmured, 'twas a strange prophecy, and like to be an over-true one! For how can I become Cyril's bride—for oh, he surely loves me—and seal the misery of her whom I have vowed to render happy at any sacrifice? vowed to the dying mother; for Aliz Lee is mine—given to me—to my care. Fatal foreboding! Can my hand crush the lily I have worn in my bosom so long, which every day breathes forth renewed fragrance, turning its face towards Heaven and me?'

Who so ready as Gertrude Vaughan to sacrifice self? Yet she was but human, she was herself a passionately-loving woman, and who may

marvel if she contemplated the sacrifice from afar?—put it from her if possible, and waited for the revealments of time. Strange revealments old Father Time soon brought to light. Fiction dares not deal with such; it is only in sober reality they are enacted. After a few days' illness Mr Vaughan breathed his last in the arms of his afflicted daughter, and with one hand clasped in Mr Tresham's. 'Gertrude, my child,' were the last words he gasped, 'I have done all for your happiness; pray God it prove so!'

'Amen!' blurted out his old friend. 'I'm sure it will.'

Mr Tresham sobbed aloud, and Gertrude ever after redoubled her affectionate attentions towards him. He was all that was left to her of her father!

The will was read, and its contents made known to Gertrude in due form. She was left sole and undisputed possessor of her deceased parent's wealth so long only as she remained unmarried. But in the event of her *marrying now, or at any future period, all was to be forfeited for ever!* and to be invested in certain charitable institutions, subject to the control, management, and guidance of Mr Tresham. This was Gertrude's 'preservation' from the ills of matrimony! Mr Tresham imagined he knew human nature, and he felt assured that so long as Aliz Lee depended on the bounty of Gertrude Vaughan, the latter would value fortune for her sake. He it was who had never rested until Mr Vaughan was persuaded to make such a will; and he laid the flattering unction to his soul that through his instrumentality Gertrude was saved from all mercenary suitors, and from all the certain miseries of a wedded life! Mr Tresham's own large fortune precluded the suspicion of sordid motives even had not his character for strict integrity been so well established. The sacrifice was complete; the victim was secured by the hands which ought to have led her to the altar in a chain of flowers.

'Mr Tresham, I have a favour to ask,' said Gertrude, whose cheek was ashy pale though her voice was firm: 'it is, that the tenor of this will may be kept from the knowledge of Aliz Lee.' Mr Tresham's eyes were fixed upon the speaker, as if he would pierce her inmost soul. She faltered, and suddenly ceased speaking, and her companion merely bowed his head in token of acquiescence.

'You at least, my darling Aliz, shall be a portioned bride,' cried Gertrude when she found herself alone, brushing a tear from her cheek: 'but oh, father, I deserved not this! Is it not unnatural?—is it not punishing me through my best and purest affections?—for well they knew that for the sake of this helpless, fragile being I would sacrifice every selfish consideration. My golden-haired darling, my fond pet, you shall never want again; your early privations shall reach you no more, but as a jewelled lady shalt thou walk the earth, and fairer and holier never trod on earthly ground! Little Aliz, little Aliz, for myself I would toil with one I love; but you, my dainty darling, you are not fit to jostle with the world. Besides, who would wed a portionless creature like me?' Gertrude half smiled, and her face flushed scarlet as she caught sight of her own magnificent form in the glass. 'Who but one? And could I break her gentle heart—take hope away, and be parted from her for ever? for well do I know that Aliz Lee could not live with me were I Clifford's bride. Ah,

the sacrifice is complete; but Aliz and Clifford shall never know it! Already I feel myself a nun—celibacy my portion, chastity my badge, and devotion my motto. But it is a sacrifice!'

After Mr Vaughan's decease Mr Tresham became a more frequent visitor than ever at the Hall. He came uninvited, but welcome, and left it unquestioned. In short, he evidently made himself quite at home—vented his spleen and animadverted on the world at large to his own full satisfaction and contentment. He also occasionally paid a visit to St Cuthbert's Priory, and at those periods an alteration in his deportment was always visible. He became subdued and less irascible, more tolerant of what he denominated Cyril Clifford's 'pedantry and puppyism,' and more observant and even tender towards the excellent Miss Clifford. Cyril was much changed of late; he had ceased his frequent visits at Vaughan Hall, and only when Mr Tresham was staying there did the young man present himself. Deeply mortified and wounded by Gertrude's increased coldness and reserve, he attributed to pride her decided repulsion of manner; she was the sole heiress of unbounded wealth, and she felt her own vast importance and dignity, and to a 'poor Clifford' had no heart, no hand to bestow. Thus sometimes, in moments of dejection or irritation, argued the lover; but he soon cast away such pitiful suspicions as unworthy the noble creature whom he worshipped. No, there was a mystery; Cyril Clifford felt certain of it; and more than mother's love and devotion lavished by Gertrude on sweet Aliz Lee was witnessed by him with an apprehension which connected it in some way with his own rejection.

It is an old and a true saying, 'that we love those whom our best-loved love,' or at anyrate that we desire to stand well in their estimation; therefore it was that Clifford treated Aliz with the affectionate kindness of a brother. Her extreme timidity and bashfulness seemed to ask for protection and encouragement, and by degrees Cyril had won her to a more free and unrestrained intercourse, fraught with danger to her though with none to him. Aliz, with the quicksightedness and marvellous intuition of love, knew that though she had fixed that love on a 'bright particular star,' the star was beyond her reach for ever—that its lustre was for another, and that other her dearest earthly friend and benefactress. But how was it that Gertrude repelled such a one as Cyril Clifford — Clifford, whose perfections of intellectual and physical beauty were so absolute and enthralling? It was a puzzle to the gentle Aliz—a puzzle she attempted not to solve: she knew her own love to be hopeless and presumptuous; but, like a wounded dove, she clasped her wings closely to her side, hiding the deadly secret, and only waiting for opportunity to soar away in upward flight—the last journey to a brighter sphere.

With unwonted interest Mr Tresham noted the fair girl's fading cheek, so gradual and lovely in decay that Gertrude was unwilling to credit that such anguish could be in store. As the mother had declined so declined the child—slowly, slowly, wasting away, happy to depart, resigned to suffering, and at peace. She besought Gertrude not to remove her from Vaughan Hall; besought so earnestly, that although Gertrude proposed a warmer and more genial climate, seconded by medical advice, the wish was abandoned, as likely to do more harm than good when the patient was so averse to it.

'Do not attempt it,' said Mr Tresham abruptly: 'nothing can save her. Let her die here!'

'Oh, Mr Tresham, how can you speak so to me?' cried Gertrude in a passion of tears: 'have you a heart?' Rarely had Gertrude addressed her father's friend with such acrimony.

'I had one—once—Gertrude Vaughan,' replied the old man; 'but it was cracked early, and has not, perhaps, since then held much.'

Mr Tresham uttered these words with deep feeling, and his voice trembled; never had he so spoken before, and Gertrude took his hand and pressed it to her lips, murmuring: 'Forgive me, dear sir; but I am, indeed I am most anxious and unhappy; for my sweet, patient charge has twined herself round the fibres of my heart, and to lose her will be a crushing blow.'

'Yet she is a stumbling-block in your path,' said Mr Tresham, relapsing into his usual manner: 'she is a heavy chain around your neck, Gertrude Vaughan, albeit the links are of gold.' Gertrude met the old man's eye, and she read a depth of knowledge there which caused her heart to throb and her cheeks to tingle. 'She is as dear to me as an only sister,' replied Gertrude in a tremulous tone: 'she is the most precious treasure I possess.'

'Ay, ay,' muttered Mr Tresham as he watched her retreating form, 'thou art a rare creature, and would value money as dross but for the sake of others. Well, well, we shall see; what is to be will be.'

Like many obstinate and prejudiced people, Mr Tresham had not the remotest idea that he was contradicting his own oft-repeated and dogmatical sayings when he affirmed that Aliz Lee would ultimately 'work mischief' for her protectress; for if her innocent existence was actually the prevailing cause of Gertrude's 'preservation' from any matrimonial alliance, according to his avowed tenets, she was in reality working good, and not ill. But Mr Tresham was a disappointed, chafed man: the grapes had been sour; and he strove to convince himself, even as he strove to convince others, that he believed what he preached. Hence his slight mistakes, more in his head than his heart, which was in fact far softer than he cared to allow.

Day after day, week after week, they watched beside the dying; nor was Cyril Clifford altogether absent. But there was a constraint attached to his presence which made itself felt despite all efforts to the contrary. Gertrude's reserve was now habitual; and the hectic deepened, and the dim eye brightened, when he approached Aliz, though she vainly strove to appear calm and self-possessed. He spoke to her as to a dear young sister, and how differently she received his affectionate attentions! But yet Gertrude's pallid cheek and speaking eye did not tell a tale of happiness, or pride, or exultation: every energy was concentrated in soothing and cheering the sick girl; and with a depth of pity and tenderness inexpressible, Miss Clifford assisted in the blessed task. On the whole, her passage to the grave was an easy one: the pure spirit fled with one prolonged sigh as she rested on Gertrude's bosom—the dove-like eyes bending their last look on her who had been more than mother to the orphan.

'Cyril, my brother, it is over,' said Miss Clifford solemnly on her return

to the Priory in the evening. 'Aliz Lee is no more: her spirit is at rest with her Creator. She is so transcendantly lovely in death, that it is scarcely possible to realise the awful truth.'

'And how does Gertrude bear it?' inquired Cyril with anxiety.

'She endeavours to be calm,' replied Miss Clifford: 'her eyes are tearless, but her lips quiver with suppressed emotion. Ah! Gertrude did indeed love and cherish the departed saint, and from the peculiar combination of circumstances, their mutual strong attachment is not to be wondered at.'

'I must look on the faded flower again, Beatrice,' said Cyril mournfully. 'I did not think that her impressive farewell was indeed the last. Sweet, holy Aliz Lee, we may not wish thee here again—thou art better with the angels in Paradise.'

With morning dawn Clifford repaired to the Hall, and found Mr Tresham, to whom he expressed his wish to view the remains. That gentleman led the way with grave decorum to the chamber of death, and leaving Clifford to enter alone, awaited his return outside. The curtains of the casement were partially withdrawn, permitting a faint streak of rosy light to rest on the features of the waxen effigy, white as the white shroud, on which summer roses redolent of sweets were profusely scattered. Closed eyes and straightened limbs whispered the dread reality, and yet a smile lingered round the mouth, from which had never fallen aught but pearls of price—even words of truth and meekness. The shaded chamber did not at first permit Clifford to see that a living form watched the sleep of death, until with noiseless step he approached quite close. A sigh and a soft exclamation caused him to start, and he uttered the name of 'Gertrude:' the thrilling tone conveyed volumes of enduring and passionate affection, and the sole response was 'Clifford,' as she flung herself weeping on his breast. No need of more—a tone, a word, a look, had sufficed. Long they stood together, silently and prayerfully regarding the beloved remains; and when they emerged from the death-chamber, Mr Tresham read at a glance that the heiress of the Vaughans had forfeited all for love!

Food for gossip was afforded to the country-side when the rumours concerning Mr Vaughan's cruel and unnatural will assumed a more positive character, and Mr Tresham, always unpopular among the female community, was voted a 'revengeful old fellow,' for carrying it out to the letter. It was whispered that he never would have connived at such unlawful proceedings had poor Miss Vaughan espoused any other than a Clifford, for it was well known that in early life Mr Tresham had been jilted by Cyril's mother, who, when their marriage-day was fixed, ran off with Cyril's father, then a gay and extravagant young man. This tale was founded on fact, and nearer the truth than idle tales usually are. But more might have been added—Mr Tresham's honest and deep-rooted love and galling disappointment might have been described, and also the false lady's after-life of folly, waste, and dissipation.

Sternly and strictly Mr Tresham fulfilled his duty as executor of the deceased Mr Vaughan's will on Gertrude's marriage with Cyril Clifford, which took place six months after Aliz Lee's departure to a better world. He purchased Vaughan Hall himself, and took up his residence there, frequently residing at the Priory, railing at matrimony and womankind,

and snuffing to a most alarming extent. He was extremely careful of his money, and folks said that he too would doubtless leave it all to charities, were it only to spite the 'proud Cliffords.' They, however, never thought on the subject, but pitied the lonely, ill-conditioned old man, and kindly tolerated his failings.

To their astonishment, and to the astonishment of all others, when in the course of time he went the way of all flesh, it was found that his wealth far exceeded that of which Gertrude had been deprived by her father's will, and, moreover, that it was equally divided between Beatrice Clifford and herself—'two specimens of excellence in womankind, redeeming the sex!'

Vaughan Hall changed its appellation with its owner, Gertrude not caring to retain the cheerless domain; but St Cuthbert's Priory is restored to primitive splendour, and the original happy trio quadrupled—so that the race of 'gallant Cliffords' is not likely to become extinct. In the meantime, the rising generation of the family affords ample scope for the energies of good Aunt Beatrice, who seems to grow younger as her years increase, realising, in the spring of new life rising up around her, the fabled fountain of youth.

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

DURING the last ten or twenty years public attention has been directed in a remarkable manner to the condition of the industrial classes of this country. The reports of government officers, the statements made by town missionaries, and the letters of special correspondents of the newspapers, have brought to light such a mass of misery and destitution as to startle and surprise that half of the world which proverbially does not know how the other half lives. Indeed the tender-hearted man of good means and substance, as he peruses the host of publications on the subject—from the parliamentary Blue-Book, with its cold unstudied array of awful facts, to the two-volumed novel with its graphic grouping of forcible fictions—feels himself so much moved that he cannot for a time fully enjoy the ordinary comforts and luxuries of life. In his blazing coal-fire he sees pictures of subterranean barbarity that make him shudder; his bread reminds him of poor bakers working out their lives both day and night in close, unhealthy workshops, and sometimes so ill rewarded that they cannot obtain for themselves and their families a sufficiency of that which they are daily making; he pauses as he puts on his coat, and thinks of the sweating-system, and of miserable tailors unable often to earn even soldier's wages of a shilling a day, and many of them unwilling to appear in the streets or at church on Sundays from the want of the clothes which it is their business to make; and his clean, spotless linen loses all its purity when he thinks of the sufferings and the sins of the poor needlewomen, who

> 'With fingers weary and worn,
> With eyelids heavy and red,'

are wearing out their lives in an almost hopeless struggle to support themselves by honest industry. On every hand he sees the most glaring anomalies in society: immense wealth and gigantic poverty; the highest points of civilisation and the lowest depths of barbarism; men and women living in possession of an overflowing abundance of the elegances and comforts of existence, while in the same city those of like passions with themselves, members of the same great human family, are herding together not so much like savages as like wild beasts—in short, a state of things rising on one side as near to heaven as on the other it sinks near to hell. His conscience gives him no rest till he has done something by

way of remedy; so he subscribes to some charitable institution, or writes a pamphlet, or forms a philanthropic society. He labours for a time: tries various schemes for man's regeneration; opens a school perhaps, or a soup-kitchen, or promotes emigration; and ultimately finds himself so much imposed on and deluded by the very people whom he is labouring to serve, that he gives up the profession of philanthropy, and returns to enjoy the good things of this life without feeling as previously that 'the trail of the serpent is over them all.'

This class of men—well-meaning, benevolent, and kindhearted—too often actually stand in the way of improvement in the condition of the labouring-classes. They view the subject from the lowest and necessarily the wrong position: they can see nothing but the misery, think of nothing but its immediate relief. Their hearts are so deeply moved that they cannot stop to entertain a few obvious considerations. Without casting any imputation on the veracity of the gentlemen of the press whose researches and reports have lately supplied the public with so much important and valuable information, the question may be asked: How far the experience gathered in the reporters' galleries of the two Houses of Parliament fits a man for investigating the social condition of the country? That these gentlemen have reported accurately what they have heard and seen cannot be doubted; but the very circumstances under which their inquiries were carried on must have prevented them in numerous cases from thoroughly investigating the accuracy of the statements made, and could not permit them to inquire into the real and true causes which had produced the state of things it was their business to describe. Every man who knows anything of the past or present state of the population knows well that at all times and seasons there is a great floating mass of beggary, laziness, and misconduct, always ready to tell any tale to a charitable society, or impose in any way on the benevolent and the inquiring, so that they may procure the means of gratifying their desires for a life of indolence and vagabondage. It is this class who, by being cast to the surface, appear prominently in superficial inquiries, and accordingly attract the attention of the benevolent and kindhearted, who relieve them very often without much inquiry into the truth of their representations. But another consideration is too often overlooked by the class of philanthropists to which we have referred. Seeing nothing but distress, their relief of it is direct and prompt, and necessarily temporary. The causes of distress are left untouched, and constantly reproduce cases of the same kind; and these benevolent gentlemen cannot be induced to adopt the slow and apparently harsher, but in reality more merciful plan, of patiently investigating causes and removing them if they are removable.

Another class of men on whom these revelations have made a strong impression view the subject from an entirely different position. They regard this bad state of things as arising from want of employment and insufficient wages, these again being caused by the system of competition: accordingly, they would abolish this system, and establish the principle of co-operation, or, as it is now more generally termed, Christian Socialism. Of this system we shall in a subsequent part of this Paper have much to say; in the meantime we shall merely indicate its nature. It is very different from what we usually understand by Socialism. So far as it has

hitherto developed itself it has to do simply and solely with the relations between capital and labour: it violates no religious principle or even prejudice; alters no existing institution, whether of marriage or parental obligation; and has no political purpose in view. Nor is it Communism. It seeks no new division of property, no absolute equality in the wages of labour, and no special claim on the civil government: it merely proposes to associate workmen of the same trade in a business-partnership, to be carried on either with borrowed capital or with capital subscribed by those associated together, and to give each man a share in the profits of the business in proportion to the labour which he contributes; in other words, the profits now received by the master will be shared among the men after paying interest on capital.

There is another class of thinkers satisfied with things as they are. They admit the misery, but regard it as inevitable. They consider that so long as sin is in this world, so long will the world contain destitution and misery, ignorance and crime. They can suggest nothing but a passive acquiescence in things as we find them, and leave them to work out, if they can, their own cure.

Among the working-classes there is an earnest and sincere desire to improve their own condition. The great majority seek nothing but a fair field for their labour—a just share in the fruits of their industry: few of them desire to eat the bread of idleness, or to receive charitable assistance except in the last extremity; but they are all too prone to believe in those who tell them that they have been tyrannised over by class-legislators and robbed by rapacious capitalists, and are too eager, in defiance of repeated warnings and ever-recurring examples, to engage in schemes that promise advantages it is impossible to realise, and hold out hopes that must inevitably be disappointed.

If the history of the working-classes of this country were faithfully written, it would throw more light on the measures necessary for the improvement of their condition than newspaper or government inquiries, or abstract speculations. We believe it would be found that at every period in their history some portions of them have been in as depressed a state as those whose case has been so prominently made public. Poverty and destitution are old residents of this world; and there were hard task-masters, practising cruelty with impunity, long before the days of the sweaters and slopsellers of London. We do not say that the existence of such a state of things in the past should render us indifferent to that which exists now, but it ought certainly to diminish our surprise, and prevent us from rushing to rash measures of reform. For however wild and foolish many of the schemes proposed in the present day for the improvement of society may be, other schemes even more foolish and wilder have in days gone by been proposed and tried with results that have ever since been deplored. We believe, further, that it would be found that the low physical condition of the working-classes could always be traced more to moral evils which they have the power to remedy than to want of employment and low wages; and that, generally speaking, at no former period in the history of this country had they a greater command of the comforts and necessaries of life, or greater facilities for providing against accident and misfortune, than at the present day.

When a working-man casts even a hasty glance into the future, three great contingencies appear—want of employment, sickness, and death. He may escape the first and second, but he cannot avoid the third. He will at once see the necessity of providing against these, and the impossibility of doing so unless he lives within his income and invests his savings in a profitable manner. There are doubtless exceptions to every rule, but few working-men will be unable, by the help of thrifty and prudent wives, to save sufficient year by year as to make them look on the future with comparatively easy minds. The dangers into which they are liable to run are saving on the wrong items of expenditure, and making ill-advised investments. A man had better not save at all than save by not sending his children to school, or by refusing to allow himself and his family a sufficiency of wholesome food. In the first case, he deprives his children of that knowledge which is 'better than riches,' and of a means of supporting themselves in the world, at least equal in importance to their physical labour; while in the second case, his parsimony will sow the seeds of disease and decay, not to be counterbalanced by any investment. In this unwise neglect of the education of children lies the cause of much of the misery that we see around us. Go into any of our large towns, and you will find thousands of parents spending more money every week in indulgences which they would be far better without, or in subscriptions to clubs which end in disappointment and loss, while their children are growing up not only without the instruction and discipline of the school, but with the instruction and discipline of the streets, that are too well fitting them to tread the same improvident and intemperate path as their fathers. Even among the richer classes a somewhat similar feeling prevails. When a necessity arises for retrenchment, the first item struck off is the expenditure on the education of the children, and they are either altogether removed from school or sent to one of an inferior quality. Parents generally forget what kind of a possession a good education is, and overlook the fact that, unlike material property, when once gained it can never be lost, and that the longer it is used the stronger and more extended does it become.

But there is less danger to be apprehended from saving in the wrong way than from improvident investments. It is with savings as it is in trade and with capital of all kinds—the amount of profits is in the inverse ratio of the security. If a man is anxious to make money fast, he must go out of the field of legitimate business and enter that of speculation, and while he has the chance of great gains he incurs the risk of great losses. When this is practised to an excessive extent it becomes neither more nor less than gambling, and is inevitably followed by the same results. The gains, if any, are not the legitimate interest on capital or the produce of labour, but simply represent the losses of others. There are many societies founded on a speculative basis which hold out to working-men the hope of high interest combined with firm security, but such societies should receive no encouragement. Money, like everything else, has always its fair market-price; and whenever any society offers a higher than the market-price, the difference between the two is a gain of interest counterbalanced by the increased risk of the principal. W[illegible] men, therefore, should be especially careful in investi[illegible] their [illegible]y to prefer good security to high interest or other great ad[illegible]vm[illegible] at capitalists

may with impunity embark in speculations, for their transactions can be so varied that losses in one way are made up in another; but if the working-man be unfortunate in his investment, the loss is usually the loss of his all.

Assuming, then, that by a little self-denial and prudent management savings could easily be made, let us now review the various modes of investment open to the working-classes, and the extent to which these have been used. These may be classed under three heads:—1. Investments to accumulate property; 2. Investments to provide against sickness and the consequences of death; 3. Investments both of money and labour, so as to procure a better reward for the latter. Under the first head we rank Savings' Banks, Building, Land, and Loan Societies; under the second, Friendly Societies and Mutual-Assurance Companies; and under the third, Co-operative Stores, and Industrial Associations. Each of these we shall consider in detail.

Before the establishment of savings' banks, the working-classes had no place of security in which their savings could be beneficially deposited. Those who were careful and provident hoarded their money in secret and unsuspected places; wrapped it up in an old stocking, or put it under lock and key in a chest of drawers. It was not perhaps secure, nor did it reproduce itself, but it was always at hand ready for any emergency. The amount thus hoarded up must have been very small when compared with the sums we now find accumulated in the savings' banks. There are many people who when they have money cannot rest until they spend it: a shilling or a sovereign, to use their own phrase, 'burns a hole in the pocket;' and unless it is put beyond their reach, say in the savings' bank, they are sure to squander it away. Large sums were undoubtedly spent in this heedless manner before such banks were formed. The nature of a savings' bank is well known. It meets the requirements of the working-classes by facilitating the weekly deposit of small sums; by paying a rate of interest a little higher than the ordinary banks; and by offering the security of the nation. The limitation of the amount received is merely to prevent the use of the bank by persons for whom it was not intended; and the rule requiring notice to be given before any money is withdrawn, must prevent in many cases a reckless application of the money.

It would be difficult to imagine any bank simply of deposit better contrived for the wants of the working-classes than the savings' banks of this country; nevertheless the truth is, that the depositors belong in very few cases to the working-classes, and that these classes look on the banks with jealousy and distrust. The number of depositors on 20th November 1849, the date to which the most recent returns have been made up, was 1,087,354, including 22,323 charitable institutions and friendly societies, and the total amount deposited, including interest, was £28,537,010. The class of the community who are the chief depositors in savings' banks are domestic servants; after th cc clerks, shopmen, and teachers; but of actual worki the num as very ll. The amount invested in these ba s cc since 1844. In that year it was more £1,000,000 less, and in 1849 ne To some extent this

decrease may be explained by the state of trade and employment, but it is perhaps more to be attributed to the increasing distrust of these banks on the part of the working-classes. Nor is this distrust to be at all wondered at. During the last two or three years the cases of defalcation by the managers of savings' banks have been painfully numerous, aggravated by the manner in which they have been performed, and the number of years over which they have extended. The details of many of these cases have exhibited an amount of maladministration and culpable neglect on the part of the trustees, combined with an ingenuity of theft on the part of the actuary or manager, which, had it been described in a work of fiction, would have appeared incredible. The history of railways exhibits many deeds that will not bear the light of day, but they appear bright when compared with the cold, heartless, hypocritical villany that will for ever disgrace the history of savings' banks. But when the frauds came to light the depositors felt little alarm, trusting to the 'national security;' but they found they had deceived themselves when they learned that the government was responsible only for the money it had received, and that the money of which the depositors had been robbed had never been received by the government at all. The reaction against the banks was natural, and we fear will continue for a long time to come, unless some law, which is evidently much required, should be passed, by which the national security should be given for all the money paid in.

Besides this feeling of distrust other reasons are assigned for non-investment in savings' banks. It was stated before a committee of the House of Commons last year, that 'one reason why the working-man does not invest his money in the savings' banks is, that the fact of his being able to save money is used as a pretence for his wages being reduced; and he carefully excludes from the knowledge of his employer the fact that he is able to save.' In proof of this it was stated that working-men in Clerkenwell did not invest in the savings' bank there, but went to another at some distance, where they were not known, and that people from a distance came to Clerkenwell for the same reason—to prevent its being 'whispered about that So-and-so is a saving man, and may therefore work for less wages.' We hope for the sake of the employers of labour in this country that such cases are rare. The circumstance of a man saving out of his wages ought to make his master respect and value him the more. The rate of wages is determined by a totally different chain of circumstances; but even if wages were to be affected by savings, it would be the interest of the master, as a general rule, to pay his provident better than his improvident workmen, inasmuch as he might gain in the greater economy of labour and material practised by the saving man much more than any diminution of his wages. Before the same committee it was said: 'Very large sums of money are wasted in borrowing money even till the time arrives to get the money out of the savings' bank. If a very poor person wants £3 immediately, he would give 25 per cent. for it.' The rule requiring notice to be given before any money is withdrawn will doubtless be in some cases inconvenient, but it has its advantages. If a man with a deposit in the savings' bank be so pressed for money as to be unable to wait till he can draw out his deposit, he will have no difficulty in obtaining, if not a postponement of the claim on him, at least a

loan on reasonable terms on his satisfactorily proving that he *has* money in the bank.

But doubtless there are other reasons more powerful still which prevent the working-classes from becoming depositors in savings' banks. They are government institutions, and as such a large party consider it a duty to decry them. This perpetual suspicion of 'the government,' though right to a certain extent, is in this case utterly unjust. The government derives no advantage from the banks; the money is invested in the public funds, and the small difference in the interest paid and received is entirely absorbed in the expense of management. If the banks were either private or joint-stock concerns, and the depositors had a share in their management, they would find more favour, at least for a time, with many among the working-classes. But it requires no prophet to foresee that from such a state of things mismanagement and frauds would ensue, and the establishments share the fate of many other schemes founded on appeals to the prejudices, ignorance, and cupidity of the people.

These banks are, however, simply banks of deposit; the money accumulates at the usual rate of interest, and no indirect advantage results from them. To obtain a higher rate of interest, combined with social or political advantages, building and land societies have been projected, offering a good investment, and at the same time the prospect of the possession of household or landed property, and its natural attendant—the right of voting in municipal and general elections. The principle of the building society may be thus stated:—The society consists of so many shares, usually about £120 each. Each shareholder pays a certain weekly, fortnightly, or monthly sum—amounting to from £6 to £7 per annum—for each share of the above amount. When the accumulated payments reach the value of one share, it is put up for sale among the members, and sold to the member offering the highest premium; in fact, the money is advanced as a loan, on which interest has to be paid by the purchaser until the society comes to an end—that is, until each member has received the value of the share. The money thus purchased by the member is invested by him in land, buildings, or other premises approved of by the society; and on this property the society of course retains a claim until all the obligations of the member have been discharged. Each society is not expected to last more than ten years, but the time is necessarily shorter or longer according to the success or otherwise of its operations. Thus if each share is fixed at £120, and a member purchases one at a premium of £20, he will have to pay 5s. each fortnight for his share; the same sum as interest on the money advanced, and a portion, say one-tenth (supposing the society to last for ten years), of the premium. These payments would be £15 annually for ten years; but to meet these he has the rents of the property purchased by the money advanced. Now it is obvious that the value of his investment will depend on the choice he has made of the property purchased; it may bring him in 10 per cent., or 5 per cent., or some years it may not bring him anything at all. The cases are extremely rare in which house-property realises more than 10 per cent. per annum; so that the utmost to be expected in the shape of rent would be £12 per annum, leaving £3 to be paid out of other savings for ten years. Virtually, then, at the end of ten years the member would

have paid £30 for property originally worth £120. But this is under the most favourable circumstances, and is quite irrespective of fines, repairs, deterioration of property, and casualties. Had the same sum—that is, £3 per annum—been invested in the savings' bank, it would at the end of ten years have increased, at compound interest, to about £35. If, on the other hand, the property returned only 5 per cent., this would necessitate a payment of £9 per annum; or, at the end of ten years, property originally costing £120 would have been procured for £90. The same yearly sum paid into the savings' bank would during the same time have accumulated to not much less than the same amount. In both the society and the bank the risk of loss by fraudulent management has to be encountered, but the risk is certainly much greater in the former than the latter.

Viewed simply as an investment, it is difficult to say whether such societies are preferable to savings' banks, good management being presupposed. In the one case, a certain yearly rate of interest is guaranteed—small certainly, but about equal to that received by holders of stock in the public funds, and greater than the dividends paid by many railway companies; while in the other, the returns from the property are liable to constant fluctuation from bad tenants, houses standing empty, and other causes. The bank investment does not deteriorate by time, but houses are constantly requiring repairs, and at the end of fifty or sixty years many of those built to pay such high interest will be of no value. To superintend property and to collect the rents involves an expenditure of time if done personally, and of money if done by deputy, to neither of which the depositor in the savings' bank is liable.

But irrespective of the question of investment, there are indirect advantages connected with these building societies that greatly commend them to the favour of the people. They are self-governed: each shareholder has a voice and a vote in the management, and at all meetings has a right to that 'honest liberty of free speech' so dear to every man in our island. The lessons in the management of public business given in these societies form in themselves a most important part of the education of the people. It is not in political clubs—where speculative questions are freely discussed, and the management of public business commented on, but where no one has anything but his opinion at stake—that sound practical views of government can be acquired, but it is rather in such societies as we are now considering, where men have real business to manage and actual property at stake. Again, these societies give great facilities for the acquisition of property in its most attractive form of houses and lands, and of that much-coveted privilege—the right of voting. A man who has risen by his own industrial savings to be a house-owner, a landed proprietor, and a free and independent elector, has more importance in the community than the man who has merely a deposit in the savings' bank; and no man rises to such a position without at the same time rising in his general character and in the respect of those by whom he is surrounded. Some of the best citizens of the community are found among these men; for their actual experience of public business has trained them to form just opinions of public affairs, and their love of country is rendered all the more intense because some portion, however small, of that country is to them.

On the other hand, it cannot be disguised that these societies have in many instances given encouragement to that system of building what are called 'jerry-houses,' by which the poor have been the greatest sufferers. In large towns in Scotland such houses appear to be unknown, for stone is plentiful and cheap, and the people live in 'flats,' so that there is little inducement to build houses otherwise than of strong materials and of large dimensions. But in England the case is very different: bricks take the place of stone; even the mechanic and the labourer will not dwell in other than 'self-contained' houses; and the consequence is, that in the suburbs of such large towns as Liverpool and Manchester there are miles upon miles of what is called 'cottage property'—consisting of houses erected usually with reference to nothing save a large percentage. A man with no capital gets money from a building society; he may be a builder himself, or he contracts with some builder for the erection of houses in a rapidly-increasing neighbourhood. The houses are run up in a few weeks by inferior and badly-paid workmen, who use bad and cheap materials; they are soon tenanted; the speculation pays; but the tenants pay high rents for bad accommodation, and the houses will perhaps be in ruins before the death of the builder or proprietor. A Liverpool architect thus described the system in the 'Morning Chronicle' of 16th September last:—

'Not long ago I made a valuation for a building society of five cottages, each consisting of two rooms and a kitchen. They were miserable places; the rooms were less than twelve feet square, with a staircase leading directly from the kitchen, or lower room, to the rooms above. They had no back-windows. There was but one privy for the five cottages. The joiners' work was of the most inferior and rude kind, and the timber was of the worst and commonest sort. These houses and the land on which they stood cost £400, and each house let for £8 per annum—thus yielding an interest of 10 per cent. They were seldom or never unlet, and the rents were collected weekly. I have known instances—not two or three, but I may say scores of instances—in which 15 per cent. has been cleared for cottage property of this inferior class. Even if such houses drop to pieces in twenty years, it is a first-rate investment. It is the poor who pay the highest prices for everything—houses not excepted. Middle-class houses are "scamped" in the same way. The walls are so thin that you can hear in one house the conversation of people in the next. The joists are not sufficiently thick or strong—the wood is "green;" and instead of sound Baltic or red American pine, which ought to be employed for the bearing timber, the jerry-builders invariably use the cheap, common yellow pine, which is not fit for the purpose. The workmanship is not quite so much scamped as in the houses of the poorer classes, but it is very far from being what it ought to be. These rows of nice new houses and bran-new streets may look pretty enough outside and in, but it is all show and no substance. Slop-work never lasts, and such houses will be old and rickety long before they have stood sixty years. To secure comfort in a house —to have a house honestly built—it ought to last for 200 years, with ordinary repairs from time to time. Very few such houses are built now for private occupation.'

If a man's chief motive for entering a building society were to obtain a house as a dwelling for himself, such erections would not be tolerated; but

this seldom appears to be the case. The greater portion of the members of the societies belong to a class who inhabit much better dwellings than those in which they invest their money. They look on the transaction generally as a mere business speculation: their interest is to get cheap houses and high rents; and all other questions, sanitary and the like, are made quite secondary. It is true that in many places the mode in which land is sold encourages such a state of things. In Liverpool, for example, a very large portion of the land on which the town is built belongs to the corporation, who sell it only on leases of seventy-five years, and no man has therefore an interest in erecting buildings calculated to last longer than that time. The immediate effect of such influences is, that the poorer part of the population live in houses with comparatively fewer comforts and comparatively higher rents than their richer neighbours. This is a point from which building societies have seldom been considered; and the inattention to it is strikingly illustrative of the direction hitherto taken by the associative principle in this country. It is admitted on all hands that the dwellings of the working-classes, especially in our large towns, require improvement, and that they have been in too many instances constructed with little regard to the laws of health; while in these very towns we find societies framed specially to give working-men facilities for becoming house-owners which are actually increasing the number of such dwellings, instead of erecting them on improved principles, calculated to give additional comfort and to secure better health to their inmates. At the same time there exist other societies, the members of which do *not* belong to the working-classes, whose chief object is the erection of improved dwellings, and who look less to any interest for their money than to the improvement of the houses of the poor. These things should be well considered by the wordy advocates of co-operation and the denouncers of class-oppression and capitalist tyranny.

The freehold land-societies resemble the building societies to a considerable extent. A large class of county votes exist in England and Wales that are unknown in either Ireland or Scotland. In an English or Welsh county the possession of a piece of freehold land of the annual value of 40s. and upwards entitles the possessor to a vote, even though he should be non-resident; and it is to increase the number of these votes for certain political purposes that these freehold land societies have been established. Their mode of working is simple:—The members pay so much per week, month, or other convenient term; and when a sufficient sum to purchase a large piece of land has been accumulated, the directors look out for a freehold estate suitable for the purpose and profitable as an investment, which is bought by some of them in trust for the rest. The land is divided into lots, each conferring a vote, and these are balloted for, or in some other way allotted to the members. As an investment, the chief advantage of the scheme is, that the members purchase land by retail at the wholesale price. Thus in some of the societies a piece of land which, if purchased by itself, would have cost 3s. 4d. per square yard, has been obtained for about one-third of that sum. The recent changes in the stamp-duty, and the proposal to have a better system of registering landed property, will prove of great value to these societies, as much of the cost of the land consisted in the expense of conveyance, and often in searches

into the validity of the title. It is perhaps unfortunate for such societies that they have hitherto aimed chiefly at manufacturing votes, and been associated with a political party for political purposes. The wider extension of the franchise, which appears inevitable, will doubtless deprive them of much of their political importance, and then their usefulness and unsurpassed security (for no investment can be so secure as that in land) will become more and more apparent. The extension and good honest management of such societies in connection with those for building, if less tainted with the spirit of realising a large percentage, would in a short time greatly promote the comfort, social happiness, and independence of the working-classes. If through these societies, by means of easy weekly payments, a freehold site for a garden and a house, and money sufficient for the erection of the latter, can be procured, what is there but the want of prudence, self-denial, and good management, to prevent many artizans from living in their own houses, digging in their own gardens, and doing that which Charles II. said was the best preservative of health—taking exercise every morning *on their own land?*

Of loan societies we cannot speak so favourably. As hitherto conducted they have been hurtful to shareholders and loanholders. They have assumed two forms: the first somewhat resembles the building society, in so far that when a certain amount is collected by the subscriptions of the members, it is put up for sale, and knocked down to the bidder of the highest premium. Sometimes this premium is as high as 50 per cent., and the purchaser must apply the money in an unusually advantageous way to enable him to repay it by regular weekly or monthly instalments. In many cases when a poor man is hard pressed, or when a tradesman sees a profitable means of extending his business, the purchase of a loan in this way will prove of great service and value; but in many other instances the reverse is the case: the money is spent at once; the loanholder finds he cannot pay regularly; fines accumulate to an enormous amount; and at last legal proceedings are taken, usually with great severity; and the effects of himself and his sureties are sold at a ruinous sacrifice, to pay an amount which, with premium, fines, and expenses, is perhaps double or treble that which he originally received. The second form is somewhat different. A society is established with a certain number of members and shares, and a certain capital. Loans are advanced on good security, repayable by instalments extending over about fifty weeks. Thus a person requiring money makes application for, we shall say, £100. Three householders become his securities for the repayment of the money. The sum he receives is £95, the difference being deducted for interest. He pays £2 per week for fifty weeks, and then the transaction ends. For the sum of £5, therefore, he purchases the use of £95 for the first week, of £93 for the second, and so on in sums diminishing weekly by £2 until the whole is repaid. The actual amount of interest which he ought to pay, if calculated weekly at 5 per cent. per annum, would be about £2, 3s. 6d., the difference, £2, 16s. 6d., being a kind of premium for the immediate advance; or, in other words, the interest he paid was at the rate of more than 11 per cent. per annum. But his repayments would enable the directors to advance other loans on the same terms, so that the interest

accruing to the shareholders would be very high, and the investment be exceedingly profitable. But we have already shewn that the interest on investments is great or small in the inverse ratio of the security; and so in this case the interest is great, but the security is doubtful, and the result is that very few of these societies have been profitable. The loose system under which they were managed opened up opportunities for fraud, and many suffered severely by the defalcation of secretaries and other officers: the facilities afforded for procuring loans held out temptations to many to procure them and then abscond, leaving their sureties to bear the loss; and often honest, well-meaning people have been obliged to contract one loan to repay another, until they found themselves in inextricable difficulties. Indeed the system of carrying on either a business or private affairs by means of such loans strongly resembles the system of 'wind-bills' in ordinary commerce, with the same result—that of bankruptcy—in almost every case. It is quite possible to place such societies on a better footing, and with good management and reasonable rules to make them what they ought to be—a help to the honest struggling man; but as at present constituted and managed, they ought to be avoided both by those who want money and those who have it to invest.

From a return dated 28th March 1851, applying to 200 loan societies in England and Wales, we learn that during the year 1850 the number of applications for loans was 87,563, of which 83,862 were granted: the money circulated during the year being £373,608, or a little more than £4, 10s. to each borrower. The sums remaining in borrowers' hands on 31st December amounted to nearly £150,000. The gross profits were £17,461, or less than 5 per cent. on the money circulated; but from this must be deducted the expense of management, amounting to £6745, or more than one-third of the entire profits, leaving a clear gain on the operations of these 200 societies of about £10,000. Some idea of the mode in which the proceedings of these societies are conducted may be gained from the fact, that the number of summonses issued against borrowers in 1850 was 2281, and of distress-warrants no fewer than 114. The amount for the recovery of which these summonses were issued was £2842, and the amount recovered £1969. Of the 200 societies, 44, or more than one-fifth, held their meetings in inns and public-houses.

Another great class of societies, more important than any to which we have alluded, embrace those in which provision is made against sickness and death. These originate from a different and a higher motive than the others that have been described. They are far less tainted with selfishness than societies that propose simply to afford a good return for money invested; for no benefits can accrue from them unless by the occurrence of events which all men would probably avoid if they could, and to which even the best of us cannot look forward without apprehension and awe. The artist and the artizan, the professional man and the labourer; all, in fact, who are dependent on the sweat of their brow and—the term may be appropriately used—the sweat of their brain, are placed during sickness in a far different position from those whose income is derived from property. In the former sickness immediately stops the supplies, and death cuts them off alto-; but in the latter, the source of income is not affected by either of

these events. A man may bequeath an estate to his children, but he cannot bequeath his own labour, his own busy brain, or his own skilful arm. To all working-men it is of the utmost importance that when sickness diminishes their income and increases their expenditure they may not be without some new resource in that day of need; and when death calls them hence, that their wives and families may not be left to a certain public or an uncertain private charity. To provide such resources it is imperative on all such men 'to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' It is a duty public as well as private; for no man is justified in placing himself and his children in a position calculated to make them burdensome to society, when the means of avoiding such an evil as well as such a degradation are within his reach.

Friendly societies have been established chiefly with the view of providing against sickness; but their history is a sad page in the record of humanity. With the best motives and the most laudable ends their promoters, chiefly working-men, erred grievously but not intentionally in their calculations, and the result was disappointment and loss. When we consider how irregular and uncertain sickness is, and what a vast amount of laborious and patient research, combined with the most minute calculations, is necessary to arrive at even an approximation to the expected amount of sickness, we need not be surprised that men unaccustomed to such investigations should err, and that with economy in view they should err on the wrong side. There is no study that requires from its followers a greater amount of patience, of long-protracted inquiry, and of caution in stating results, than the science of statistics. It is very easy to collect a few facts, make a few calculations, and produce plausible results, but if these stand the test of experience it is owing purely to accident. When such attempts are made by schoolboys as mere lessons in arithmetic they are perhaps useful, but when applied to the actual business of life they become 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.'

Though these friendly societies have existed in our country for more than a century, it is only recently that efficient steps have been taken to place them on a stable foundation. Many, we might perhaps say the majority, are still unsafe, and can never realise the expectations of their members. It is indeed very distressing to notice in the history of these societies the utter blindness continually manifested to the causes of their failure, and the reluctance with which their promoters and members listen to the warnings of experience or the advice of friends. Many parliamentary committees have considered the subject; but their able reports, and the valuable evidence that accompanied them, have done less service than might reasonably have been expected. One of those committees so far back as 1825 reported most unfavourably of the tables of sickness, &c. of the Highland Society, which were then usually taken as the guide for these societies. But no other table was given in its place, and the societies continued to adopt it in spite of warning and failure. In 1835 Mr Ansell published, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, an excellent work on the subject, in which other tables, founded on experience as far as it could be collected, were given. But neither of these appears to have been safe; for in a pamphlet on the subject published this year by F. G. Neison, Esq., the celebrated London actuary, it is shewn that the

results of both these tables are below the actual truth. The former two tables were no doubt founded on facts, but these facts were not sufficiently numerous to afford a broad enough basis for generalisation. Thus, according to the Highland Society's table, the annual amount of sickness each year to each person was estimated to be at 20 years of age, 4 days; 30 years, 4 days 8 hours; 40 years, 5 days 7 hours; 50 years, 9 days 13 hours; 60 years, 16 days 10 hours; 70 years, 74 days 22 hours: while in the tables of Mr Ansell the sickness was calculated at from 24 to 44 per cent. *more* than the above; and in the tables of Mr Neison from 5 to 23 per cent. more than in those of Mr Ansell. In other words, if a society consisting of 100 members, say 30 years of age each, were established on the basis of the tables of the Highland Society, and that they proposed to allow each member 1s. per day during sickness—the payment to be fixed according to the expected rate of sickness—the result would be that at the end of the first year, instead of having paid only about £21 as anticipated, the payments would have amounted to about £30. The ruin of such a society is apparent. Accordingly, very few of these societies have lasted many years: they have been bolstered up from time to time by fines, special contributions, &c. &c.; but few, if any, have adopted the effectual mode of raising their payments to an adequate scale. This course has in too many cases been persisted in by the managers and members more through a reckless confidence in themselves than through ignorance of the dangers they were encountering. A striking proof of this was given by H. B. Ker, Esq., a barrister, in his evidence given on 30th May 1850 before the select committee of the House of Commons on the savings of the middle and working classes. He was asked: 'Do you believe that the question of self-government of those societies—namely, that of electing their own managers—enters in any degree however small into the consideration of the advisability or unadvisability of increasing the facilities for forming these associations?' His reply was very striking, and deserves to be well considered by the working-classes of this country, for it is a statement not of opinion, but of a sad fact not at all creditable to themselves. 'Very little indeed, as far as my experience goes. I may state that the honourable chairman and myself belonged to a society for many years, and we collected very valuable information indeed upon all friendly societies, and upon all similar institutions, and nothing could furnish a greater mass of proof of mismanagement, and waste, and miserable loss of money, than the information we collected at some £500 or £1000 expense, and which we printed and circulated without, I believe, producing one per cent. improvement on those institutions. I was very sanguine the other way.'* A more specific case of benefits offered on too low calculations exists in the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows. This unity is the greatest of the kind that has ever existed in this country. It numbers more than a quarter of a million of members, spread all over the country, and its income exceeds £300,000—a gigantic union, originating in the best feelings of humanity, and calculated, if well managed on a sound basis, to exercise a highly beneficial influence on the people of this country. The benefits offered are—1. An allowance of 10s. per week

* Parliamentary Report 508, Session 1850. Question 713, p. 67.

during sickness; 2. A payment of £10 at the death of a member; and 3. A payment of £5 at the death of a member's wife. To secure these the annual average payment from each member is £1, 2s. 9d.; but Mr Neison has shewn that these benefits can be secured only by a payment of not less than £1, 19s. 5d. per annum.* The result is obvious. The society will go on prosperously until the members become old, and the claims on the funds heavy, and then another sad failure will be added to the long list.

Many acts of parliament have been passed from time to time for the regulation of friendly societies; but they did not touch the crying evil—want of accuracy in the tables. The most recent act, however—13 and 14 Victoria, cap. 115—provides that the rules and tables of every friendly society shall be certified by an experienced actuary, who must declare that the tables 'may be fairly and safely adopted,' and that they 'fairly represent the interest of members entering at those years or terms of age without prejudice to any.' This provision it is hoped will prove effectual, and place all future societies of the kind on a safe and permanent basis. It may be said that it is only recently that such a provision could be introduced, in consequence of the paucity of the knowledge of even the most eminent actuaries on the subject. The results to which they have now arrived may be shortly stated. The causes that produce sickness are exceedingly varied and complex; but three of these can be immediately grasped by statistical inquiry—namely, age, occupation, and residence. The first of these has often been neglected, for in many societies the young have had to pay just as much as the old, while the latter have absorbed nearly all the benefits. The effects of the other two are not so marked in the history of these societies, because many of them have usually been composed of people in the same trade and locality. The tables arrived at from their experience are of little use as applied generally; for example, the tables of a society in a healthy rural district would be a bad guide for a society in a large and comparatively unhealthy town; and the experience of a body of shoemakers would lead astray a society formed of miners. The tendency, however, of these societies is to embrace all kinds of artisans, and to adopt a general table founded on the experience of the whole country. This is the course that has been pursued by insurance companies whose premiums are fixed at a general scale, and only modified by special circumstances.

In Mr Neison's work, 'Contributions to Vital Statistics,' the average amount of sickness to each person annually, at the age of thirty-two, is estimated as follows:—

Rural districts	(population under 5000),	6 days	1 hour.
Town ...	(population 5000, and under 30,000),	6 ...	12 hours.
City ...	(population upwards of 30,000),	8 ...	1 hour.
Total,		6 ...	11 hours.

Again, from the experience of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, the following table has been made up, illustrative of the aggregate amount of sickness experienced by persons in various trades; and though

* Odd Fellows' and Friendly Societies, by F. G. Neison, p. 28. London: 1851.

founded on a limited range of facts, it is yet highly interesting and instructive:—

	Age 30 to 40.	Age 40 to 50.
Blacksmiths,	8 weeks 4 days.	13 weeks 1 day.
Bricklayers, Plasterers, and Slaters,	8 ... 6 ...	12 ... 6 days.
Carpenters,	9 ...	10 ... 5 ...
Agricultural Labourers,	10 ... 1 day.	14 ... 1 day.
Town and City Labourers,	10 ... 5 days.	14 ... 6 days.
Mill Operatives,	7 ... 1 day.	12 ...
Miners,	15 ... 4 days.	25 ... 4 ...
Plumbers, Painters, and Glaziers,	8 ... 4 ...	17 ... 5 ...
Servants,	7 ... 4 ...	10 ... 3 ...
Shoemakers,	8 ...	12 ...
Spinners,	9 ... 3 ...	18 ... 3 ...
Stonemasons,	11 ... 2 ...	16 ... 3 ...
Tailors,	9 ... 4 ...	12 ...
Weavers,	10 ... 4 ...	13 ... 6 ...

An examination of these tables, and a consideration of the vast amount of experience and investigation on which they are founded, will easily explain why so many societies, unaided by such experience, or unwilling to acknowledge it, have gone so far astray.

Another cause of failure has been the excessive amount expended in management. If the management of a large public office—say that of an insurance company or bank—be compared with that of a friendly society, the contrast will appear very striking. In the one case there are no unnecessary offices or officers; no complication of business by means of signs and symbols; and no waste of time or money in mere display: while in the latter the offices and officers are usually not only too numerous, but too frequently changed; there are often absurd and wasteful forms and ceremonies kept up, and in too many cases large sums are extravagantly spent in processions, dinners, decorations, and useless paraphernalia. This is strikingly exemplified in the Manchester Unity. The total receipts of this association in 1844 were £325,200, 11s. 1d., and the total expenditure was £241,603, 16s. 9d., of which no less than £71,420, 16s. 4d.—or not much under one-third—was for expense of management alone.

The safe investment of the funds is of primary importance to all friendly societies. Many have suffered severely, and others have been totally ruined by bad investments; but it is a cheering sign that every year witnesses an increase in the number of those who invest their funds in the savings' bank. On 20th November 1828 the amount held by the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt belonging to friendly societies was £142,118; in 1838 it was £952,768; and in 1848 it had increased to £2,003,435. The interest allowed on these deposits, as specified in the Friendly Societies' Act of 1850, is 'twopence per centum per diem,' or a little more than 3 per cent. per annum.

There is great reason to hope that the future of these societies will wear a brighter aspect than their past. Sad experience has taught many a bitter but salutary lesson; and the recent legislation on the subject will, as far as legislation can, prevent the recurrence of many of those evils that have destroyed society after society!

Of the important advantages of life insurance very few of the working-classes have availed themselves. It is true that in many, if not in all the friendly societies, a payment is made on the death of each member; but this sum is usually so small, as to do little more than cover the funeral expenses; beyond which it is of little material benefit to the widow or children of the deceased. A personal visitation was made not long ago of the families, chiefly of the working-classes, in a district in Manchester, and it was found that in only a few instances had the subject of life insurance been ever seriously considered; while in a great number there existed either prejudice or indifference, and in others the subject had never been heard of at all. This ignorance could certainly not be charged against the insurance companies; for many of them have employed agents to diffuse in every possible way, by lectures and otherwise, information on a topic in which every man of the community is deeply interested. It has been estimated, though we are afraid on imperfect data, that the number of lives insured in the various offices of this country is only about 250,000, and the amount £150,000,000. And yet if we consider the process of thought through which a man must pass, and the principles by which he must be actuated previous to insuring his life, this number will not appear so very small. The majority of the investments of money are purely selfish: the invester expects from them some great gain or gratification to himself, and that he will live to enjoy the fruits they are expected to produce; but the insurance of a life is, in ordinary cases, a purely disinterested act: the insurer himself derives no benefit; and it is only in the event of death that the insurance is useful. So long as man remains the same selfish, avaricious, ambitious creature he has been for the last six thousand years, so long will he prefer his own present gratification to the happiness of posterity, and so long will the adoption of the principles of life insurance make slow progress.

And yet, if the working-classes of this country would but exercise sufficient prudence and self-denial, how soon could they, to use their own language, 'emancipate their order.' If effected at an early age, say twenty-five, a man may for about 9d. a week insure his life for £100. Let him drink a few glasses of ale less every week, and the thing is done. In the one case he has the ale, which very likely does him harm instead of good; in the other his deathbed is rendered calm and peaceful by the reflection that he leaves his widow and family provided for in so far as his exertions and means will allow. In the one case he has to look on death as a dire calamity, that may bring poverty, and destitution, and pauperism; in the other as an event for which he has provided, and on which he can look with a serene eye.

The forms under which life-assurance companies present themselves are numerous and varied. The simplest is that where the company agrees, on payment of a certain sum per annum by the assured, to pay a certain amount to his heirs or assigns at his death. The yearly rates vary, according to the prospect the assured has of long life—that is, according to his age and the state of his health. Thus a man in good health at the age of twenty-five may insure his life for £100 on paying yearly about £1, 17s. 6d., or somewhat less than 9d. per week. Few of the companies, however, receive payments otherwise than yearly, though some receive

them quarterly; and in the case referred to the quarterly sum would be 9s. 9d. Suppose the assurer were to live to the age of threescore-and-ten, he would have paid in yearly premiums much less than the sum for which he had insured. But he has no guarantee that he will live *any* number of years after the insurance has been effected: an attack of some contagious disease, such as cholera or fever, may carry him off before he has made a second payment, but nevertheless the amount to which his heirs are entitled is the same. This constitutes the peculiar value of life insurance, apart altogether from its value as an investment. The records of many of the companies for the year 1849 demonstrate the great value of the system. It will be remembered that during that year the cholera made fearful ravages among the population; and many cases occurred in which the widows and orphans of those who fell victims to this dire disease were well provided for by insurance policies on which only single premiums had been paid. In some cases also persons have been known during that year to express a wish to insure, and to have actually taken the preliminary steps for that purpose, when they were cut down by the disease before their object could be effected. It is also a curious fact that, as a general rule, persons whose lives are insured enjoy more than the average duration of life. This may to some extent be accounted for by the fact, that men who are so careful in providing against death will be equally so in preserving life; but some influence must also be ascribed to that calm and serene feeling which the effecting of a life insurance must necessarily create.

Another form is that in which the assured obtains a share in the profits of the company. For this he has of course to pay a higher premium; but as the company prospers—and few insurance companies have not been prosperous—he obtains either considerable additions to the amount of his policy, or reductions in his yearly payments. Insurances can also be effected for the payment of a certain sum at a certain age. Thus a man at the age of twenty-five may, by paying about £4, 16s. annually for ten years, entitle himself, at the age of thirty-five, to receive £100. If, however, the assured should die before reaching the specified age, the company are not liable; but if the insurance be effected according to another and a higher scale, the company are liable to pay the amount, no matter at what age the assurer should die.

Our space will permit us to specify only two other forms of life insurance that have been recently introduced. Men of property have for many years been in the habit of insuring houses, &c. from fire, and ships from wreckage, but it is only within the last few years that people have thought of insuring themselves from accidents. Houses will be burnt, ships cast away, and people killed and wounded accidentally, even when insured; but the insurance is certainly a great mitigation of the calamity; and even when no calamity occurs, few people consider the money so invested as absolutely thrown away. Since the construction of railways the number of travellers has immensely increased; and however well managed railways may be, those who use them will be always more or less exposed to some risk. Many widows have been left destitute and many men rendered helpless for life by railway accidents which no penetration could foresee, and which no prudence on the part of the sufferers could prevent. To meet such cases a

company has been recently established, which for a small payment grants compensation to a certain amount in cases of injury resulting from a railway accident. Thus if a working-man had occasion to travel from Edinburgh to Glasgow by a third-class train, instead of paying for 46 miles, the computed distance, at the rate of 1d. per mile, he pays as it were for 47 miles, and receives not only his pass-ticket for the journey, but also another ticket for the additional penny, that entitles his heirs to receive compensation to the extent of £200 in the event of his being accidentally killed during the journey, or to a portion of that sum should he receive injuries that do not prove fatal. The chances against his being injured are pretty fairly indicated in the disproportion between the payment and the promised compensation, but nevertheless the precaution ought not on that account to be neglected. The owners of property pay ungrudgingly for scores of years for the insurance of their property against fire, even though during all the time not a farthing's worth of damage should be done; and workingmen ought to be even more careful of health and life than the richer classes of material wealth. Besides, it is in the third-class carriages that the passengers in case of a railway accident are usually the greatest sufferers —a fact significantly shewn in the scale of the insurance company's premiums, in which one penny insures £200 in a third-class carriage, twopence £500 in a second, and threepence £1000 in a first. Since its establishment about two years ago, this company has issued 500,000 journey-tickets, and have had claims made upon them in about sixty-eight cases of accident, of which only two were fatal. The value, however, of this mode of insurance is more clearly seen in its application not to the persons travelling, but to the persons employed on railways. The number of persons so employed was during last year 59,974, of whom 52,239 were essentially working-men. The peculiar risks to which all these men are exposed in the discharge of their duty are too well known to be particularised; and as it would be ridiculous for an engine-driver or a guard to be taking out an insurance-ticket for every journey he has to perform, an arrangement is made by which an insurance can be effected for a year or a shorter period. Thus for 30s. per annum—that is, about 7d. per week — a guard, an engine-driver, or a stoker, may insure his life for £100; and should he during that time meet such an accident as incapacitates him from employment, he is paid at the rate of 30s. per week, for a period not exceeding twenty weeks, until he is able to resume work. For porters, policemen, gatekeepers, &c. as they are exposed to less risk, the charge is only 13s. per annum; the sum insured being the same, but the amount of weekly compensation being only one guinea per week. Several cases have already occurred in which railway servants have been killed, but whose widows and children have been comparatively well provided for through the medium of this insurance company. One or two of the railway companies have expressed their readiness to pay one-half of the premiums in insuring the lives of their servants; and it is much to be hoped that very soon there will not be found one man employed or one person travelling on any railway whose life is not insured.

Another company, still more recently established, provides against accidents of all kinds. This company divides the public, for the purpose of rating, into three great classes:—

1. Ordinary risks—comprising the gentry, professional men, farmers, commercial travellers, clerks, shopkeepers, tradesmen, &c.

2. Hazardous risks—comprising builders, carpenters, sawyers, masons, house-painters, coopers, millers, printers, policemen, labourers; all persons employed about horses, and others engaged in the construction of large engineering works, as docks, tunnels, &c.

3. Extra-hazardous risks—such as boatmen, sailors, persons employed on railways, miners, colliers, &c.

Any person enrolled in the first of these classes may insure himself against accidental death to the extent of £100 by a payment of 2s. 6d. per annum; in the second, by a payment of 5s.; and in the third, by a payment varying from 7s. 6d. to 40s. But this company had not existed long before it was found that its operations must not be restricted to mere cases of fatal accident, but must apply to all; and accordingly a scale of premiums for a weekly allowance in case of non-fatal accidents was adopted. Thus to insure £100 in case of a fatal accident, or a compensation in case of a non-fatal of £1 per week and a weekly allowance not exceeding £2 for medical expenses, the annual payment in class 1 is 12s.; in class 2, 15s.; and in class 3 it ranges from £1 to £2, 10s. This company has been in operation little more than a year, but during that time the annual premiums amounted to £1228.

Let any working-man, instead of declaiming against capitalists and bad government and bad laws, sit down and seriously consider how much misery could be prevented, and how much true happiness and peace of mind be gained in the class to which he belongs, by the use of those inestimable advantages of life assurance which the capitalists against whom he rails have placed within his reach. These advantages are not visionary or chimerical; the stability of the system under which they are offered has been tested and tried by time, and not found wanting. There are hundreds and thousands of persons in the middle-classes who are now well provided for life, because those on whom they were dependent, but who have now passed away, availed themselves of the same advantages, through acts of self-sacrifice and self-denial of which the world knows nothing. Why should not the working-classes do so likewise? Here are the benefits and there are the men; it is the fault only of the latter if they do not possess themselves of the former.

From this account of the modes in which savings can be invested, it must be apparent to every one that there is no unavoidable contingency against which a working-man may not at a small sacrifice provide. That this provision is not always made is to be attributed in no small degree to the indifference, and, we may say, prejudices of the working-classes themselves. It is difficult to awaken them thoroughly to the necessity of present self-denial to meet future contingencies, and still more difficult to convince many that their condition is to be improved more by savings and judicious investments than by any attempts to alter the relations between labour and capital. The profits of the capitalist are often considered as so much deducted from the wages of the labourer; the interests of masters and men are looked on as directly antagonistic; the prospect of saving sufficient to become an employer seems too remote; and in too many

cases the idea of saving is abandoned, and men look for the improvement of their condition to the adoption of some scheme for re-adjusting the relations of society. The uselessness and expense of all strikes and similar combinations have been proved by the saddest of all experience, and ideas of unions with better and nobler objects are beginning to arise. The first-fruits of these ideas are seen in the various industrial associations that have been formed all over the country. The leading idea of these associations is perhaps best expressed in one of their favourite phrases: 'Not capitalists' labourers, but labouring capitalists;' in other words, associations in which the labour is the director of the capital, and in which all profits, after payment of usual interest, are divided among workmen.

Whatever views may be entertained of the soundness of this idea, all must feel that it is deserving of a fair trial. Everything that would prevent it from being freely and fully tested should be removed, so that its failure or success may be dependent on its weakness or strength. It is clear that a great social problem is involved, and the result of the attempt at its solution will not be received as final unless all parties consider that it receives fair play. In the present state of the law in this country such a trial is hardly possible. Thus if fifty workmen associate together, the law regards them all as partners, and as such each man is liable for all the debts that may be contracted; and, on the other hand, each is at liberty, without committing a legal offence, to seize on the property of the association to any extent. If, therefore, a man were to lend the association a small sum, his interest to be dependent on the success of the undertaking, he would at once become personally liable for all debts, even though he were not a working member, while one bad man in the association could plunder it with impunity. Under such circumstances it is perfectly clear that money will not be lent and that workmen will not associate. But the law further says: these evils may be avoided by procuring an act of parliament or a royal charter. The price of the former varies from £1000 upwards, and the latter can seldom be procured under £800 or £1000.* Combinations of capitalists, such as railway companies, may afford to purchase the limited liability of their shareholders at this high price, but no man in his senses will say that this is practicable for an association of working-men. The law is manifestly unfair: it shelters the rich, but it does not protect the poor. It may be true that if the law were altered so as to recognise limited liability only, the floodgates of speculation would be opened, and the results be ruinous in the extreme; but surely it is as possible as it is just to modify the law so as to meet the requirements of the poor without encountering such a danger. England is perhaps the only country where such a law exists. In France, under the law of *commandite*, none but the managing partners in an association are liable beyond the amount of their share, and the same law prevails in other European countries and in the United States of America.

It is, however, manifest that the existing law on this subject will be changed. The select committee of the House of Commons, appointed in the

* The cost of obtaining a charter for the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes was £1139, 7s. 6d., of which £724, 10s. 8d. consisted of fees paid at the Home Office. See Parliamentary Report, previously quoted, p. 40.

session of 1850 to consider the savings and investments of the middle and working-classes, suggested that charters of incorporation should be granted at a far more reasonable cost, though with the greatest caution, and expressed 'their strong opinion of the pressing necessity of the subject now referred to them being speedily attended to by the legislature;' and another select committee, appointed in 1851 'to consider the law of partnership and the expediency of facilitating the limitation of liability with a view to encourage useful enterprise and the additional employment of labour,' after repeating the recommendation to grant charters at a more reasonable cost, express an opinion, 'that the law of partnership as at present existing, viewing its importance in reference to the commercial character and rapid increase of the population and property of the country, requires careful and immediate revision;' and the appointment of a commission is suggested 'to consider and prepare not only a consolidation of the existing laws, but also to suggest such changes in the law as the altered condition of the country may require.'*

In spite, however, of these legal impediments, a large number of such associations of working-men have been formed in this country. The example of their brethren in France, especially in Paris, has had a very marked effect on the working-classes of our island; and to the success of some of the Parisian associations the establishment of several with us has been owing. The oldest of the existing French associations was formed in 1835. It consisted of four working-jewellers, whose united capital amounted only to 200 francs, or about £8. They wrought on with varying success for eight years, when, through some internal quarrel, the association was nearly broken up; but a new code of rules was framed, an addition made to the number of associates, and operations resumed with more success. By the rules then adopted—which represented the hard-bought experience of eight years—no associate was allowed to leave for the purpose of establishing himself in business under a penalty of £1000, nor was he allowed to bring anything into the society except his own labour. The capital was indivisible, and to it was added each year one-seventh of the profits of the concern. The associates were paid certain fixed sums according to the work done, and at the end of the year the profits were divided among them in proportion to the amounts thus earned. The society is still in existence, and numbers now eleven members. The other Parisian associations are all placed on a somewhat similar basis. The capital of the greater part of them is considered inalienable, indivisible, and hereditary in the association. This is an arrangement which, under proper regulations, is well calculated to insure stability and success, but which, on the other hand, experience has shewn to be more likely to result in the formation of exclusive and wealthy guilds existing only for their own aggrandisement. With such a plan the association may work well during the lives of the present members; but as years roll on, and capital accumulates, when the spirit that animated the founders shall have lost its influence, and the members consider it to be their interest to diminish rather than increase

* It has been stated on very good authority that the present government has undertaken to bring in a bill legalising industrial associations; that in fact the bill is printed, and would have been introduced last session had there been sufficient time.

their number, the evils of the arrangement will become manifest, and the world will hear these associations denounced as 'close corporations' by men belonging to that class whose interests they were originally intended to promote. The association of working-jewellers already referred to is an illustration of this tendency. It at one time numbered more than seventeen members; but six, or more than one-third of these, have left through various causes, after having laboured to increase a capital in which they had neither share nor claim. This accumulated capital remains with those associates who adhere to the society; and it is perhaps unnecessary to say, that there is more danger in such a case of that capital being used not for but against labour, than if it were in the hands of one man alone.

The experience of these associations has led to the adoption of a rule obvious to all who are not blinded by ideas of equality—namely, the payment both of wages and of shares in profits according to the amount and kind of work done by each man. Thus if a man be lazy or unskilful he is paid little, but if active and skilful he is paid much. Absolute equality in the remuneration of labour has been the leading idea in many Socialist schemes; and it is really painful to find that men will not become convinced of its injustice as well as impracticability except through experience. Thus in an establishment for making bottles in Paris the employer was requested by his workmen to pay them equal wages, and not according to the work done by each man. Each had hitherto been paid so much for every hundred bottles he made, but it was proposed that the day's produce of the labour of all the men should be thrown into one common stock, and the proceeds divided at the end of the week. The result was thus described by Mr Coningham in a lecture lately delivered in London:—'For the maintenance of emulation, and the satisfaction of the "point of honour," it was agreed that each man's produce should be written up day by day against the workshop wall. For a few days there was great emulation, each workman struggling to establish his superiority. This point once fairly ascertained, the skilful workmen rested from time to time, to let their slower comrades catch them up. When reproached for indolence, they now replied: "Of what do you complain? I make as many bottles as the best man here." The second-best workmen soon took to resting also; the third and fourth hands gradually followed their example; and so on, till the worst workman became the standard. Thus the rate of production and of wages declined, till at the end of eight months there was a falling off of 20 per cent., and next season the employer returned to the old plan of paying piece-work wages, and the earnings of master and men rose at once to their former level.'

The mode in which these associations are managed is somewhat similar to that of joint-stock companies in our own country. A council is elected, usually for one year, by the associates, which has the regulation of all matters except such as require the sanction of a special meeting. Accounts are made up and ordinary meetings held twice every year. Many of the associations have a multiplicity of rules regarding various matters—such as the admission of new associates, the administration of sick funds, &c. &c. to all of which it is unnecessary here to allude further. Several of them have received loans from the government, either to enable them to com-

mence or to extend their proceedings; others have borrowed capital from private individuals, and some have started with the accumulated capital of the members themselves. The following list, prepared a few months ago in Paris by the correspondent of the 'New York Tribune,' will shew to what an extent these associations have been formed, and what a strong hold the principle on which they are established has acquired over the minds of the working-classes of Paris:—

	Associations.	Members.		Associations.	Members.
Bakers,	6	111	Lacemakers,	1	14
Brickmakers,	1	116	Lantern-makers,	1	8
Bronzemakers,	1	48	Lastmakers,	1	12
Brushmakers,	1	256	Laundresses,	5	125
Butchers,	3	227	Lemonade and Beer-Sellers,	3	132
Buttonmakers,	2	56	Lithographers,	1	?
Bookbinders,	1	14	Locksmiths,	1	30
Builders,	2	113	Marble-Cutters,	3	84
Cabinetmakers,	2	14	Masons,	1	165
Carpenters,	1	42	Musical-Instrument-makers,	1	19
Capmakers,	2	184	Nailmakers,	1	6
Chairmakers,	2	14	Pastrycooks,	2	186
Clockmakers,	1	8	Paviers,	1	15
Carriage-makers,	1	8	Piano-makers,	1	?
Collar-makers,	1	74	Plate-Engravers,	1	58
Colliers,	1	3	Pocketbook-makers,	1	35
Combmakers,	1	27	Potters,	1	49
Compass-makers,	1	20	Printers,	4	31
Cooks,	47	1772	Pumpmakers,	1	32
Corset-makers,	1	143	Saddlers,	1	23
Curriers,	2	47	Sawyers,	1	61
Cutlers,	2	39	Sculptors,	1	7
Daguerreotype Apparatus-makers,	1	14	Shirtmakers,	5	163
Dyers and Scourers,	2	22	Shoemakers,	4	303
Embroiderers,	1	14	Silk-Dyers,	1	29
Filemakers,	2	40	Spectacle-makers,	1	26
Founders,	2	22	Spinners,	1	3
Gasfitters,	2	261	Steam-Engine-makers,	1	?
Goldsmiths,	1	11	Stovemakers,	1	3
Hairdressers,	34	2583	Tailors,	4	100
Hatters,	6	182	Tanners,	2	30
Hosiers,	1	47	Tilers,	1	21
House-Painters,	4	108	Tinners,	1	70
Inkstand-makers,	1	12	Upholsterers,	1	7
Iron-Bedstead-makers,	1	5	Vintners,	5	118
Jewellers,	2	238	Whip and Canemakers,	1	63
			Wood-Engravers,	1	?

Besides the above there are two bath-associations, two grocery-stores, two milk, and seven medical associations.

Of the proceedings of all of these it is impossible, in the limited space of this Paper, to give an account, but we will briefly sketch the history of a few.

One of the first associations formed after the Revolution of 1848 was that of the tailors, in the Rue de Clichy, in a building which had formerly been used as a debtors' prison. It soon numbered about 2000 workmen, at two francs, or 1s. 8d., a day, with a share in the profits. It was

highly favoured by the Provisional Government, from whom it received an order for 40,000 uniforms; and though this order was executed at a very low price, yet the profits on it and the contributions of the members raised the capital of the association in three months to about £3000. The disastrous days of June 1848 broke up this association, but many of the members soon after formed another in the Rue du Faubourg St Denis. This association during the past year transacted business to the extent of about £4000, on which a profit of 6 per cent. had been realised; occasionally as many as sixty hands would be employed, and there were also several hundreds ready to work whenever there was a demand for their labour.

In March 1849, a few pianoforte-makers commenced business with a capital of less than £100. Their workshop was in a wretched garret in an ill-paved yard in an unfrequented street. To procure materials with which to commence operations, their prudence, economy, and self-denial were taxed to the utmost. First they made one piano: it was sold in May; and then for the first time they received any remuneration for their labour, and that was only at the rate of about 5s. for each man. They went on gradually extending their business until they became favourably known, and according to the last account they numbered thirty-five; had work and sale-shops rented at £80 per year; had property to the extent of nearly £2000; and they have now in the Great Exhibition two pianos that reflect on them the highest credit as skilful workmen.

In August 1848 fourteen workmen, with a stock in trade of £91, 4s. and £20 in cash, formed the 'Fraternal Association of Working Filemakers.' Their shop was opened in December 1848, and during the first fortnight the produce of their work was 16s. to each man. In 1849 they received an advance of £400 from the government, and since that time they have prospered to such an extent, that in December last they were forty-two in number, had two sale-shops, and paid £89 per annum in rent and taxes. Their business is said to be worth £2400 a year, on which a net profit of from 14 to 15 per cent. is realised. They have purchased 'a patent for improvements in file-making, which, without any increased expenditure, enables them to sell their files from 25 to 30 per cent. cheaper than the best French files hitherto manufactured, and to supplant even the English. For the working of this patent they have borrowed £2000 at 5 per cent., together with a share in profits.' The wages paid are about one-fifth more than the average of the trade.

The experience, however, of these associations can never be a safe guide to British workmen. They exist under an entirely different law, amid a totally dissimilar class of social arrangements, and among an excitable people eager in their attempts to realise impracticable theories. A brief outline of the history of some of those established in our own country will be more useful than any more extended account of those in Paris.

The statements that appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle' about two years ago regarding the condition of the labouring poor in London excited general interest and sympathy. The distressed state of the tailors and needlewomen in particular was brought conspicuously into notice, and the attention of the benevolent was roused to the adoption of some means by

which their state might be improved. It was easy to foresee that any temporary means of relief would be of little value, and that something very different from the establishment of charitable institutions must be done. The problem to be solved was briefly this: given a certain number of workers to find employment for them at good wages. The circumstances under which this problem had to be solved were, that the demand for the labour of these workers was less than the supply, and that the competition that necessarily followed reduced the rate of wages. But few of those who directed their attention to the subject considered it in this naked aspect. It became complicated with questions arising out of the selfish conduct of some of the large employers, and that conduct was in too many instances regarded as the cause of the evils complained of. Those who considered it a question of 'supply and demand,' and proposed to reduce the supply of labour by encouraging it to take a different direction, either through emigration or otherwise, were stigmatised as cold, heartless economists. The workers themselves held several meetings at which the subject was discussed; but these meetings were little else than time thrown away; and all that they did was to give expression to a vague belief that the evil arose from competition, and that co-operation was the remedy.

In these circumstances a number of gentlemen in London, anxious to see something of a practical nature done, and desirous of testing the idea of industrial associations, offered to lend money and to give other assistance to a few bodies of work-people, to enable them to commence business. The first association created by this encouragement was one of tailors, who opened a shop in Castle Street, London, in the beginning of 1850. Other associations were speedily formed, and up to 30th June last there had been advanced the following sums:—

Tailors' Association, ...	£378	9	8
Shoemakers'	279	8	0
Strong Shoemakers' Association, .	129	12	0
Printers'	284	1	1
Bakers'	57	18	0
Bootmakers'	44	12	6

For the use of this money the associations were to pay interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, and each was to appoint a manager, approved of by the lenders, in whom the property of the association was to be vested, and who was to give to the lenders a bill of sale, thus giving them complete control over the property purchased by their advances. A code of laws was also prepared for the government of each association.

The working-tailors have been the most successful. In sixteen months after commencing business they had repaid out of the profits £142, 10s. of capital; and their wages averaged, including their share in the profits, about 35s. per week to each. The prices which the association charged were from 30 to 40 per cent. below the first West-end houses, but no decidedly inferior articles were made, as the association never pretended to compete with the excessively cheap houses. It is, however, a curious fact, that the association gave in an estimate at their usual prices for the livery of a

lis, and obtained the work, even though among their competitors was

a firm which the 'Morning Chronicle' letters brought very prominently before the public. The number of workmen who started the association was twelve; of these nine are still connected with it. Some of these had employment when the association commenced, and they were for the most part fair average workmen, some of whom would have little difficulty in procuring employment elsewhere. The greatest number associated at one time has been thirty-five, and the applications for employment that have been rejected have been innumerable. The affairs have not been conducted with constant unanimity and good-feeling. Quarrels have arisen between the manager and the workmen that required to be settled by arbitration, and which resulted in the expulsion of some of the men. In a recent communication to the 'Christian Socialist' on this subject, the manager wrote, speaking of the commencement of the association: 'We called each other brothers, sung songs about "labour's social chivalry;" we did wonders in the way of work and profit, and for four or five months all went smoothly enough. But the slack season came *for which we had not provided*, and brought with it those terrible evils of jealousy and disunion. However painful it was at that time, I for one do not regret passing through "the fiery ordeal"—for association *is* a furnace in which men are tried—so I do not regret, although jealousy and disunion have destroyed one flourishing association of builders, and caused much that was unpleasant and painful among almost all the other associations; although at one time they threatened to destroy us altogether.' All the work of the association is done on the premises; the workrooms have been made airy and healthful; a small library has been collected, and a bath-room fitted up.

The associations of shoemakers have not succeeded so well. Three were at first started—one in Holborn, one in Castle Street, and one in Tottenham Court Road. The first and last have amalgamated, and the second has been given up. The shoemakers of London are in a much less distressed condition than the tailors, and the rule of the associations requiring all work to be done on the premises is strongly objected to by many of the workmen, who have so long been accustomed to work at home.

The builders' association was established in May 1850 by twelve workmen. No association could have been more prosperous or fortunate. They were assisted at the outset by loans and advances on their work; they were kept in constant employment, and fulfilled all their contracts in a good and workmanlike manner. On 7th February 1851 they had repaid loans and advances, and had made altogether, after expending £713 in 'allowances'—that is, wages—a clear profit of £235. In the same month (February) the association was broken up. Why? 'Because,' to use the words of the manager, 'we suspected each other, opposed each other—ay, hated each other; and fellowship at last was not to be found among us.'

Among the numerous provincial associations we have space to speak in detail of two only—the 'Whit Lane Weaving Company' at Pendleton, near Manchester, and 'The People's Flour-Mill' at Leeds. In the course of last year a strike for wages took place at the works of Sir E. Armitage and Son at Pendleton. Various meetings were held,

at which the men spoke very freely of the conduct of their masters, and complained bitterly of the low rate of wages they received. In reply, Messrs Armitage published in a Manchester newspaper their wages' list for the three weeks immediately preceding, specifying the amount paid to every man, woman, and child in their employment. From this it appeared that the average sum per week paid to each person, young and old, male and female, in the mills, was 12s. This set the dispute right with the public; but the men were 'out,' and as they were supported to some extent by a union-fund, they continued out. In these circumstances a clergyman in the neighbourhood (the Rev. T. G. Lee), who has great faith in the co-operative principle, recommended the men, instead of lying idle and prolonging a useless contest, to commence work on their own account, and thus 'substitute a practical, self-reliant spirit for a pauper-like dependence on union support.' In a short time shares to the extent of nearly £1500 were taken up, and ultimately a capital of £2000 was subscribed. A building was erected, machinery purchased and fitted up, and it was said that the late employers of the men offered to purchase all they could produce at the fair market-price. The number of looms in the building is 66, of which 60 are ready for and most of them are really at work. The number of persons employed is at present about 48. The net profits on the first half-year's work, after paying allowances, were about £100. This company supplies the working-tailors' association in London with pocket-lining and other similar material used in making clothes. The great difficulties against which it has had to contend have been a poverty of capital and a surplus of labour; jealousy, ignorance, and disunion. In addition to the original cost of the machinery, each of the looms should have for its supply alone a floating capital of about £6—that is, £3 worth of material always in it, and as much in the warehouse ready to take the place of the former as soon as it has been woven. In addition to this there must be money for wages and other expenses, and the produce of the mill must be quickly sold, otherwise the capital will soon be exhausted—in perhaps about ten days. This is a difficulty, the practical knowledge of which has hitherto been confined chiefly to the employers; and when working-men thus find it out through the medium of that true but most severe of all teachers, experience, they will look with very different feelings on the actions of employers. Again, the number of shareholders, chiefly working-men, was much greater than the means of employing them; and as each considered he had a right to employment in a mill in part at least his own, a constant series of quarrels was the result, which it required the utmost prudence and self-denial to suppress. It is said, however, that the company is getting over these difficulties, that confidence is rising, and that everything indicates future prosperity.

'The Leeds District Flour-Mill Society' was formed in 1847, having for its objects to 'purchase corn as cheap and as good as possible, and manufacture flour for the members only, which shall be delivered to them at as near prime cost as possible.' The amount of each share was fixed at one pound or upwards, payable in sums of not less than one shilling per week. The shares were declared to be not transferable, but 'the investment of each member shall be employed for the sole benefit of the member investing, or the husband, wife, child, or kindred of such member investing.'

The following statement will shew the remarkable success that has attended this society:—

Year ending June 1848.		1849.	1850.	Total.
Subscriptions,	£2,252	£695	£295	£3,242
Profits,	27	101	78	206
Capital,	£2,279	£3,075	£3,448	£3,448
Fixed do.,	£762	£2,033	£2,726	
Floating do.,	1,517	1,042	721	
Goods sold,	15,486	22,875	23,749	£62,110
Bags of flour sold,	9,245	10,495	12,757	32,497
Members,	2,200	2,602	3,098	

The subsequent progress of the society has been even more clearly marked by success. It now possesses an excellent mill capable of grinding for 50,000 people; its members are supplied with flour through shopkeepers in all parts of the town, at the rate of twopence per stone less than they could otherwise procure it; and it is in contemplation to undertake the supply of groceries and other provisions. But amid all this financial success there have been disunion and jealousy, upbraiding and quarrelling, that have tried the patience of many and excited the disgust of others. One gentleman who has taken an active part in its management writes thus:—'The real difficulty, however, I find in the management of these societies, is the dreadful ignorance of the working-classes, and their vindictiveness should anything be done which may not accord with their ideas: for example, a servant misbehaves, and is dismissed; immediately a dreadful story is trumped up shewing the tyranny of the directors, and that his dismissal was not owing to his inefficiency, but to a desire on the part of one or more of the officers wishing to get some relation or friend in his place. Accordingly, at the next half-yearly meeting there is such a bear-garden scene that ends invariably in disgusting the better men, who might have managed pretty well; and of course retire or resign, leaving things to their fate. I have managed hitherto to persuade a few to retain their seats, but with much trouble; but I must confess that in my heart I am thoroughly pained to see such perverseness; and the only thing that has sustained me has been a consciousness that I have done my best, and a belief that, after a little time, the working-classes will see that their best policy is contained in the old maxim to "bear and forbear," and to think that there are other honest men in the world besides themselves.'

We have endeavoured, without success, to procure a complete list of these associations. The information regarding them is scattered about among sources not easily accessible, and often quite unknown. Besides, though founded on principles of association and fraternity, the bond of union seldom extends from one individual association to another; and the consequence is, that a great number of these experiments are quite isolated; that the experience gathered practically is not diffused; and that blunders and mistakes are repeated over and over again, which an obvious extension of co-operative *practice* would guard against. One or two conferences have been held with beneficial results, but at them the unrepresented associations were painfully conspicuous. The following list,

however, is correct so far as it goes, and we believe embraces the greater number of the associations:—

Edinburgh.—An Operative Tailors' Company, consisting of ten members; but they have not been able to employ any more than five of that number since November last, with the exception of one week in the beginning of the season. The difficulties alleged are want of capital and unsuitable premises.

Glasgow.—A Co-operative Tailors' Establishment with thirty-five members.—Fifteen joiners have formed an association here, and propose to commence business in the spring of next year.

Liverpool.—There is a Tailors' Institute in this town, consisting of about 1400 members, and connected with it is an association transacting business to the extent of about £400 per year. The complaint is 'the state of the law,' which prevents the men from obtaining capital; and it is stated that Liverpool 'is one of the worst towns in England for co-operative principles.'

London.—Working-Printers' Association; commenced with two members, and now gives employment to seven. The stock in trade is worth about £500, and all the printing required by the various associations in London is executed by this association.—Pimlico Working-Builders, consisting of about fifty members, thirty-four of whom are at present employed. The association possesses a capital of about £2500; it has undertaken and completed the erection of a number of houses and other buildings both in London and the country; it has formed a co-operative store, and it is in contemplation to establish an educational institute.—Working-Pianoforte-makers; fifteen in number, established in April 1851. This association purchased by means of borrowed capital an old-established business, which they are now carrying on.—Working Tailors and Shoemakers: particulars already given.

Manchester.—There is a Tailors' Association in this town, and another of hatters. The latter consists of twelve members. There is also the factory at Pendleton already referred to.

Newcastle.—Working tailors; sixty-two members. From 5th October 1850 to 1st July 1851 the amount of work done was £477. The capital is in shares of £1 each, and the management is vested in a committee of five and a director.

Sheffield.—There are three associations in this town of workmen employed in making saws; first, the sawmakers, numbering 230; second, the saw-handle-makers, numbering 160; third, the saw-grinders, numbering 150. Each of these is separate and distinct from the others.

Southampton.—Working tailors; twenty-two members, who have taken one or more 5s. shares; eight of these are at work, and the amount of trade done from 27th March to 8th July this year was nearly £300.

In Leeds there was established in September 1845 an association called the Redemption Society, differing very considerably from any that have been described above. Its objects are stated to be 'to purchase land and to erect necessary buildings thereon, and by its cultivation to provide employment and mai nce for mbers, both in health and sickness, and in old age lish schools for the proper training and they may become when of age useful

members of society: and further, at death a decent interment shall be provided for all the dwellers on the estate at the expense of the society.' Funds are procured both by subscriptions and donations. Before any one can become a member, he or she must become a candidate by payment of an entrance-fee of not less than sixpence, and a weekly subscription of one penny for six months thereafter. At the expiration of that time, if approved of by the members, the candidate is admitted on 'his paying sixpence or upwards for his card.' Donations to any extent are received, and applied to the purposes of the society, but without acquiring for the donors any privileges. When the amount of money in hand is considered sufficient to purchase ten acres of land, a purchase is made, and from among the members a certain number of 'pioneers' are chosen by ballot to go on the property and cultivate it, and support themselves by its produce. The society has already acquired the reversion of an estate in Carmarthenshire, South Wales, on which eleven persons are employed. The value on the stock on the farm was estimated in December last at £595; and during 1850, the produce, after supporting the pioneers, realised £38, 14s. One of the residents on the farm is a shoemaker, and it is intended as opportunity affords to locate other trades, so that the wants of the little community may be supplied from within itself. The experiment is one of great practical interest and importance; and those who have its management seem, apart from their perhaps justifiable enthusiasm, to be clear-headed, sensible working-men.

Besides such associations as those described, there are many others, under the title of Co-operative Stores, in various parts of the country. Their object is to supply their members with unadulterated groceries at the cheapest possible rate. The number of these stores is considerably greater than that of the associations. The following list comprises the principal establishments of the kind in London, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire—districts where the co-operative idea seems to have taken deepest root in the public mind:—

Locality.	How long in Existence.	Number of Members.	Amount of Business done.
Charlotte Street, London,	Six months	140	£60 per week
Newnham Street, London,	Just commenced	35	
Bingley,		40	10 ...
Simister Lane,	March, 1849		
Haslingden,	1849	90	50 ...
Swinton,	March, 1851	67	
Rochdale Mill,	Feb. 1851	250	£3000 since commencement
Halifax,	Jan. 1851	207	£50 per week
Elton,	Nov. 1850	24	11 ...
Heywood,		340	140 ...
Lees,	Feb. 1851	42	
Oldham,	Dec. 1850	140	45 ...
Garrat Road, Manchester,	March, 1851	155	33 ...
Equitable Pioneers, Manchester,	1848	90	120 ...
Todmorden,	Jan. 1848	56	16 ...
Salford,	Nov. 1848	30	12 ...
Littleborough,	Jan. 1, 1851	40	20 ...
Steps, near Rochdale,	July, 1850	60	35 ...

Locality.	How long in Existence.	Number of Members.	Amount of Business done.
Burnley,	Feb. 1851	42	
Royton,	Nov. 1850	78	£27 per week
Oakenrod, near Rochdale,	Dec. 1850	24	17 ...
Bradford,	No premises	49	
Bolton,	Nov. 1850	97	40 ...
Rochdale,	1845	700	400 ...
Padiham,	1848	80	50 ...
Blakely,	Oct. 1850	24	10 ...
Harperhey,	Feb. 1851	35	20 ...
Bacup,	1848	400	230 ...
Brickfield,	Jan. 1850	80	40 ...
Macclesfield,	No premises	35	
Chaderton,	Nov. 1850	50	26 ...
Ramsbotton,	Jan. 1851	36	11 ...
Bury,	Nov. 1850	100	62 ...
Rooden Lane,	Feb. 1851	26	12 ...
Leigh,	1847	50	20 ...
Middleton,		141	65 ...
Wilsden,	1850	30	12 ...

Into the great general questions that these industrial experiments open up it is not our province to enter here. Whatever abstract opinions may be formed or expressed regarding them, it is clear that the time has passed away when a discussion of these would be of much value. The working-classes seem resolved on trying the experiment, and it is the interest of every one to see that it be tried not only fairly but fully. We hope that the working-classes are prepared to abide by the result, and that when they find out, what we think is inevitable, that such associations as a general rule can have no permanent existence, they will acquiesce in the existing relations between labour and capital, and avail themselves as far as possible of such industrial investments as have been described in the first part of this Paper.

LORD BROUGHAM.

IN 1830 Henry Brougham was placed by the suffrages of the electors of Yorkshire at the head of the parliamentary representation of the United Kingdom, amidst the plaudits of the great majority of the British people. This distinguished position in William IV.'s first House of Commons was the reward of a parliamentary career extending over more than twenty years, and presumedly as frank, sincere, and unselfish, as it was unquestionably varied, brilliant, and successful. He had conquered the repugnance of the great Yorkshire constituency to being represented by a practising barrister by the sheer force of his masculine and impassioned oratory, his energetic and unquailing defence of a persecuted lady against the wiles and oppressions of a powerful and unscrupulous court and ministry; by his vehement denunciation of the tyrannies of creed, caste, colour, under whatever pretence enacted or exercised; by his iterated exposures of the law's injustice, extortion, and delay; and his untiring advocacy of the necessity, the justice, and the wisdom, of an efficient scheme of national education. The favour of the people was ratified by the monarch. A short time after the opening of the new parliament, the member for Yorkshire was created Baron Brougham and Vaux, and took his seat on the woolsack as Lord High Chancellor of England—with the exception of the members of the royal family, the first subject of the realm in eminence and dignity.

A giddy elevation! upon which it is difficult for men of the firmest, the most evenly-balanced minds to stand erect and undazzled. The new chancellor had himself no misgivings: not a shadow of apprehension clouded for a moment the brilliancy of the prospect which lay invitingly before him. No suggestion of wise self-distrust, it was evident, from the first words he addressed to the half-amused, half-angry Peers, mingled with the natural exultation called forth by the sudden and unexpected elevation to which he had attained. 'The thing which dazzled me most,' said his lordship, speaking from the woolsack—'the thing which dazzled me most in the prospect opened to me by the acceptance of office, was not the gewgaw splendour of the place, but because it seemed to afford me—if I were honest, on which I could rely; if I were consistent, which I knew to be a matter of absolute necessity in my nature; if I were able as I was honest and consistent—a field of more extended exertions. That by which the Great Seal dazzled my eyes and induced me to quit a station which till that time I deemed

the proudest which an Englishman could enjoy, was that it seemed to hold out to me the gratifying prospect that in serving my king I should better be able to serve my country.' These confident words were uttered on the evening of Friday the 26th November 1830. On the 15th November 1834, not quite four years afterwards, the 'Times' newspaper announced that the Whig cabinet, of which the noble and learned lord was so able and eminent a member, had been summarily, almost insultingly, turned out of office by the king; and so thoroughly had those few years of power, whether by his own fault or the people's caprice, stripped the ejected chancellor of the popularity he had before enjoyed, that his fall alone, of all the cabinet, excited neither sympathy, regret, nor indignation. And so deeply rooted has proved this disfavour, indifference, ingratitude, or whatever else it may be called, that although the dismissed ministry was not long afterwards restored to office by the House of Commons, and that the Whigs have since, with the exception of Sir Robert Peel's last great administration, continued in the enjoyment of power, Lord Brougham, with his formidable oratorical and debating talents as brilliant and effective, his all-embracing industry as unflagging, as ever, has never been invited to re-enter the cabinet; and perhaps stranger still, no general desire that he should resume his place in the royal councils has been heard from the people with whom he was once so powerful and popular! How may we account for this extraordinary change? Must we ascribe it, with Lord Brougham's thorough-going partisans, to the mean and rancorous jealousy of former colleagues, impatient of his manifest superiority—the scandalous misrepresentations of a truculent and mendacious press, and the undiscerning, unreasoning caprice of a fickle people? Or, adopting the assertions put forth by his lordship's habitual detractors, must we say that his splendid and mighty efforts to loosen the bonds of the slave, his vehement denunciation of fraud and oppression, his strenuous advocacy of extended popular rights and the diffusion of popular instruction, were all mere promptings of a restless and insatiable vanity, to gratify which he would and did sacrifice the cause of progress, and the best interests of a people whom he only looked upon as the instruments of an intolerable, self-seeking ambition, and unhesitatingly abandoned the moment his selfish purpose was achieved? A heavy charge!—one easily made; and however essentially false, not difficult to be showily supported by one-sided and garbled views and quotations of the acts and speeches of a public man who has been busily engaged in the political struggles and vicissitudes of the last forty years of change and strife!

Is not the truth rather that Lord Brougham and the more eager, impatient reformers were mutually self-deceived; that he was never half so popularly disposed, in a democratic sense, as they—misled by occasional bursts of fiery eloquence—believed him to be; and that he, if not mistaken in the direction of the tide of popular opinion, underrated its depth, constancy, and force; and in endeavouring to arrest its progress at the limits which he thought desirable, found himself tossed aside, with no other resource left but to rail at the power of a movement which he had neither desired nor anticipated, and no longer possessed strength to guide or to control? Add to this an inveterate habit of indulging in exaggerated invective, cruel and undiscriminating sarcasm, together with a few eccentric

peculiarities of manner and expression, and you have a sufficient key to Lord Brougham's public character and conduct, to the secret of his popularity and unpopularity, without the necessity of seeking for it in groundless hypotheses of personal unworthiness, and selfish disregard of party and national obligations. This at least is our impression. Whether the reader, after glancing over the following slight sketch of the noble and learned lord's literary, forensic, parliamentary, and judicial career, will arrive at the same conclusion, we cannot of course venture to predicate; but at all events we can confidently promise that it shall not be exaggerated or distorted in outline, nor falsely and delusively coloured or disguised.

Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, although essentially the architect of his own fortunes and position, claims to be descended from a very ancient if not very distinguished family. The genealogists trace his descent from the De Burghams, an English territorial family settled in Cumberland and Westmoreland long before the Slys and others came in with the Conqueror. Where Brougham Hall now stands, Walter de Burgham in the time of Edward, Saint and Confessor, was possessed of the manor of De Burgham. In Henry II.'s reign Odard de Burgham distinguished himself from the crowd of forgotten nobodies by incurring with others a heavy fine for unworthily surrendering the castle of Appleby to the Scots. Setting, however, aside these and other dim traditions, it appears certain that one Henry Burgham or Brougham did really marry, towards the close of the seventeenth century, 'the fair Miss Slee, daughter of Mr Slee of Carlisle, a jovial gentleman of three hundred a year.' It is also sufficiently clear that the Broughams were high sheriffs of Cumberland in the reigns of George I. and II. This ancient stock, somewhat shorn it should seem, not of its honours but of its manors—a more tangible loss—intermarried by its representative, Henry Brougham of Scales Hall, in Cumberland, and Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, with a highly-respectable Scotch family; the said Henry having espoused, on the 22d August 1777, Eleanor, only child of the Rev. James Syme, by Mary, sister of Dr Robertson, the historian of Charles V. and America. This marriage had numerous issue, the eldest of whom was Henry, afterwards Lord Brougham and Vaux, and Lord High Chancellor. He claims also to be heir-general and representative of the ancient and noble House of Vaux. His motto, discovered by the Heralds Office to be the ancient one of his House, is 'Pro rege, lege, grege;' and his crest is a hand and arm in armour holding a luce, argent: on the elbow a rose, gules. He was born in St Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on the 19th September 1779, and received his preliminary education at the High School of that city. When only fifteen years of age he entered the university. An insatiable thirst after and love of knowledge, a singular power and aptitude for acquiring it, combined with unbounded self-confidence, appear to have characterised him from the first dawn of his discursive, ambitious, and splendid career. He was little more than sixteen when he transmitted to the Royal Society a paper describing a series of experiments in optics, and an exposition, more showy and pretentious than sound and philosophical, of the principles which govern that science. The Royal Society thought sufficiently well of the paper to print it in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of 1796. They conferred the same honour in 1798 upon a dissertation he sent them on 'Certain Principles in Geometry.'

These precocious labours called forth replies and refutations from Professor Prevost of Geneva and others; and the youthful sciolist was soon busily engaged in a Latin correspondence with philosophers of European reputation, on multifarious scientific questions, most of which he is said to have treated with his accustomed brilliance and audacity. Neither was European travel, such as then could be obtained, wanting to the development of his lively intellect. He made a tour through the northern countries of the continent in company with Mr Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay, and on his return was duly called to the Scottish bar, where he practised with fair success till the year 1807, when he finally took up his abode in London.

Many and various were the modes by which, in addition to the study and illustration of Scots and civil law, he kept his restless energies in full activity. He was a distinguished member of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh—a school of exercise for embryo orators and essayists connected with the university of that city—over which the great success in after-life of several of its members has thrown a lustre it did not probably in itself deserve. The aspect of the time was troubled and stormy. Constituted authorities were angered and dismayed at the moral phenomena which everywhere gleamed through the thick darkness generated by centuries of leaden despotism and inert social apathy and ignorance, now bursting into baleful and destructive flame, and now sending forth a holy, regenerative light. In Scotland, as elsewhere, alarmed officials were fulminating decrees of fine, imprisonment, transportation, against the favourers of the new opinions with merciless severity—a comparatively modern illustration of an old truth, that fear is always cruel. The natural consequence in such a state of society as that of Edinburgh ensued: reprobation of the errors or faults of the sufferers was lost in the indignation excited by the excess of punishment inflicted. The leading spirits of the Speculative Society kindled into ardent Whiggism, and for a time perhaps something more; and when sufficiently matured in intellectual power, started in 1802—with the assistance of that prince of argumentative humorists, the Rev. Sydney Smith—the world-famous 'Edinburgh Review;' the first number of which

'Waved its light wings of saffron and of blue'

under the reverend gentleman's guidance, and at once soared into a far higher region of critical disquisition than the then feeble and drowsy arbiters of literary fame had ever striven, or indeed had power to reach. It appears from a paper left by Lord Jeffrey, that, owing to a fear of Smith for the indiscreet tongue of Brougham, the latter was not at first admitted to the secret consultations of the critical confederacy. He was, however, from the first a copious contributor, writing fourteen articles in the first three numbers. Nay—and it is certainly a curious particular in the history of our literature—*one entire number* was written by Henry Brougham, in order, as we have heard, to obtain from Mr Constable a sum of money required for some particular purpose. Amongst his multifarious contributions appeared the much-talked-of notice, in 1808, of Lord Byron's 'Hours of Idleness'—a rather smart piece of writing, but which would have perished and been

forgotten with other ephemera of the season, had it not been for the angry response which it elicited from the enraged author, and the striking contradiction given to the prediction of the critic by the poet's subsequent success. The criticism was, however, substantially just, contemptuously expressed as it may be. The noble lord's juvenile volume contained no indication of the fervid genius he afterwards displayed; and a critic not professing to be endowed with second-sight must surely be excused for not discerning in the sentimental prettiness of the 'Hours of Idleness' the developed beauty and passion of 'The Giaour,' or the haughty misanthropy and eloquent scorn of the 'Childe Harold.' The brief review is written in a tone of light badinage which Brougham was often very happy in. The best hit is the passage we subjoin, relative to the author's implied claim to admiration on account of his verses having been written at a very early age. This juvenile plea is handled with considerable humour:—'The law upon this point,' says the reviewer, 'we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron for the purpose of compelling him to pay into court a certain quantity of poetry, and judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken were he to deliver for poetry the contents of this volume. To this he might plead minority; but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he has no right to sue on that ground for the price in good current praise should the goods be unmarketable.' There was nothing very truculent or savage in this, and a laugh would have been a far better answer than the elaborate bitterness of the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which, clever as it may be, certainly did not prove the 'Hours of Idleness' to be a work of genius. Had Byron lived, he would long since have discovered that, although happening to be quite right in the particular instance under discussion, the judgment of his early censor as regards 'poetry' was of very little worth. Of this we shall have presently to offer proof; but in the meantime we must turn from these by-paths of non-political literature, into which Lord Brougham only occasionally digressed, till the multiplying shadows of the giant years he had passed, and the more and more distinct echoes of his daily lonelier footfall, gave solemn warning of his near approach to the setting sun—to the broad high-road of his crowded public life. In 1803 he published a treatise in two volumes, on the 'Colonial Policy of the European Powers,' which attracted a good deal of attention. In this work the most careless eye will readily discern the germ of those peculiarities of temperament, thought, and style, which afterwards developed themselves into such luxuriance. Vigour and facility of expression, bitter sarcasm, exaggerated statements, and singular brilliancy of illustration, run through volumes intended to elucidate and enforce a theory of colonial policy which subsequent events have deprived of all interest or present applicability. The burning indignation afterwards displayed by Lord Brougham in his speeches denouncing negro-slavery is very coldly if at all manifested in this work; indeed one or two of the passages were frequently quoted against him, during the struggle for slave-emancipation, as evidence of his opinion of the natural inferiority and subjection of the coloured race to the white. This, though literally, is not morally accurate. The book was

written solely with a view to enforce the policy, on the part of the European powers, of putting down the slave-trade, the success of which efforts, amongst other advantages, would, he contended, 'render all the planters more careful of their stock, and more disposed to encourage breeding:' the diminished supply would, he also thought, have the ultimate effect of bringing the slaves into 'the same condition as the bondsmen of ancient Europe and the slaves of the classic times.' The question of negro-slavery, as afterwards raised in this country, is not discussed in the book.

Whilst thus writing and reviewing, Mr Brougham continued to practise at the Scottish bar, and gradually acquired a reputation, if not as a remarkably sound lawyer, still as a bold and able speaker. On one occasion he appeared before the House of Lords as one of the counsel in the case of Lady Essex Ker, involving the title and estates of the dukedom of Roxburgh. At last, impatient of the slow progress he was making, and believing London presented a more ample field for the profitable exercise of his peculiar talents than the northern metropolis afforded, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and was in due course called to the English bar, at which he soon acquired a considerable practice. Shortly before taking up his abode in England he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1810 Mr Brougham was heard at the bar of the House of Lords two days consecutively, as counsel for certain London, Liverpool, and Manchester merchants against the celebrated Orders in Council, issued in retaliation of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, which, besides establishing a paper-blockade of Great Britain and its dependencies, forbade the continent—then for the most part at the feet of the French emperor—to have any commercial intercourse whatever with the hated and dreaded English. The retaliatory Orders in Council declared all the coasts of France, and those of every country under Bonaparte's control, to be in a state of permanent blockade, and empowered the British cruisers to capture any neutral vessel which should attempt to enter any of the enemy's ports, until after touching at a British port and paying heavy duties on articles *not* contraband of war. The legitimate law of blockade is well known. It is that only an efficient, real blockade, by a sufficient number of vessels to practically enforce it, is valid and legal. Mere paper-decrees, or an insufficient force to fairly carry out its ostensible purpose, international law does not recognise as constituting a valid blockade. It is clear, therefore, that even Great Britain, with the thousand vessels of war she had then in commission, could not fulfil the requisite legal conditions; and as for the decree of France, it was simply an absurdity. Not only were the Orders in Council manifestly unjust in regard to neutrals, but they operated most injuriously upon the export of English merchandise to America, whose lucrative carrying-trade was crippled by the British cruisers. Remonstrances poured in on all sides, and an angry spirit was evoked in the United States, which ultimately found vent in the subsequent absurd and purposeless war. Speaking in the House of Commons upon the subject in 1812, Mr Brougham drew the following picture of the distress of the cotton-weavers and spinners consequent upon the ministerial Orders:—'The food which now sustains them is reduced to the lowest kinds, and of that there is not nearly a sufficient supply; bread, or even potatoes are now out of the question; the luxuries of animal food, or even milk, they have long

ceased to think of. Their looks as well as their apparel proclaim the sad change in their situation.' This is we daresay a somewhat overcoloured sketch of the condition of factory-workers in the good old war-times—the speaker's imagination, and the necessities of his striking oratory, forbidding a strict adherence to prosaic accuracy; still there can be no doubt that the retaliatory measures were very injurious to trade; and so fiercely did the popular clamour rage, that ministers were finally compelled to rescind them —not, however, till after a bitter and protracted struggle, in which Mr Brougham was the most effectual combatant on the side of plain justice and equity. Amongst the articles which the Orders peremptorily prohibited to be conveyed to France by neutrals was Jesuits' bark. This 'bark'-warfare against Napoleon was an especially favourite mode of battle with Mr Perceval. He did not place much reliance upon Wellington and his army; but he had unbounded confidence that his own pro-fever tactics would prove more than a match for the military prowess of the French ruler. A more legitimate mark for Mr Brougham's unrivalled sarcasm can scarcely be imagined, and the opportunity was not neglected. The Orders were, as we have said, rescinded, but not till after Mr Perceval's death.

Mr Brougham entered parliament in 1810 as the nominee of the Earl of Darlington, afterwards Duke of Cleveland. The noble earl returned him for his borough of Camelford, vacated by the translation of Lord Henry Petty to the Upper House as Marquis of Lansdowne. The new member of course attached himself to the Whig Opposition of those days; an opposition which, from various causes—the chief of which was the slight sympathy expressed by some of the leaders with the successes of the British arms against the French emperor—was about the feeblest and most unpopular known to the annals of English party-warfare. It was not till the war had ceased, and the echoes of its triumphant conclusion had died away—or, to speak more correctly, had changed to a dismal, lugubrious wail at the enormous charges entailed by so much glory—that discredited Whiggery raised its head, and 'aggravated' its voice in time and unison with the rising storm of discontent, which at no distant day resolved itself into a passionate demand for parliamentary reform, realised to a great extent by the famous measure of Earl Grey for transferring the nomination of the House of Commons from the close-borough proprietary to the middle-classes of the three kingdoms. Besides his speeches relative to the Orders in Council, Mr Brougham's parliamentary efforts, till the dissolution in 1812, were chiefly confined to the slavery question, upon which he early associated himself with Clarkson, Granville Sharp, Wilberforce, and other leading abolitionists. It was greatly owing to his exertions that in 1811 it was made felony for any British subject to engage in the slave-traffic. At the dissolution he contested Liverpool against Mr Canning. He was beaten by a large majority, and remained out of parliament till 1816, when he was again nominated by the Earl of Darlington, this time for his lordship's borough of Winchelsea. Mr Brougham was consequently not in the House when Mr Frederick Robinson (the Earl of Ripon) brought in, and, by the aid of ministers and the country party, carried (1815) his famous bill for maintaining wheat at 'the fair, legitimate' price of 80s. a quarter. In a speech, however, which he delivered on the 19th of April

1816 upon agricultural distress—a disease which appears to be ineradicable in this country by any mode of state treatment—he remarked 'that he was disposed to think favourably of it.' The distress on this particular occasion was said to have resulted from an agency over which acts of parliament, however craftily framed, have no control—namely, a baffling continuance of fine weather, propitious seed-time and harvest-time, bringing forth such heavy crops that down corn would come spite of all the law-props in the world. This misfortune Lord Castlereagh said was not confined to Great Britain. 'In many parts of the continent,' quoth he, 'corn was such a drug that it would not pay for the labour of reaping!' Mr Brougham himself, if the truth must be told, was scarcely less brilliant upon the calamity of abundance than the secretary for foreign affairs. He, however, did not impute the distress so much to the favourable harvest-weather as to 'excess of cultivation;' and not entirely either to excess of cultivation, as the following passage of his speech clearly shews:—'Excess of cultivation is not the only cause of the evil we complain of, and may warn us against the error of imputing it to any one cause alone, for I am certainly disposed to rank the great extension of cultivation among the principal causes, or at least to regard it as lying at and near the foundation of the mischief.' Who shall say that inconsistency of opinion is not a virtue when he perceives the folly which such a man as Brougham could utter in 1816, upon a subject he discussed with truthful power and eloquence a quarter of a century afterwards? The reasoning we have quoted, however statesmanlike and philosophical the ministry and their supporters might consider it, did not at all satisfy the country gentlemen, who insisted that as there was an act of parliament avowedly intended to keep wheat at 80s., it ought by some means or other to be raised, and then the country might have a chance of getting through its difficulties. They had not, unhappily, long to wait. To the plethora of agricultural distress succeeded scarcity and commercial ruin. On the 13th of March 1817, manufacturing distress was the sad theme of Mr Brougham's eloquence, and a frightful picture of the state of the northern counties was exhibited to the House. Seasons of partial dearth followed, and a stern cry from famishing millions rang through the land against the legislation which had interposed between labour and a free supply of food. This was the era of tumults, riots, menacing assemblages of men and women, with hunger at their hearts and unreasoning grief and rage in their thoughts and upon their tongues—stifled for awhile by the blood poured forth at Manchester, and the stringent provisions of the Six Acts. A mournful time for all men, save indeed the reckless demagogue and incendiary, who traded on the deep indignation of the multitude, and incited them to deeds which gave a colour of necessity to the high-handed measures of the cabinet. Mr Brougham and others resisted the more objectionable of the new enactments, unsuccessfully of course. The measures passed, some misguided people were made examples of, and discontent was exultingly said to be 'put down'—after the old fashion of thrusting it out of sight—there to germinate in a rank, untended soil, and in due season again burst forth with augmented power and unabated virulence.

About this time Mr Brougham directed his attention to the flagrant abuses which in the lapse of time had crept into the numerous educational

and other corporation charities of England, in respect of which he discovered and exposed practices the most scandalous and revolting. After several able speeches, which enlisted a large amount of public opinion in his support, an expensive commission was appointed to inquire into and report upon the alleged abuses. Little ultimate good was effected, if we are to believe Jeremy Bentham, who many years afterwards accused Brougham of allowing the subject to be frittered away, and declared that the only result was a batch of expensive Chancery suits. The utilitarian sage, it is well to remark, had no very great esteem or liking for Brougham. Bentham, a man of much originality of thought and considerable mental power, had one grand fixed idea, to which all others were subsidiary, and this was, that utilitarian 'codification' was the sovereign panacea for all human ills: 'a system whereby,' remarks Mr Carlyle with his usual caustic humour, 'any people, for a reasonable consideration, may be accommodated with a patent code—more easily than curious individuals with patent breeches, for the people does *not* need to be measured first.' Mr Brougham, although friendly to many of the law reforms suggested by the great master of codification, demurred to many of his suggestions, and a kind of civil enmity arose between them. Bentham thought, too, that Brougham had set the 'Edinburgh Review' upon him, and informed him of his suspicion. Mr Brougham indignantly denied the dishonouring imputation. 'How can you imagine,' he says in a note dated November 21, 1831, Hill Square, 'that I could ever have let slip the dogs in E. R. at you?' A preposterous accusation truly: indeed it was declared in the same note that Lord Brougham—this was after he was chancellor—had almost quarrelled with his friend Jeffrey for inserting the offensive article. Jeremy Bentham does not appear to have been withal effectually mollified; and for this supposed offence, or other more positive ones, he indited the following lines, which his editor, Dr Bowring, calls a *jeu d'esprit:* its more appropriate title is that of a *jeu de mots;* and not, to our judgment, a very brilliant one either:—

> 'O Brougham! a strange mystery you are;
> Nil fuit unquam sibi tam dispar:
> So foolish and so wise, so great, so small,
> Everything now—to-morrow nought at all.'

It is quite evident, therefore, that we must receive Mr Bentham's dictum upon the utter failure of Mr Brougham's exertions in the matter of corporation-charities with much reserve. The learned gentleman's letter to Sir Samuel Romilly upon the subject breathes a tone of earnest sincerity, of resolute indignation, which justifies the belief that nothing was neglected on his part to correct the evils which he so eloquently denounced. And a large allowance must be made for the powerful influences which, in those days especially, could be brought into successful opposition to the exertions of an individual member of parliament, however sincere, able, and earnest he might be.

A series of events which shook the kingdom to its centre, affording as they did a rallying-cry for all the otherwise discordant griefs, resentments, discontents of the people, occurred in 1820. We allude to the arrival in England of Queen Caroline, to claim the crown-matrimonial, legally devolved

upon her by the demise of George III., and the subsequent proceedings before the House of Lords. Mr Brougham had been for some time law-adviser to the unfortunate lady when Princess of Wales: he was now her majesty's attorney-general — Mr, now Lord Denman, was the queen's solicitor-general—Mr Wilde, the present lord chancellor—Mr Tindal, who died chief-justice of the Common Pleas—Mr Williams, who succeeded to the bench—and Dr Lushington, were also of counsel to her majesty. We have no wish to revive the painful memories connected with the prosecution of the queen—to recall what were on every account best forgotten. We have merely to remark that Mr Brougham and his able coadjutors displayed great professional talent and vigorous eloquence in the conduct of a case beset with unexampled difficulties, and urged with unscrupulous legal acumen and power. Mr Sergeant Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) was the king's solicitor-general: upon him fell the chief burden of the prosecution, and it cannot be denied that he sustained it with giant vigour and ability. The speech of Mr Brougham in defence, after the hearing of the king's witnesses in support of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, produced a great effect at the time out of doors; but read now, when emotions of compassion, sorrow, indignation, no longer colour and light up the speaker's periods, affects the mind but feebly. It displays much logical acuteness, skilful contrasts of evidence, abundance of the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, ever freely indulged in by practised and successful counsel, but there are few bursts of the electric eloquence which one might have expected to leap from the burning lips of a fiery and indignant orator in presence of such an accusation. The peroration, which has been much praised, is short enough for quotation:—'My lords, I pray you to pause: I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing on the brink of a precipice —then beware. It will go forth your judgment if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe; save yourselves from this peril; rescue the country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save the country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is jeopardised—the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne. You have said, my lords—you have willed—the church and the king have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has instead of that solemnity the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayer of mine; but I do now pour forth my humble supplication at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.'

The accessories of a crowded, eminent, and attentive auditory—the presence of the distinguished, ill-starred personage whose fate was trembling in the balance—the breathless excitement of the people, gave a force and effect to this elaborate rhetoric which intrinsically it cannot be said to possess. Indeed the most successful speeches upon subjects of passing interest are generally the least readable in aftertimes, and for the very obvious

reason, that the personal allusions, the telling sneer, the veiled but bitter virulence, which elicit the applause of a contemporary audience, lose all point with the passing away of the circumstances and memories which gave them significance and power. It is this which renders Hansard such dismal reading, and has wrecked every effort made to force political speeches into the abiding literature of the country.

The shining phrases we have quoted were lost upon the Peers, who read the Bill of Pains and Penalties a second time by a considerable majority. In consequence, however, of the retention of the divorce-clause—voted for by the Whigs—several of the supporters of the bill divided against the third reading, which, being carried by a majority of nine only, the measure was abandoned amidst the jubilant exultation of the great majority of the nation, and Mr Brougham was a power in the state.

The obstreperous applause which greeted Mr Brougham's successful exertions in defence of his royal client drowned the murmurs which a remarkable bill he brought into parliament on the 28th of June 1820—with a view to provide gratuitous education for the poor of England and Wales—excited amongst dissidents from the established church, or 'squeamish sectaries,' as the learned gentleman politely termed them. It was nothing less than a scheme for placing the education of the people under the sole, irresponsible control of the established clergy. Schools were to be founded upon the recommendation or presentment of a grand jury—of a rector, vicar, perpetual curate or actual incumbent of a parish—or of two justices of the peace acting for an ecclesiastical district, the appeal as to the necessity of the school lying to the magistrates at quarter-sessions. The salary of the schoolmaster was to be not less than £20 nor more than £30 a year, and no one could be a candidate for the office without a certificate of character and ability from a clergyman of the establishment. The rate-payers might, however, at a properly-convened meeting presided by the senior parish-officer, raise the master's salary, 'with the permission of the resident parson.' But the most extraordinary feature of the measure, coming from such a quarter, was the absolute veto given to the clergyman upon the appointment of the master, as well as a power of summary dismissal; and if the rate-payers elected a person whom he disapproved, he could peremptorily annul their choice, and order a fresh election. This, as Mr Brougham emphatically remarked, 'would give the parson a veto not nominal but real.' No question that it would; but why the rate-payers were to assemble and go through the farce of an illusive nomination is difficult of comprehension. The improvement of the old educational establishments of the country was also a professed object of the bill. The introductory speech was thoroughly an established-church speech. Mr Brougham's first principle was, that a religious education was the great desideratum—the indispensably one thing needful; and from this premise it followed, according to him, that that which could alone afford a security 'that this system would be a religious one, was placing it under the control of those who taught the doctrines of the church.' 'Let the House,' said the learned gentleman, 'look at the alacrity, the zeal, the established clergy manifested for the education of the poor..... The clergy were the teachers of the poor—not only teachers of religion, but, in the eye of the law, teachers generally. What, then, he asked, could be more natural than that

they should have control over those who were elected to assist them? .... It did appear to him that the system of public education should be closely connected with the church of England as established by law. He stated this after mature consideration, and he was anxious to make the statement, because on a former occasion he did not go quite so far as he now did. He had then abstained from going so far, because he dreaded the opposition of the sectaries.'

In another passage of this curious speech he alludes to the high salaries of masters of grammar-schools upon ancient foundations, which he would not, if he had the power, by any means reduce, although contrasting so strangely with the bare existence allotted by his bill to the new school-masters. The disparity, he said, 'would be an advantage analogous to that which existed in the church. Many persons objected that in the church one individual should have £20,000 a year, while another laboured for £50 a year; but the good must be weighed with the bad, and this good would be found in the disparity of income, that by how much £20,000 was superior to £50, was the character improved and the class raised of the person who had £50, but who had a prospect of obtaining £20,000.'

We offer no opinion upon the wisdom or justice of the scheme of education proposed by Mr Brougham's measure, and illustrated by his speech. Many, very many sincere, estimable persons, we are quite aware, are of opinion that to the church, and to the church alone, as by law established, should the education of the people be confided. Many others, equally estimable and sincere, may, for aught we know, agree with Mr Brougham, that a splendidly-endowed hierarchy, in contrast with a wretchedly underpaid working clergy, is advantageous, and promotes the efficiency of humble, earnest, self-sacrificing pastors: that, in fact, according to the quotation from Burke, with which Mr Brougham enforced his proposition, 'the church raises her mitred head in palaces,' not to gratify and enrich the wearer of the mitre, the dweller in the palace—by no means; quite the reverse indeed—and solely for the sake of the poor curate vegetating upon £50 a year. We offer in this place, we repeat, no opinion upon the abstract truth, wisdom, and beauty of these *dicta*, but we do confidently affirm that they do not at all harmonise with the general idea entertained of Mr Brougham in his palmy and triumphant days; and for this amongst other reasons we think that he was from the first in a great degree misunderstood, and that his loss of popularity has been brought about, not so much because he has retrograded in liberality of sentiment, as because his former admirers have discovered their partial mistake.

There was ample excuse for the general error. In the year 1821 Mr John Ambrose Williams, the proprietor of the 'Durham Chronicle,' published an article in that paper upon the refusal of the Durham clergy to allow the church-bells to be tolled on occasion of the death of the 'murdered' queen, as she was frequently designated, which so offended those gentlemen that they caused a criminal information to be filed against Mr Williams for libel; and in 1822 the case came before a jury at Durham, Mr Scarlett, attorney-general for the palatinate, appearing for the prosecution. Mr Brougham was retained for the defence; and in a speech overflowing with the bitterest irony, regaled the public with quite another dissertation upon the advantages of a magnificently-endowed church

hierarchy from that which he had delivered in the House of Commons. The following passage cannot perhaps be equalled, certainly it cannot be surpassed, as a specimen of mocking persiflage:—'His majesty,' said Mr Brougham, 'almost at the time I am now speaking, is about to make a progress through the northern provinces of this island, accompanied by certain of his chosen counsellors—a portion of men who enjoy unenvied, and in an equal degree, the admiration of other countries and the wonder of their own. In Scotland the prince will find much loyalty, great learning, and some splendour—the remains of a great monarchy and the institutions which made it flourish; but, strange as it may seem, and to many who hear me incredible, from one end of the country to the other there is no such a thing as a bishop—not such a thing to be found from the Tweed to John o'Groat's House; not a mitre, no; nor so much as a minor canon, or even a rural dean, so entirely rude and barbarous are they in Scotland. In such utter darkness do they sit that they support no cathedral, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence; nay, the poor, benighted creatures are ignorant even of tithes! Not a sheep nor a lamb, nor a pig nor the value of a plough-penny, do the hapless mortals render from year's end to year's end. Piteous as their lot is, what makes it infinitely more touching is to witness the return of good for evil in the demeanour of this wretched race. Under all this cruel neglect of their spiritual concerns they are actually the most loyal, contented, moral, and religious people anywhere perhaps to be found in the world. Let us hope (many indeed there are not far off who will with unfeigned devotion pray) that his majesty may return safe from his excursion to such a country—an excursion most perilous to a certain portion of the church should the royal mind be infected with a taste for cheap establishments, a working clergy, and a pious congregation.'

And when did irreverence indulge in more bitter jibing than the eulogist of the state establishment permitted himself in the following sentences?—'If there is any part of England in which an ample licence ought to more especially be admitted in discussing such matters, I say without hesitation it is in this very bishopric where, in the nineteenth century, you live under a palatine prince—the Lord of Durham; where the endowment of the hierarchy, I may not call it enormous, but I trust I shall be permitted without offence to term it splendid; where the establishment, I dare not whisper proves grinding to the people, but I will rather say is an incalculable, inscrutable blessing, only it *is* prodigiously large; showered down in a profusion somewhat overpowering, and laying the inhabitants under a load of obligation overwhelming by its weight.'

This irritating sarcasm could not have been necessary for the defence of Mr Brougham's client. It would rather insure a conviction from a Durham special jury, and a heavy sentence, if the judge had been as hotly zealous for the establishment as the counsel for the defendant shewed himself in his speech on the abortive Education Bill. In fact, John Ambrose Williams *was* found guilty, but owing to a technical defect in the proceedings he was never called up to receive judgment. We do not quote these widely-opposite speeches with any view to raise the cuckoo-cry of inconsistency against Mr Brougham. All wise men are necessarily inconsistent men—always with the exception of these highly-favoured

persons who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being born wise. Congenital wisdom and experience are, few will deny, rare gifts, deficiency in which may indeed be a misfortune, but can scarcely be deemed a crime; we therefore merely reproduce the passages we have transcribed, as examples of the rhetorical exaggeration which has induced so many persons to doubt the honesty and purity of Lord Brougham's motives. The pendulum's centre of gravity is the mean of its oscillations; and we have no doubt that both when dilating upon the great blessing, in a national sense, of a splendidly-endowed hierarchy and an indigent, working ministry, and triumphantly contrasting the assumed apostolical simplicity of the Scottish kirk with the gorgeous English state establishment, Mr Brougham was truly and sincerely the friend of a modestly yet amply-endowed church; and in contending for a monopoly of education being secured to the orthodox clergy, intended merely that liberty of education should only be so far trammelled as to insure that infidelity or atheism should not be promulgated at the expense of a Christian community. But men of the world, busy in their vocations, have no time to reconcile such apparent contradictions, and hence have rashly concluded that Lord Brougham has been chiefly anxious to shew how admirably, and with what force and *verve*, he can argue either side of a question, however complicated, difficult, or abstruse it may be. Hence want of confidence in the reality of his convictions, followed by coldness and distrust.

During the proceedings against Queen Caroline, Mr Canning, who had previously declared that *he* would be no party to the prosecution about to be instituted against a lady whom he had known as 'the life, grace, and ornament of society,' went over, on a well-paid special embassy, to Lisbon. What he effected, or for what public purpose he proceeded thither, is only known to persons having access to the archives of the Foreign Office. His appointment to this lucrative mission kept him at all events out of the turmoil of party-politics till the grave had closed over Mr Brougham's illustrious client. Subsequently Mr Canning was about to proceed to India as governor-general, when the death, by his own hand, of Lord Castlereagh opened the way to his re-entry of the cabinet as secretary of state for foreign affairs. Mr Canning had always been a strenuous advocate of Catholic emancipation, but it was now rumoured 'that he had taken office with a secret understanding to abandon the question in substance while he continued to sustain it in words.' This charge was, it is now well known from Lord Eldon's published correspondence, true of the right honourable gentleman when, in 1827, he obtained the premiership, but whether the same corrupt understanding existed when he entered the Liverpool cabinet as foreign secretary we have no positive means of judging. Mr Brougham at all events believed so; and in the course of his speech, on the 17th April 1823, in advocacy of the Catholic claims, accused Mr Canning of 'the most monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present.' As these words passed the orator's lips, Mr Canning started to his feet, and exclaimed in a clear, sonorous voice: 'I rise to say that this is false!' A dead silence of some duration ensued; then mutual friends interposed; the good offices and authority of Mr Speaker were

invoked and exercised; and, finally, the offensive words on both sides were declared to have been uttered in a parliamentary sense only, and were therefore without meaning or significance. The papers of the following day remarked approvingly upon the magnanimity displayed by the two gentlemen, who were seen, not long after the painful occurrence, to shake hands in the lobby of the House, with a resigned acquiescence in the peaceful termination of the quarrel quite touching.

In 1825 Mr Brougham was elected lord rector of the university of Glasgow, beating Sir Walter Scott by one vote—that of Sir James Mackintosh. The inaugural discourse was written, the author states, during the business of the northern circuit. There is nothing in it which might not have been so written by a much less gifted man than Mr Brougham. Its chief aim was to impress upon the students the infinite superiority of classical learning, as the erudition embalmed in the dead languages is termed, over all other as a means of disciplining the intellect and forming the taste of the scholar. This assumption, which time—the generally slow but infallible solver of ingenious fallacies—is now rapidly disposing of, is made to include the *art* of poetry. 'The great things of poetry and eloquence,' says Mr Brougham, 'have been done by men who cultivated the mighty exemplars of Athenian genius with daily and with nightly devotion.' This is nothing like the truth as regards English, Scottish, and American poetry and eloquence. Emerson forcibly remarks upon the absurdity of insisting that the mind of the country should be directed in its best years on studies which lead to nothing. Greek and Latin, it appears from him, went suddenly out of fashion with the shrewd students of America; and 'to the astonishment of all, the self-made men took even ground at once with the oldest of the regular graduates, and in a few months the most conservative circles of Boston and New York had quite forgotten who of their gownsmen was college-bred and who was not.' This is perhaps an overstatement of the objections to the dead-language idolism which has so long, for many easily-appreciable reasons, prevailed; but as regards 'poetry' there can be no question of the incorrectness of Mr Brougham's dictum. Indeed in another sentence of the inaugural discourse we have a hesitating admission of its fallacy. 'Among poets,' he says, 'there is hardly an exception to this rule, unless may be so deemed Shakspeare—an exception to all rules.' A very significant exception, it must be admitted; and Burns! how could a Scotsman forget the decisive exception which Burns presents to this pretended *rule*? Take from Anglo-Saxon poetry and eloquence all which has been written and uttered by men who knew 'little Latin and less Greek,' and you might in very truth cry 'Ichabod, Ichabod—the glory is departed!' The discourse has the following vigorous passage, in the practical verity of which we should be happy to believe:—'The great truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, that man shall no longer render an account to man for his belief, which he can no more control than he can the height of his stature or the colour of his hair.' Mr Brougham's assertion of the superiority of literary pursuits to all others—especially over those of ambitious, worldly men—might have produced more effect on the students if the practice of the moralist had been in harmony with his precepts. 'To me,' exclaims the lord rector—'to me, calmly revolving these things, such pursuits

seem far more noble objects of ambition than any upon which the vulgar herd of busy men lavish prodigal their restless exertions.' This is a venerable saying, but its truth is not so incontestable as its age. With all deference to the eloquent orator, that pursuit is the most noble which is the most useful to humanity, not that which is most pleasant or self-honouring; and it may not be doubted that in the busy walks of ambitious life there are means and opportunities of usefulness as manifold and great as can be found in studious leisure and retirement. Work, useful work, is always noble, of whatever kind it be, the sole difference being that the capability of useful literary exertion is confined to comparatively few persons; but the nobleness of the work is to be measured by the spirit and motive of the worker, not by the rarity of the power which is brought to the task. To shut one's self up in bookish seclusion from the world in order to gratify a love of study for its own sake is anything but noble, resulting as it clearly must from the hermit-spirit, than which nothing can be more entirely, thoroughly selfish; for is it not prompted by a desire to escape from the duties, anxieties, and cares of active life to the self-hugging quietude and safety of a solitary, unsympathising joy? Taken as a whole, the inaugural discourse must, we think, be pronounced inferior to orations by other lord rectors, and of course to what Mr Brougham, had he given himself more time, might unquestionably have himself produced.

The parliamentary life of Mr Brougham till 1830 was one of brilliant and useful exertion. Champion of Roman Catholic emancipation, friend of the slave, denouncer of the Holy Alliance, his fearless and mighty advocacy of freedom and the rights of conscience stirred and elated the national heart with remarkable power and effect. Who will forget that heard the following denunciation of the despotic league which had just put down liberty in the Italian and Iberian peninsulas?—and who can think without pain and mortification that the Henry Brougham who, on the 4th February 1823, so eloquently denounced and defied the oppressors of the continent, is the Lord Brougham who, a quarter of a century later, cheered on Austria and Russia to their evil work, praised 'the noble conduct of the Austrian captains,' and mocked the efforts of 'the rebellious clubs of Milan?' 'It is not,' said Mr Brougham—'it is not against freedom on the Ebro or freedom on the Mincio they make war: it is against *freedom*—against freedom wherever it is to be found—freedom by whomsoever enjoyed—freedom by whatever means achieved, by whatever institutions secured. Freedom is the object of their implacable hate. For its destruction they are ready to exhaust every resource of force and fraud. All the blessings which it bestows, all the establishments in which it is embodied, the monuments that are raised to it, and the miracles that are wrought by it, they hate with the malignity of demons, who tremble while they are compelled to adore, for they quiver by instinct at the sound of its name. And let *us* not deceive ourselves: these despots can have but little liking towards this nation and its institutions; more especially our parliament and press. As long as England remains unenslaved, as long as the parliament continues a free and open tribunal, to which the oppressed of all nations under the sun can appeal against their oppressors, however mighty and exalted, so long will England be the object of their hate, and of machinations sometimes carried on covertly, sometimes openly, but

always pursued with the same unremitting activity and pointed to the same end.' To perceive how lamentably time and circumstance have dimmed and distorted the once clear views of this great orator upon the foreign policy of Great Britain, it is only necessary to glance at the following recommendation, addressed in 1849 to the House of Lords upon the desirableness of an intimate political alliance with Russia:—'We should avail ourselves of the establishment of a republic in France to ally ourselves with a mighty empire which is impregnable in itself, and has resources which no other country possesses, even pecuniary, as well as military resources.' This was said but a few days before the ruler of the 'mighty empire,' possessed of unrivalled pecuniary resources, was under the necessity of asking the English people to lend him money, at an exorbitant rate of interest, to finish the railway from St Petersburg to Moscow!

But let us not dwell upon so painful a contrast. The law-reforms urged by Mr Brougham, eloquently, but for the moment unsuccessfully, were of the wisest, and did him honour; and in the settlement of the emancipation question in 1829, he took a zealous and decided part, supporting the Wellington-Peel cabinet with his utmost power. His popularity increased daily; and although he still sat for a close borough—that of Knaresborough, the Duke of Cleveland, his former nominator, supporting the general policy of the Wellington ministry—he was one of the most important members of the House, as well as one of the most influential men in the country. We may here remark that Mr Brougham always exhibited a great deal of shyness and indecision in the matter of parliamentary reform. Not only did he treat Jeremy Bentham's scheme of universal suffrage—*not* excluding idiots (this was one of the utilitarian philosopher's amusing crotchets) with unsparing ridicule, but others of a moderate and sober character met with but faint support at his hands. At one time his plan of organic reform appears only to have contemplated the reconstruction and enlargement of the Scottish constituencies, and this chiefly as an experiment to ascertain how far innovation was likely to prove safe and expedient. William Cobbett was constantly twitting 'Lawyer Brougham' with his indifference or hostility to parliamentary reform. Mr Brougham's own experience had not hitherto been of a nature to incline him to regard large constituencies with affection or esteem. He had been, as before stated, defeated at Liverpool by Mr Canning, and twice he unsuccessfully contested the county of Westmoreland with the Lowther family. The time at last arrived for a striking reversal of this apparent denial of confidence on the part of the electoral body. In 1830 the tomb closed over his Majesty George IV., and a numerous and influential requisition soon afterwards invited Mr Brougham to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the great county of York. He complied with the invitation; and although second on the poll to Lord Morpeth, there can be no question that Henry Brougham, with no claim on the suffrages of the electors but his public character and qualifications, was, as he proudly styled himself, the representative of Yorkshire, in a more strict and positive sense than the noble and amiable lord and others, who owed their seats in a great degree to traditional and family influence. It was a stirring time on the continent as well as in England.

The long pent-up indignation of the French people against the assumptions of an ignoble despotism had at last exploded, and shattered to atoms the throne of the elder Bourbons. The new government had not yet had time to develop its true character and mission, although

> 'What seemed its head
> The likeness of a kingly crown had on;'

and the victorious shouts of the French people were re-echoed from almost every hustings, and from every popular body in Great Britain. The aspect of the Opposition on the meeting of parliament was exulting, defiant. Mr Brougham, the acknowledged leader of the liberal party in the House of Commons, was brimful of triumph; not that he expected, nor would, so he said, accept of office under any circumstances. 'When I was returned for Yorkshire,' he exclaimed, 'I made my election between power and the people.' But he rejoiced in the nation's joy, and eagerly girded up his loins for the great struggle which he and all men felt instinctively was close at hand. The abrupt and impolitic declaration of the Duke of Wellington against any change in the representation of the people kindled the zeal of the Opposition both within and without the walls of parliament into a blaze, and Henry Brougham was the conducting-rod which discharged the consuming flame upon the heads of the ministry. After a fierce preliminary invective in allusion to the Duke of Wellington's speech, he exclaimed, looking Sir Robert Peel and Sir George Murray full in the face: 'Him we scorn not; it is you we scorn—you, his mean, base, fawning parasites!' Sir Robert was in a moment on his feet, and in a voice as angry and contemptuous as that of his assailant, denied 'that he was the parasite of any man.' The uproar and confusion excited by language so unusual lasted for some time; but at length, according to immemorial usage on such occasions, the offensive expressions were pronounced to be merely parliamentary, and Mr Brougham went on with his speech. Very soon afterwards the ministry were out of office, and the country knew that Earl Grey had been sent for, and had undertaken to construct a cabinet upon the principles of peace, retrenchment, and reform. It seemed at first that Mr Brougham would not be in the ministry. He himself declared he should not, and he gave notice in the House of Commons that he would bring forward his motion on parliamentary reform let who would be minister. There was evidently some hitch or hesitation about his appointment to or acceptance of office. Some of the newspapers adverse to the cabinet in embryo asserted that Mr Brougham was first offered the attorney-generalship by Earl Grey, and that the only answer the learned gentleman made to the insulting proposition was tearing and trampling upon the official letter in presence of the messenger who brought it. He, the leader of the Opposition in the Lower House, and the member for Yorkshire, attorney-general! Monstrous! At last it was announced that Mr Brougham was to be lord high chancellor! The news was received, literally, with a shout of mingled terror and exultation. Henry Brougham a lord! and, moreover, a lord chancellor! Why, that alone in those days looked like a revolution. Mr Croker immediately accused the noble and learned baron of gross inconsistency in accepting office immediately after his declaration that he would not do so; to which

the Lord Chancellor indirectly replied in the speech of which we have already quoted the most important sentences. The deed was done—was irrevocable; and the astonished lords went home to muse and moralise upon the ominous coincidence of Brougham's appearance at the head of the House of Peers and the advent of the Asiatic cholera, just declared to be certain and imminent in these distracted kingdoms.

The admirers of the noble and learned lord, whose name was legion, felt great anxiety as to how their favourite would deport himself amongst the grave and reverend seigniors with whom he found himself so unexpectedly associated. He did not disappoint their expectations. Night after night, especially during the first session subsequent to his elevation, the lords were assailed and overborne by a torrent of sparkling and nervous eloquence utterly new and strange to their noble House. It was a tribune of the people haranguing against privilege and prescription from the woolsack of the hereditary Peers! Sight so portentous they had never seen, and it was some time before they could look the danger calmly in the face. When they did so, they quickly found there was no great cause for fear. The new chancellor they perceived was anything but the turbulent and irreverent demagogue they at first apprehended him to be; and the feeling of virulent antagonism gradually subsided. It was long, however, before the atmosphere of the august chamber had so far subdued his impetuous temperament that they could feel tolerably secure against a sudden infringement of the dignified courtesy usual to their House. On one occasion, we think in the third year of his chancellorship, a characteristic and amusing scene occurred. The House was thinly attended, and the Dukes of Wellington and Cumberland were sitting close to each other, conversing in a low tone of voice. The debate was a dull one, and the Lord Chancellor when speaking took occasion to remark that the epithet 'illustrious' was sometimes used in a conventional sense, implying no real merit or eminence in the person so designated. 'For instance,' said he, looking sharply in the direction of the two conversing dukes, 'the Duke of Cumberland is illustrious by "courtesy" only, but the Duke of Wellington is illustrious by his character and services.' A bombshell falling at the feet of the astonished dukes could not have more startled them—Wellington probably not so much. His Royal Highness of Cumberland was exceedingly indignant. 'Why,' he angrily demanded, 'had he, who had taken no part in the discussion, was not even listening to it, been dragged into it in that unseemly manner?' The Lord Chancellor coolly replied, 'that it had suddenly occurred to him that his Royal Highness and the Duke of Wellington afforded apt illustration of the truth he was endeavouring to enforce—that there was a vast and essential difference between individuals illustrious "by courtesy" and those who were illustrious by achievements and success.' This was making matters worse; and it was some time before the Duke of Cumberland could be pacified—his irritation being naturally greatly increased by the ironical nonchalance of the chancellor and the partially-suppressed hilarity of other peers.

The vicissitudes which marked the progress of the Reform Bill we need not dwell upon. Lord Brougham throughout the struggle displayed the restless energy which then distinguished him. The taunts he addressed to the Peers upon the insignificancy, even in point of wealth, of the aris-

tocracy, 'with all their castles, manors, rights of warren and rights of chase, and their broad acres reckoned at fifty years' purchase,' when compared with the vast possessions of the middle-classes; his assertion of their lordships' inferiority to the industrious men of England—not indeed in grace of manners or refined elegance of taste, but in sober, practical wisdom—were applauded to the echo, and helped to confirm and extend the delusion which prevailed as to the democratic tendencies of Lord Brougham's mind. His greatly-praised speech upon the second reading of the bill strikes us, on perusing it now, as scarcely worthy of the speaker or of the occasion. It is far inferior to the addresses of Francis Jeffrey and Sir James Mackintosh on the same subject, both of which, *because* they were superior to the sparkling mediocrity best adapted to a miscellaneous audience, fell dead and cold upon the House. There was also in Lord Brougham's address a manifest indication of a wish for compromise, cleverly veiled as it may be, which would have greatly lowered his lordship in the estimation of the more eager reformers had it not been lost sight of in the glitter of the more showy passages, of the peroration especially, with its illustration, always effective, hackneyed as it is, of the fabled Sibyl's diminishing books and increasing price. The opening of the speech offers a striking specimen of the exaggeration which at times so greatly marred the beauty and effect of his lordship's oratory:—'If I, now standing with your lordships on the brink of the most momentous decision that ever human assembly came to at any period of the world, and seeking to arrest you while it is yet time, in that position, could by any divination of the future have foreseen in my earliest years that I should have to appear here and to act as your adviser on a question of such awful importance, not only to yourselves but to your remotest posterity, I should have devoted every day and every hour of that life to preparing myself for the task which I now almost sink under.' It is quite certain that if he *had* so devoted every day and hour of his life, he would never have delivered that or any other speech from the woolsack. The first general election under the new law gave the Grey ministry an overwhelming majority. As the returns came in, the new danger, the great peril in this country of a too great success, broke for a moment upon Lord Brougham's mind, and he exclaimed, 'We shall be too strong!' Prophetic words, as the sequel abundantly proved. The ministry had encountered a fierce, able, almost desperate opposition, and the deadlier the struggle the more powerful did they emerge from it. They were now to grapple with a more insidious and fatal enemy—almost absolute political power; and they fell in public opinion almost as rapidly as they had risen. The first act of the reformed parliament was to repeal the habeas-corpus act in Ireland, to substitute courts-martial for jury-trial, and to prohibit popular meetings in that country. However much Mr O'Connell's turbulence might appear to justify measures of repression, the passing of such an act at the dictation of a ministry could not but destroy the prestige of the new House—not perhaps in the opinion of those who opposed the Reform measure, but certainly in that of the men who had so fiercely struggled to obtain it. Lord Brougham, as if desirous of attracting towards himself more than his due share of popular odium, ran riot in his advocacy of this penal enactment, and exulted with rampant delight over the expedients devised for

putting down 'agitation'—language which from *his* lips sounded very strangely. To crown all, Sir Andrew Agnew's preposterous bill for insuring the 'bitter' observance of the Sabbath, although subsequently defeated, was read a second time by the decision of a majority of the new House. The disappointment was general, intense—unreasonably so, as subsequent experience has proved. Sir Robert Peel read the new signs of the times with keen sagacity. The enthusiasm for the Whig ministry having utterly vanished, the next dissolution, whenever it should come, must tell a tale, and the far-sighted baronet immediately began to organise 'liberal conservatism.' The maintenance of the corn-laws 'in their integrity' was made a cabinet question; and coldness and disgust rapidly overgrew the once ardent and hopeful minds of the great movement party. Still it cannot be denied that great and wise measures were subsequently brought forward and passed by the Grey cabinet. For proof of this, we need only mention the Slave-Emancipation Act—the throwing open of the China trade—the modification, in a liberal sense, of the East India Company's charter—the chancellor's bankruptcy reforms—and the promise, at all events, of a popular reconstruction of municipal corporations. They failed, however, to win back the confidence of the people. The early retirement of Lord Durham from the cabinet also told gravely upon the public mind: it was believed, and there is now no doubt correctly believed, that to him the comparatively wide sweep of the Reform Bill—especially the total disfranchisement of the close boroughs—was mainly attributable. Lord Brougham was not for going so far. At a meeting of liberal members held in 1830, on the day after the resignation of the Wellington-Peel cabinet, at Lord Althorp's chambers, he said he should propose to cut off one member from every close borough, and to absolutely disfranchise some, 'but he greatly questioned the expediency of wholly abolishing this class of seats.' In the session of 1834 the squabbles, accusations, criminations, explanations of the ministry relative to the renewal of the court-martial clauses of the Irish Coercion Bill, still further damaged the cabinet in public estimation. Lord Grey ultimately withdrew from office, and after much caballing and negotiation, Lord Melbourne's 'lath-and-plaster' cabinet, as the 'Times' called it, was duly installed. The virulence which a portion of the Conservative press had never ceased to manifest against Lord Brougham burst forth at this time with tenfold bitterness. Amongst other agreeable imputations, he was accused over and over again, and in almost direct terms, of habitual addiction to drink—a charge covertly repeated in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham, who remarked that the noble and learned lord would no doubt carouse 'pottle deep' over the success of the intrigues which had removed Earl Grey from office. The Lord Chancellor retorted angrily upon his Grace for assailing him with such 'alehouse slang;' and the dispute was apparently growing serious, when it was suggested, in behalf of the duke, that the words 'pottle deep' were Shakspeare's, and consequently legitimate—orthodox; with which Shakspearian explanation the Chancellor professed himself satisfied, and in his turn said that 'alehouse slang' was merely a parliamentary periphrasis, conveying no meaning of a personally offensive or uncivil nature. The accusation so perseveringly urged against Lord Brougham was a false and scandalous one. Intemperance

of speech he might be fairly enough charged with, but intemperance in drink was an utterly baseless and audacious falsehood. But worse, infinitely worse than the renewed rancour of the Conservative press and peers, was the tone assumed by the liberal papers, which either joined in the cry against the Chancellor, or coldly and feebly defended him. His foibles, once so carefully ignored or concealed, were openly and industriously paraded before the public eye, of course not without much exaggerative colouring. The following hit from an old friend, the 'Times,' seems a cruel and ungenerous one. It was called forth by an article in the 'Caledonian Mercury,' which denounced the arrogance of the leading journal, and accused it of aiming at the direction of the royal counsels. This article a correspondent of the 'Times' imputed to Lord Brougham. The 'Times' thus replied: 'If we have sought to direct the royal counsels in the formation of a cabinet, we have not played contemptible and mountebank tricks to persuade people that we *did* direct those counsels, and that we were actually (when we were not) authorised to share with Lord Melbourne in the trust of submitting a cabinet to his majesty. We did not pretend to be honoured with the king's commands, nor with the royal confidence, while we knew the king would sooner behold a mad dog enter his council-chamber than see us approach within five miles of Windsor. We never gave out to servants and hangers-on that we were going to Windsor when we ordered a postchaise to take us no further than Putney Bridge.' All these imputations were untrue, and the fact is certain that Lord Brougham did receive the king's commands. Other graceful amenities, such as calling the Chancellor 'the cracked and crazy weathercock of the House of Lords,' were showered upon him by the same journal with liberal profusion. But this bitter and undisguised hostility was not shewn till after Lord Brougham's speech upon the New Poor-Law had delivered him into his enemies' hands. In order that the reader may fully appreciate the indiscretion committed by the noble and learned lord, it will be necessary to run over a few of the circumstances connected with the introduction and enactment of that much-controverted measure.

In 1832 a Commission of Inquiry into the causes of the growth of pauperism in England was appointed by the Grey government. The commissioners' report determined the ministry to bring in a bill to provide, by a central board, possessed of ample powers, for the better, more economical, more salutary administration of relief to the poor and destitute than could be hoped for from the discordant action of thousands of independent local boards, all more or less liable to be acted upon by disturbing causes, which could have no influence over a central imperial authority. This bill, although a very stringent one in many of its provisions, maintained and embodied the principle of the old law—namely, that every necessitous person has an absolute claim or right to relief. It passed during Lord Melbourne's administration, safely and without encountering any very formidable opposition, through the House of Commons, under the judicious and temperate management of Lord Althorp, although the rumbling of the *Times*' 'thunder,' and other indications of the tendency of popular opinion, emphatically demonstrated that great circumspection and prudence were required in order to weaken or allay the growing apprehension already entertained by many thousands of persons, who

suspected the new bill was a device conceived by the owners of fixed property to destroy not only the abuses, but the very existence of a law which made the relief of destitution a legal obligation as well as a moral duty. Under these circumstances the Chancellor moved the second reading, in a speech which, spite of the innumerable interpretations, explanations, and excuses afterwards offered in its defence, not only gave the finishing blow to his own popularity, but excited a storm of reprobation throughout the country, due not to the measure itself, but to the introductory speech with which the opponents of the bill took care effectually, and for a time inextricably, to confound it. The new law, as we have before observed, embodied, like the old one, the principle that every necessitous person in England has a right to relief, while Lord Brougham's exceedingly clever speech was mainly directed to prove 'that the right to a share in a fixed fund is the grand mischief of the poor-laws, with the seeds of which they were originally pregnant.' As if this were not enough aliment to feed the rising clamour out of doors, his lordship launched into a laudation of the Rev. Mr Malthus and his doctrines, and with only one well-defined exception, denounced the institution of hospitals for the shelter and relief of the sick and feeble. 'The safest, and perhaps the only perfect charity,' said the Lord Chancellor, 'is a hospital for accidents or violent diseases, because no man is secure against such calamities. Next to this, *perhaps* a dispensary is the safest; but this is doubtful, because a dispensary is liable to abuse, and because, strictly speaking, sickness is a thing which a prudent man should look forward to and provide against as part of the ills of life. . . . . But when I come to hospitals for old men—and old age is before all men, and every man is every day nearer to that goal—all prudent men of independent spirit will in the vigour of their days lay by sufficient to maintain them when age shall have ended their labour. Hospitals, therefore, for the support of old men and women may, strictly speaking, be regarded as injurious in their effect upon the community.' Language like this from the lips of a fortunate lawyer in the actual enjoyment of £14,000 a year, with a secured pension of £5000 on retirement from office, seemed to the embittered spirits out of doors very like triumphant mockery of care and toil-worn men, although of course not so meant by the unaccommodating orator. The plain-speaking he indulged in with respect to the 'wide-wasting ruin' produced by the old poor-law—foreshadowing the swallowing up of their lordships' rentals unless some sharp remedy were speedily applied—may be judged of from the following sentences: 'I will not say that many farms have been actually abandoned: I will not say that many parishes have been wholly given up to waste for want of occupants (I know that there are instances of farms here and there, and of a parish—I think in the county of Bucks—which have been reduced to this state); but I will not say that as yet the system has so worked as to lay waste any considerable portion of territory.' All this was founded in truth, and the details of the facts alluded to were fully given by Mr George Nicholls, afterwards one of the Poor-Law Commissioners; but it was answered that no considerable portion of the territory of England could as yet have been thrown out of cultivation, since it was well known that year after year 'enclosure bills' for the reclamation and culture of poor lands had been

more and more numerous. One statement he made relative to the world-famous Deal boatmen called forth a very angry and indignant remonstrance. Their hardihood and daring had, he declared, vanished under the operation of the poor-law, for being able to procure twelve shillings a week from the parish, they refused to put to sea except in fine calm weather. This declamation was not indiscreet because the facts were untrue, but because they were offensive, and wholly unnecessary to induce the Peers to pass the bill. We need not say, however, that many wise, and good, and great men rank to this day on the side of Lord Brougham in the vexed question of the poor-law.

Of course the outcry against what the 'Times' called 'the shocking intimation given in one part of the Chancellor's speech against relieving even the aged, the helpless, and the sick,' became furious and unappeasable; and calmly-judging men saw that the fall of the cabinet was at no distant date inevitable. One word as to the excess of population and anti-poor-law theories propounded by the Rev. Mr Malthus, and eulogised by Lord Brougham. Without wishing to question the humanity of the reverend gentleman, or disputing the soundness of his views under certain circumstances — not certainly the circumstances of Great Britain, with her magnificent colonies calling with the myriad voices of their glorious but solitary rivers, their giant woods and fertile, far-stretching plains, upon the English, and Scotch, and Irishman, to come forth and cultivate the fair earth which the Creator has given them—we may be permitted to doubt the possibility of successfully applying his principles in such a state of society as we see in England. We do not misrepresent the views of Mr Malthus when we say they point to a day as early as may be consistent with prudence and self-safety, when the state shall inexorably refuse to relieve destitution, however incurred or however lamentable. This may, for aught we care to know, be true humanity, far-seeing wisdom, but it certainly could not be carried out in England. A few deaths from the refusal of food and shelter—and such results must under the most favourable circumstances be expected as long as improvidence, disease, misfortune, are incidental to humanity—would raise a hurricane of popular indignation, in which not only the obnoxious law, but the most valued institutions of the country—property itself perhaps not excepted—would be swept away amidst the tumult and uproar of a strongly-feeling, and, upon this matter, excitable and passionate people. The new poor-law proposition became law. It has since been purged of its more repulsive provisions, softened into a charitable but still firm and enlightened code, and is, we believe, in the main both considerate and corrective in its general operation.

Another and a very painful incident which occurred about this time added greatly to the disfavour into which the Melbourne cabinet and its chancellor had fallen. Mr Justice Williams, a newly-created Whig judge, sentenced six Dorchester labourers to be transported for seven years under colour of an obsolete statute against taking illegal oaths, originally enacted to repress mutiny in the navy, but in reality for being members of an agricultural trades-union. This cruel, impolitic, unjust sentence Lord Brougham defended in his place in parliament as wise, legal, and even merciful. He spoke to the winds, and a subsequent ministry were compelled to rescind the sentence.

Immediately after the prorogation of parliament Lord Brougham made a tour through the north. In Scotland the popularity of the venerable Earl Grey had not suffered nearly so much as in the southern part of the island. The mock-representation of that country under the old system, administered in modern times by the 'dynasty of Dundas,' was more illusory and insulting than that of England; and the Scottish reformers, anxious to testify their gratitude to the distinguished man who had been chiefly instrumental in giving them a potential voice in the national councils, gave the earl a magnificent banquet on the Calton Hill, at which, it was said, 2768 persons were present from first to last. Lord Brougham was there, and made, as he always did, an able, telling speech. 'Fellow-citizens of Edinburgh,' exclaimed the noble and learned lord with eloquent egotism—'fellow-citizens of Edinburgh, these hands are pure! In taking office, in holding office, in retaining office, I have sacrificed no feeling of a public nature, I have deserted no friend, I have abandoned no principle, I have forfeited no pledge, I have done no job, I have promoted no unworthy man, to the best of my knowledge; I have not abused the ear of my royal master, and I have not deserted the cause of the people.' In another part of his harangue he went out of his way to declaim against the rash and too eager innovators who wished to go faster than he, Lord Brougham, thought safe or expedient. This was caught up and observed upon by the Earl of Durham, whose remark, delivered with strong emphasis, that 'he for one regretted every hour which passed over the existence of recognised and unreformed abuses,' was received with shouts of applause. The Lord Chancellor listened to the earl's significant words, and the echoing cheers which followed them, with a flushed brow and kindling eye, but he offered no comment at the time. This incident was but a distincter revelation than had before been publicly given of a feud of some standing between the two noble lords. Lord Durham was by this time well known to entertain more decided opinions than the Chancellor; and by his early retirement from the Grey cabinet, after the passing of the Reform Act, he had avoided being compromised by their unpopular and halting measures. The quarrel was fanned and envenomed by the partisans on either side, and Lord Brougham threw out a defiance at Salisbury, which the Earl of Durham promptly replied to at the Glasgow banquet given in his honour. 'He has been pleased,' said Lord Durham, 'to challenge me to meet him in the House of Lords. I know well the meaning of the taunt. He is aware of his great superiority over me in one respect: he is a practised orator and powerful debater. I am not. I speak but seldom in parliament, and always with reluctance in an assembly where I meet with no sympathy from an unwilling majority. He knows full well the advantage he has over me; and he knows, too, that in any attack which he may make on me in the House of Lords he will be warmly and cordially supported by them. With all these advantages I fear him not, and I will meet him there if it be unfortunately necessary to repeat what he has been pleased to term "my criticisms."' The wager of battle was thus by mutual consent to come off in the House of Peers on the meeting of parliament. Long before that time arrived the following paragraph in the 'Times' of November 15, 1834, announced the sudden dissolution of the Melbourne cabinet:—'The king has taken the oppor-

tunity of Lord Spencer's death to turn out the ministry, and there is every reason to believe that the Duke of Wellington has been sent for. The queen has done it all.'

This note, it was reported at the time, was communicated to the 'Times' by Lord Brougham himself. Be this as it may, its at first suspected authenticity the lapse of a few hours placed beyond doubt. The Whigs were out, and Sir Robert Peel, then at Rome, was, by the advice of the Duke of Wellington, immediately sent for. The Lord Chancellor was permitted to retain office for a short time, in order that he might decide some partly-heard Chancery cases; but at length a summons being received from the king to attend at the palace to deliver up the Great Seal, Lord Brougham bade a final adieu to official power. On the reinstalment of the Melbourne ministry in 1835, the Whigs, who, said the *Times*, 'had sworn at Lord Brougham, abjured him, heaped the opprobrium of all their manifold miscarriages on his head, scouted in all companies the notion of again co-operating with, much less applying to him again,' placed the Great Seal in commission; and in order to the prevention of unseemly quarrels or awkward disclosures in the House of Peers, the Earl of Durham was prevailed upon to accept the embassy to St Petersburg.

The official life of Lord Brougham having thus terminated, many persons hoped that, removed from the Delilah-lap of power, his old strength and usefulness might return. His eminent talents were as vigorous, his industry as untiring as ever. Could he but resign himself frankly to his position—prefer rendering sober services to the exhibition of brilliant personal displays—a great career was still unquestionably before him, in addition to abundant opportunities for the cultivation of literature; so much more noble, as he told the students of Glasgow University, than the avocations of worldly, ambitious men. Before turning over the page on which time has written his reply to the aspirations of Lord Brougham's political well-wishers, let us briefly glance at the noble and learned lord's performances in the world of letters, to which leisure and inclination now invited him.

There is an anecdote told, we think by Sir Walter Scott, of a French gentleman, who, finding himself possessed of a faculty for rhyming—or, as Wordsworth more elegantly expresses it, 'the accomplishment of verse'—and having a good deal of spare time on his hands, resolved on turning the book of Job into 'poetry.' In a much less absurd certainly, but similar spirit, Lord Brougham, relieved of the cares of office, and conscious of considerable controversial power, set himself to amend, or rather supersede, Paley's immortal and unrivalled work on 'Natural Theology,' by a discourse thereon, and the contribution of various addenda, chiefly relative to mental phenomena, which rather confuse and darken than confirm or illuminate the conclusions of that great and popular deductive writer. Paley's work, which Lord Brougham insinuates to be a mere plagiarism from Derham, has encountered more formidable rivals than the confident dissertations of the noble lord without its pre-eminence having been in the slightest degree affected. We may instance the Bridgewater treatises, which certainly display immense research, and the results of skilled and accurate observation; but they strike the mind merely as subsidiary confirmations of the great truth demonstrated beyond cavil by Paley's homely,

common-sense, irrefragable illustrations—namely the foresight, purpose, benevolence, divinely-artistic skill and arrangement manifested in the visible creation. But indeed the mists of familiarity, to use an expressive phrase of Shelley's, can scarcely blind the dullest of us to the evidences of prescience and design which surround us on every hand, albeit they were never so clearly, so admirably stated as by Paley. Lately, indeed, we have seen some faint symptoms of imputing the attributes we have enumerated as clearly deducible from the facts of creation, to electricity; but this is merely an aberration of minds confused and dazzled by the late brilliant discoveries of the properties of that mighty agent, and is a kind of fire-worship which in this age and country can scarcely be esteemed so respectable as that of the Ghebers. Lord Brougham's chief position is—that the existence of mind, that which thinks, 'I,' 'We,' apart from matter, is more demonstrable than the existence of matter itself; but 'I,' 'We,' that is consciousness of existence, must be possessed by the inferior animals—by the cat, the snail, the grasshopper; and how can this help the proof of an immortal spirit in man? The truth is that the whole argument, apart from revelation, and derived from the study of natural theology, as it is termed, amounts exactly to this—that creation indisputably proves the Creator to be all-wise, all-powerful, and all-just: that He has created nothing in vain—no aspiration, no faculty, no expectation, merely to balk and mock it: that man *has* aspirations after immortality, and progressive faculties fitted for an eternity of development, the noblest of which are even here, in this their nascent condition, only evoked by the hope of fame—that is, enduring life—immortality! The entire Gospel, if we rely only on natural theology, is admirably summed up by Tennyson in his hymn to the Strong Son of God, immortal love:—

> 'Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.'

This is all—a transcendant all, no doubt—that man by searching can discover of God and the future. Lord Brougham strenuously insists upon the importance of the study whereon he confidently discourses. We are rather inclined to think that he somewhat exaggerates its undoubted value; and we know that both science and religion have been retarded and dishonoured by attempts to make or break creeds by the necessarily ill-understood and imperfect evidence of—speaking comparatively—the partial and scanty facts which the utmost research of man has been or will ever be able to arrive at a knowledge of. Ignorance is not more certainly the parent of credulity than partial knowledge—and human knowledge in these matters must ever be confined and partial—divorced from wise humility is of the bigotry of unbelief. Pascal observes of the mocking sceptics who had counted the 'countless stars' and found them to consist of an exact number, that the telescope taught them to retract their presumptuous sneer. The spirit of that remark is of wide application; and we may be sure that spite of all the universe-made-easy dissertations of Lord Brougham and others, it will ever remain true, to again quote Blaise Pascal, that 'creation confounds reason.' It is a study, too, we may be

permitted to remark in conclusion, not to be lightly indulged in. Who that has gazed with the eye of speculative philosophy upon the marvellous revelations of astronomy, with its galaxies of innumerable stars and suns, and seen that the central orb, with his attendant planets of our system, is scarcely discernible amid the vast and countless globes which at inconceivable velocities rush through the infinite void which men call space — who thus gazing has not, we say, felt his heart die within him at the reflection of his own apparent insignificance, and that of the spot, on which he rides amidst the winged and stupendous universe, which the science of the heavens unfolds? — and as the mind staggers beneath an overwhelming sense of infinite magnificence and power, how readily does the mournful thought well up from the troubled soul — 'What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?' Take comfort, child of earth! He who willed and rules those myriads of glorious worlds which speed in their ceaseless and awful course through the illimitable void, has also willed that *to you* they shall only present an aspect of divine calm, and peace, and brightness. For *you* the rushing of those mighty orbs is arrested; and Sirius, Arcturus, and Aldebaran are commanded to look down with a tremulous and tender light, mantling this earth of ours with the mild, silver glory in which young lovers stray and read each other's eyes; and the contemplative man finds hope and solace, and a livelier appreciation of the infinite love which thus condescends to soften and conform the awful and unspeakable splendours of His universe to the weakness of humanity!

But our space warns us to proceed to other topics. Lord Brougham has published brief memoirs of the distinguished statesmen and men of science and letters who flourished during the reign of George III. They are remarkable for freedom and vigour of style; and the critical opinions enunciated are generally just and pertinent. One flagrant exception occurs relative to the poetic merits of M. de Voltaire. 'The tragedies of Voltaire,' says his lordship, 'are the works of an extraordinary genius.' This may be admitted, for unquestionably Voltaire *was* a person of extraordinary genius; but that genius was not, as unquestionably, *dramatic* genius. With this opinion Lord Brougham in another sentence agrees; for Voltaire's tragedies, he says, are deficient in *real* pathos and real passion, whether of tenderness, terror, or horror. Still, according to his lordship, no one but 'a great poet' could have produced them. Voltaire was about as much a great poet as Lord Brougham himself. The value of his lordship's opinion as to this point is easily settled by quoting the lines which he pronounces to be fine poetry. 'Few things in poetry,' he says, 'are finer—(he is speaking of Voltaire's play of 'Zaïre')—than Lusignan's simple answer to Chatillon, who tells him that he was impotent to save his children:

> *Chatillon.* Mon bras chargé de fers ne les pût pas sécourir.
> *Lusignan.* Hélas! et j'étois père, et je ne pûs mourir.'

The reader has only to compare this lackadaisical lament with the last scene in 'Lear' to estimate it accurately as an expression of the volcanic grief of parental bereavement. Lord Brougham also stands intrepidly up, as others have done before him, for the extreme force and poetic beauty of the lines

of Orosmane: 'Zaïre — vous pleurez!' and 'Zaïre — vous m'aimez!' This alone would be quite sufficient proof, were the fact doubtful, that Francis Jeffrey, not Henry Brougham, was the poetical critic of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Lord Brougham, in giving vent in his place in parliament to the dislike he entertained for the Provisional Government of France, took occasion to call M. Lamartine 'a middling poet and worse historian.' M. Lamartine may console himself: the critic who pronounces that unrivalled master of persiflage, M. de Voltaire, 'a great poet,' was scarcely likely to appreciate the tenderness and beauty of the 'Méditations Poétiques.' Lord Brougham has also given the world a translation of the oration of Demosthenes upon the Crown, which had the honour of being most viciously attacked in the 'Times'—by, according to the gossip of journalism, Mr Tyas.

Returning from this digression to the thorny field of politics, we find his lordship actively engaged as a volunteer skirmisher, now acting on one side and now on the other; at one moment assaulting the Conservative ranks, and the next carrying confusion into the camp and counsels of his old friends the Whigs. His enemies stigmatised this conduct by their favourite term eccentricity. The time, it would appear, had not come when a public man could be imagined to exist independently of party. It was not possible to conceive that Lord Brougham could be actuated by conscientious motives; and accordingly, when advocating this *measure*, and attacking that, he was said to be attaching himself alternately to the *cliques* by which the measures were originated! But there is one passage in this changeful and desultory warfare, the necessity for which all who respect and admire him for the spirit and power with which he has at various times combated for right and justice could not but look upon with sorrow and regret. We have before alluded to the angry outbreak between his lordship and the Earl of Durham, which the sudden dismissal of Lord Melbourne's ministry, and the subsequent departure of the earl for St Petersburg, prevented from being renewed in the House of Peers. The rebellion of Lower Canada at the close of 1837, put down by Sir John Colborne, necessitated in the opinion of the ministry a temporary suspension of the constitution of that province: it was at the same time thought expedient that Lord Durham—whose character for firmness and liberality would, it was rightly conjectured, be felt as a guarantee that no permanently despotic measures were in contemplation—should go to Canada, invested as Her Majesty's lord high commissioner, with large discretionary powers. The noble earl very reluctantly consented to undertake a mission, the difficulties and embarrassments of which he clearly foresaw. 'I feel,' he said, 'that I can accomplish the task assigned me only by the cordial, energetic support—a support which I am sure I shall obtain—of my noble friends the members of Her Majesty's government—by the co-operation of the imperial parliament; and, permit me to say, by the generous forbearance of the noble lords opposite, to whom I have always been politically opposed.' On arriving at his destination, Lord Durham found Upper Canada also in an alarming condition, chiefly brought about by the valorous eccentricities of its governor, Sir Francis Head—the author of other bubbles besides those from the Brunnens of Nassau. Tranquillity was soon restored. Lord

Durham induced the commander of the Queen's forces in the Upper Province to forego all thoughts of hanging the rebels he had captured, and to proclaim a general amnesty. The chief difficulty still remained—as to what was to be done with the ringleaders of the revolt, confined in Montreal prison. To try them, unless the juries were corruptly packed, was simply to afford them the triumph of an acquittal. Lord Durham thought it better to avail himself of a petition sent him by the prisoners themselves, pleading guilty, and placing themselves at his lordship's discretion—in order, as they said, to avoid the risk and agitation of a trial in the still feverish and unsettled state of the country. On the anniversary of Her Majesty's coronation, an ordinance appeared proclaiming a general amnesty to all political offenders, with the exception of the eight prisoners that had pleaded guilty, who were to be transported to Bermuda: others who had fled, would be liable, the document stated, to the punishment of death if they returned. As soon as this technically illegal but just and merciful ordinance reached England, great was the outcry amongst the lawyers. Lord Brougham led the attack, and displayed a virulence which the Duke of Wellington felt it necessary to reprove. The noble and learned lord's bill, declaratory of the illegality of the ordinance, was carried by a considerable majority; and the cabinet, although certain of adequate support in the Commons, sacrificed the lord high commissioner to the resentments of his political and personal enemies. Lord Durham thus relentlessly assailed, and shamefully abandoned, returned at once to England: his health gave way beneath the slights and insults to which he had been exposed, and living only long enough to instruct his successor, Mr Poulett Thompson (Lord Sydenham), in the plans he had conceived for the better government of the Canadas, he expired at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on the 28th of July 1840. No thinking person will assume that Lord Brougham acted in this matter from any other motive than that of a strong sense of public duty; and imperious indeed must that sense of duty have been, to compel him to appear to those who could not appreciate, or did not believe in the painfulness of the sacrifice, in the light of a man seeking to gratify private malice under the mask of public patriotism.

The opinions of Lord Brougham relative to the operation of the corn-laws, and the causes of the agricultural distress which since 1815 has periodically visited this country, were not at one time, as we have seen, very enlightened ones. Much to his credit he speedily, out of office, became wiser upon the subject, and he addressed the House of Lords several times very eloquently in furtherance of the repeal of the corn-duties. The motions with which he concluded his speeches were all of course negatived without a division. The question in the meantime had fallen into the hands of the more practical and energetic of the two Houses; the pressure from without daily increased in power and intensity; the wisest statesman of his time yielded to it; and the measure of 1846 was the result. It seemed strange that Lord Brougham, who had so strenuously insisted upon the necessity of rescinding the obnoxious duties, should rise in his place—now that so desirable a repeal, according to his own shewing, was about to be carried—and vehemently abuse the Anti-Corn Law League; declare that it was unconstitutional—all but unlawful; and that he never had yielded, and never would yield to 'any pressure from without.'

According to newspaper morals, no man was to deprecate the employment of what he conceived to be unconstitutional means, since it had chanced to answer a good purpose. The surprise of the Earl of Radnor was of course extreme; and Lord Brougham's reply, when reminded of the means by which Catholic emancipation and the Reform Bill had been carried, must have greatly increased his astonishment. Those measures, Catholic emancipation especially, had been passed by the pure force of eloquence and reason, not by any pressure from without, which was altogether a despicable and unclean thing. Lord Brougham, however, both spoke and voted for the repeal of the corn-duties. Two years afterwards he spoke and voted *against* the change in the navigation laws, for what reason consistent with his previous approval of the change in the commercial policy of the country we do not profess to comprehend.

Let us pass lightly over the remaining pages of the public life of this unquestionably highly-gifted and extraordinary man—especially we will not dwell upon his speeches and writings on the late French Revolution, and the superlative virtue and grandeur of Louis-Philippe's government. The parliamentary session of 1850 was also anything but a satisfactory one to the noble lord's admirers. Passing by his lordship's strangely-diverse speeches and motions relative to the Great Exhibition, what shall we say to his passionate deprecation of any interference with the discipline of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge? 'I hope,' said he, 'that no Germanic proceedings, and no German discipline will be introduced into our ancient and hitherto flourishing universities.' This was clearly aimed at the extension, through Prince Albert's influence, of the curriculum of the university of Cambridge to the inclusion of modern languages and useful sciences. The report that the place at the Board of Green Cloth, vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Marrable, was not to be filled up, greatly excited his ire; he beheld in it the commencement of a diabolical court-plan for lowering the aristocracy, by depriving them of the snug salaries constitutionally pertaining to boards of green cloth. 'If any person,' exclaimed Lord Brougham—'if any person should have said—as was said to his late lamented Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, by whom it was received with the reprobation which the phantasy, the foreign phantasy deserved—that the time had come for lowering the English aristocracy; if any one should have had the folly, the presumption so to speak, whoever they might be, must know now that parliament is resolved *not* to lower the English aristocracy. And the English aristocracy would be lowered if such things were allowed to pass as he knew were now passing—namely, that a lady of the highest rank, connected with the families of dukes and marquises by the nearest ties, was reduced to the humiliating necessity of advertising for necessary support.'

His lordship was also grievously amazed at the audacity of a committee of the House of Commons who dared to recommend the House to make large reductions in the salaries of ambassadors and of various judicial officers—especially of Masters in Chancery. Lord Brougham said the scanty emoluments of those learned persons were meddled with by thoroughly ignorant men, 'in order that the ruin of our home-service should keep pace with that of our foreign affairs.' 'Friend Bright' retorted in the Commons, that the ex-Chancellor had written to the

chairman of the committee, tendering himself for examination, in order to enlighten them on the subject of their deliberations, and that the committee had unanimously declined the favour, on the ground that it was not at all probable his lordship could offer any suggestion or communicate any information of the slightest value.' Lord Brougham has been always a stanch advocate for the dignity and pre-eminence of law courts and judges; he holds, spite of the general experience of this as well as other countries, that the liberties of the subject are safer under the ægis of legal tribunals than of parliaments. This notion or prejudice it was which governed his conduct on the 'privilege' question—a notion or prejudice which out of Westminster Hall is not happily very widely entertained.

Lord Brougham was married in 1819 to the widow of John Spalding, Esq., and the niece of the Lords Auckland and Henley. Two children, daughters, have been born to him: the first, Eleanor Sarah, died in infancy; the second, Eleanor Louisa, died on the 30th of November 1839. His lordship's mother died on the last day of the same year, the 31st of December 1839.

His lordship, except during the sitting of parliament, resides chiefly at Cannes, in the south of France, where he has built a château, embedded in orange-groves, and led to by a long avenue of fruit-trees. His residence and expenditure have, according to Mr Baillie Cochrane, greatly benefited the neighbourhood, where he is much liked and respected. This choice of a residence abroad, this 'foreign phantasy,' to quote his lordship's words, has, there can be no doubt, increased the disfavour with which he has been of late years regarded. This disfavour is said to have been painfully manifested by the want of public sympathy on a recent occasion when Lord Brougham announced that the state of his health rendered it probable that he was then in his place in the House of Lords for the last time. But Lord Brougham could not expect to fill the mind of the nation for so long a period to the exclusion of every other subject. Men's thoughts were at the time concentrated on other topics, and there was nothing practical or urgent enough in the misgivings of an invalid to recall them. Such was not the case when it was reported some years before that he was *dead.* Then was political enmity disarmed; then were even cliques forgotten; then was the Man judged of apart from the turmoil of polemics that had so long hissed around him; and then did the press and the people declare with one voice that a noble and mighty spirit had departed from among us.

It is now said that Lord Brougham's health is improving; and we may fairly indulge a hope, that a long, calm evening may yet remain to him which, if wanting the fervid brilliancy of his day of life, may glow with a more equable and genial light, and be rendered subservient to the unselfish aims of a wise and pure ambition.

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CHAMBERS'S

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RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS.

BEFORE the days of Semiramis, whose highways are among the first mentioned in history, or the times when Roman way-wrights constructed thoroughfares as durable as their language, or Onund of Norway earned his title of 'road-maker,' or Macadam proved the virtue of broken granite, mankind could not have failed to perceive that in proportion to the smoothness and levelness of the ground over which they journeyed, so was the speed, ease, and comfort of travelling. 'Make the paths straight,' must have been a precept of peculiar significance in an age when paths were the only routes; and we can easily imagine that the maker of a road would be regarded with not less of reverent gratitude than he who 'digged a well.' Such insight as we get into remote antiquity shews us that the earliest nations—in the 'far east,' and in the countries bordering the Mediterranean—had mastered the rudiments of road-making, and shaped them into a completeness not far removed from science. The Romans, borrowing the idea of paved roads from the Carthaginians, set to work with that practical common sense which characterised them, and constructed roads from their capital city to every quarter of their mighty empire. With them a chief point was to have the roads straight and level; they understood too well the importance and advantage of facile means of transit and communication, and with singular skill and boldness they pierced or excavated hills, built bridges and viaducts, and raised embankments, remarkable alike for their extent and their durability. In Italy alone there were several thousand miles of public highways; of these the 'Queen of Roads,' or 'Appian Way,' 142 miles in length, is the most noteworthy. It was constructed by Appius Claudius 310 years before the birth

of Christ; and Procopius, writing in the sixth century, says of it:—'To traverse the Appian Way is a distance of five days' journey for a good walker, and it leads from Rome to Capua; its breadth is such that two chariots may meet upon it and pass each other without interruption; and its magnificence surpasses that of all other roads. For constructing this great work, Appius caused the materials to be fetched from a great distance, so as to have all the stones hard and of the nature of millstones, such as are not to be found in this part of the country. Having ordered this material to be smoothed and polished, the stones were cut in corresponding angles, so as to fit together in joinings without the intervention of copper or any other material to bind them, and in this manner they were so firmly united, that in looking at them one would say they had not been put together by art, but had grown so upon the spot; and notwithstanding the wear of so many ages—being traversed daily by a multitude of vehicles and all sorts of cattle—they still remain unmoved; nor can the least trace of ruin or waste be observed upon these stones, neither do they appear to have lost any of their beautiful polish; and such is the Appian Way.'

Much of this description remains true even at the present day; and the road, after the lapse of more than 2000 years, still presents an instructive model to the modern artificer.

With the exception of the Roman highways, the public thoroughfares in England scarcely deserved the name of roads. During the period of Saxon rule, and down to the Stuarts, they were mere tracks across the country, patched with rude paving in the softer places, and 'very noisome and tedious to travel in, and dangerous to all passengers and carriages,' as declared in the act imposing 'statute labour' for the repair of the highways in the reign of Mary. The labour when performed was capricious, not systematic: people mended such portions as traversed their farms or estates, and left the rest to take care of itself.

The first attempts at real improvement may be considered as dating from the passing of the first turnpike act in 1653, of which the preamble stated that parts of the great north road leading to York and Scotland were 'very ruinous and become almost impassable, insomuch that it is become very dangerous to all his majesty's liege people that pass that way.' In the reign of Charles II. the taking of tolls was first established on a turnpike-road leading from Hertfordshire to the counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge. So slow, however, was the progress of improvement, that the roads throughout the country were but little changed for the better during the next hundred years; many became worse, and some which had been wide were narrowed by encroachments and neglect. According to Stow, wagons were in use on some roads for the conveyance of goods and passengers as early as 1541; but the most of the traffic was carried on by means of pack-horses, which, tethered together in long trains, made their way slowly and painfully along the causeways, and whoever met them was obliged to step off into the mire on either side to get out of their way. 'The people of Kendal,' says Roger North, writing in 1676, 'could write to most trading towns and have answers by the packs—for all is horse-carriage—with returns—time being allowed—as certain as by the post.' In 1609 to send a letter from York to Oxford, and get back an answer, took a whole month, and even after the establishment of the post in 1660 correspondence was

but little expedited. The introduction of coaches, asserted a writer of the day, would ruin the country; the wagons mentioned by old Stow were advocated as 'travelling easily, without jolting men's bodies or hurrying them along,' which the obnoxious coaches did, at four miles an hour. In 1673 travellers were kept a week on the road between London and Exeter, the fare being 40s. in summer and 45s. in winter: the same fare was charged from London to Chester or York. In 1678 a six-horse coach took six days to perform the journey from Edinburgh to Glasgow. At the end of the seventeenth century the stage-coach with six horses occupied two days in the journey from London to Cambridge, fifty-seven miles; and fifty years later the journey to Oxford consumed the same time. Travelling by night was first introduced about 1740, not without opposition from those who foresaw ruin in any departure from old practice. Hogarth's picture, 'The Country Inn Yard,' brings before us the ordinary coach of the period. It underwent alterations from time to time as fancy or convenience dictated. In 1750 the 'Alton and Farnham Machine' was started with a wicker-basket slung behind for the outside passengers.

In the present day a man goes to Constantinople and back as an ordinary pleasure-trip calling for no especial remark. Not so a century ago. It was not uncommon at that period for people whose business led them from the Scottish to the English metropolis to make their wills before starting. The journey was indeed a formidable one, as may be gathered from an advertisement in the 'Edinburgh Courant' for 1758, stating that, with God's permission, the coach would 'go in ten days in summer and twelve in winter:' a man may now breakfast in London and sup in Edinburgh, 400 miles distant, without undergoing severe fatigue, or sitting up to a late hour; and if so inclined, may cross over to New York in less time than was formerly consumed between the two cities. In 1765 a 'flying-coach,' drawn by eight horses, travelled from London to Dover in a day, fare 21s.

Arthur Young's experiences during his 'Tour' in 1770 furnish conclusive evidence as to the condition of the roads at a still later date. He was travelling in Lancashire, a county now among those best furnished with railways, and says: 'I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this infernal road. To look over a map, and perceive that it is a principal one, not only to some towns, but even whole counties, one would naturally conclude it to be at least decent; but let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally purpose to travel this terrible county to avoid it as they would the devil, for a thousand to one but they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings-down. They will here meet with ruts, which I actually measured, four feet deep, and floating with mud, only from a wet summer—what, therefore, must it be after a winter? The only mending it receives in places is the tumbling in some loose stones, which serve no other purpose but jolting a carriage in the most intolerable manner. These are not merely opinions, but facts; for I actually passed three carts broken down in these eighteen miles of execrable memory.' This was not the only instance of bad roads that Young met with; he came upon others farther north, and denounces them in language equally emphatic.

On the eve of the nineteenth century travelling was still slow. Mr

Porter states, that he 'well remembers leaving the town of Gosport (in 1798) at one o'clock of the morning in the *Telegraph*, then considered a fast coach, and arriving at the Golden Cross, Charing-Cross, at eight in the evening; thus occupying nineteen hours in travelling eighty miles, being at the rate of rather more than four miles an hour.'

The time, however, had come for a change; and Telford and Macadam, by their improvements in road-making, prepared the way for more rapid locomotion. The insurrections in Scotland in '15 and '45 led to the formation of numerous roads which penetrated the wildest districts of the Highlands, extending altogether to nearly 1000 miles in length. In these, real principles of construction were acted on, and the system of maintenance developed which gave to us the best roads in the world. In 1815 Telford commenced that grand memorial of his ability—the Holyhead Road; a work that may safely be contrasted with the most famous highways of antiquity, regard being had to smoothness of motion; and though no longer required for the service of the mail, its preservation will, we hope, be diligently cared for by those to whose charge it is intrusted. The establishment of this road effected an important change in our communication with Ireland. 'Previous to 1815, the sailing-packets which plied between Dublin and Holyhead were often tossed for several days in a stormy sea; and when the passengers had completed their miserable voyage, they were landed upon rugged, unprotected rocks, from whence they proceeded by miserable tracts of road, composed of a succession of circuitous and craggy inequalities, for twenty-five miles, across the Island of Anglesey to the Menai Strait—a troublesome and dangerous tidal ferry, over which the mail and other coaches could not be passed in boisterous weather.' Telford carried his road across this strait by means of the famous suspension-bridge which was opened in January 1826, the first stone having been laid in August 1819. It is 1710 feet long, contains 4,373,282 lbs. of iron, or 2186 tons, and cost, with the approaches, £120,000.

The prime object kept in view was to diminish friction, to render draught as easy as possible, and these desiderata were attained. Macadam, about 1816, began to shew that to spread a layer of broken granite over the natural soil, properly prepared and levelled, was the best mode of forming a permanent and serviceable road; and his principles were actively reduced to practice in nearly all parts of the kingdom. The impulse once given, further improvements were continually sought after, and the result was a system of highways, of hard granite roads, as near perfection as mechanical and engineering science could make them. In some places 'granite tracks,' or 'stone tramways,' were laid down, and wherever tried, the result proved in favour of facility of transit. They had long been in use in the streets of Milan; and on Dartmoor a stone trackway was laid for twenty miles, from the quarries to Plymouth. A granite line was also laid from London towards the East India Docks along the Commercial Road; the Forth and Clyde Canal Company made use of iron for a similar purpose; and slate was employed in other quarters, but there was no difference in the results. One horse on the level track could do as much work as four on a common road. The advantage gained was so striking, that a proposal was made to lay granite tracks on the slopes of all the highways in the kingdom, as a certain remedy against the difficulty of ascending them.

In 1840 the total length of turnpike-roads in England and Wales was about 25,000 miles, which had been kept up during the preceding five years at an annual cost of £989,545, or £45 per mile—£36 having been expended in the usual repairs, and £9 on improvements. In addition to these items, the charge for management was nearly £6, also yearly. There were 1116 trusts, 7796 toll-gates and side-bars, and 1300 surveyors. Besides the turnpikes, the extent of other highways, 'parish roads,' was nearly 105,000 miles, maintained at a cost of £11, 3s. per mile yearly.

It was along the chief of these thoroughfares that, up to a recent period, travelling by mail or stage coach was prosecuted with such spirit and regularity as to make the roads a scene of continued animation and excitement. In 1837 licences were granted to 3026 stage-coaches, of which 1507 went to or from London, besides 103 mail-coaches. The number of passengers per year about the period in question has been estimated at 2,000,000. The conveyance of these gave movement to a system of traffic unequalled in any part of the world. In no other country was there such promptitude, such celerity of transit; and in fine weather there was real enjoyment in sitting behind the four spirited horses, which, in their compact and well-kept harness, trotted along the roads at a speed varying from seven to ten miles an hour: and for the leisurely traveller the top of a stage-coach presented advantages for viewing scenery which constitute no part of railway accommodation. There was time to discuss the merits of a ruin or a landscape; the appearance and disappearance of one and the other were not then, as now, simultaneous; and conversation could be carried on with a chance of its being heard. Then there was variety in the road itself: now traversing a well-cultivated vale, curving in and out among pastures and corn-fields, at times pleasantly overshadowed by trees; anon rising over a hill, descending into a valley, skirting or crossing a running stream, penetrating at times the most picturesque parts of the land; going through—not past—towns and villages, where people ran to their doors and windows to see the vehicle speed by, and gazed after it with a feeling of pride as long as it remained in view. The traveller then could make himself acquainted with much that was interesting along his line of route, and carry away a definite impression of the scenes which had passed before his eyes.

But there were drawbacks: exposure to wet or inclement weather; the rapacity of innkeepers who purveyed for travellers; that of their servants; and the fees to coachmen and guards, exercised and levied without compunction, and often with incivility; oppressive to all compelled to submit thereto, but more especially to persons of slender means.

And further: how few of the latter class could afford to travel by stage-coach. The broad-wheeled wagon, creeping on at the snail's pace of three miles an hour, or the canal-boat, oftentimes as slow, was their only resource. In either of these the journey from London to Manchester occupied a week; and yet, with all their tedium and misery, they were much more resorted to by respectable people of scanty means than is commonly known or believed in the present day.

But what travelling was ten years ago is, and becomes more and more, matter of history. Except in little-frequented parts of the country stage-coaches and wagons have disappeared. Having superseded less] ict

machinery, they in turn were set aside by a power more in accordance with the aims and requirements of the age.

From the roads of the past we turn to the roads of the present. What was the origin of the latter? According to certain writers we should find it by a study of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs. Something, however, more to the purpose than hieroglyphs occurs in Roger North's book, already quoted: 'Another remarkable thing,' says Roger, referring to the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, 'is their *way-leaves;* for when men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river they sell leave to lead coals over their ground; and so dear that the owner of a rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldron of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal-merchants.' This account, as is obvious, refers to a mode of transport already established, and we may believe that similar contrivances would sooner or later be made available in other districts; but we meet with no subsequent instance until 1738, when a railway was laid down from Cockenzie to the coal-pits of Tranent, across the ground on which, some years later, the Highlanders put General Cope to flight, and won the famous battle of Prestonpans. A portion of the line, which may still be traced, was selected as a position for the English cannon. About the same time iron trams were laid down at the Whitehaven collieries. The practice had been, as described by Roger North, to make the rails of wood, and fix them parallel on cross-pieces called sleepers, embedded in the earth. Thin plates of iron were sometimes nailed on to protect those parts most exposed to wear—a precaution which could scarcely have failed to suggest the idea of rails made entirely of iron. These were first introduced at Coalbrookdale, where, in order to keep the furnaces at work during a slack season, a number of bars five feet long, four inches wide, and one and a half inches thick, were cast to be used as rails instead of wood, with the intention of taking them up for sale in case of a sudden demand.

The difficulty of keeping the wheels from slipping off was urged as an objection against the use of these rails, and obviated some years afterwards, in 1776, by casting rails with an upright flange or guide at one side. These being nailed to wooden sleepers, or, as subsequently, to blocks of stone, the two flanges kept the wheels in place, and kept the wagons from running off the track. The form, however, presented certain inconveniences: dirt accumulated in the angle, and 'edge rails' were substituted, which, with modifications, have ever since remained in use. Those laid down at Lord Penrhyn's quarries were oval in form, with the narrow edge upwards, in lengths of four and a half feet, and kept in place by a solid dovetail block cast on the lower edge, and fitted into an iron sleeper underneath. A flange on either side of the tire prevented any deviation of the wheels; and 'the saving of power was such, that two horses regularly drew a train of twenty-four wagons, each containing about a ton; and ten horses were found sufficient to conduct a traffic which had, on a common road, required 400.'

Another form of rail, in section resembling a T, came into use in the

northern mining districts. The descending portion was cast with a gradual sweep — technically, 'fish-bellied'— from end to end, to give strength between the bearings. With this was first used the 'chair'— a supporter made of cast-iron, which, being fixed to the sleepers, received and held each lap-joint of the rails. The wheels were kept from running off by a flange on the inner edge of the tire, while the shape of the rail was such as to prevent any lodgment of dirt on the surface. But in all these rails there was one essential defect — their liability to break; a defect that still remained, notwithstanding the attempts to overcome it by increasing the weight of the casting; and a fatal one, had wrought-iron not been available. Rails of this material were laid down in 1808, but proved unsuitable, owing to their square form, the only one in which they could then be manufactured; and it was not until 1820, when Mr Birkenshaw produced rails by a process of rolling—a species of wire-drawing on a stupendous scale—that the difficulty was overcome. Since then the texture of rails has been as remarkable for toughness and elasticity as it was formerly for rigidity and brittleness.

Gradually iron roads grew into use in coal-fields and the mineral districts in the northern and midland counties; and by the close of the tenth year of the present century there were more than 150 miles in South Wales. The first well-ascertained attempt to take a systematic commercial view of their utility was made in 1800, by Dr James Anderson, in a periodical entitled 'Recreations in Agriculture.' He proposed to construct railways by the side of the turnpike-roads, so as to follow the ordinary levels and lines of traffic: to commence with the highway from London to Bath. Where the road ascended a hill, the level was to be sought by going round its base, constructing a viaduct or piercing a tunnel; and so carefully are these contingencies discussed, that, with the exception of horses being the moving power, the doctor's plans and arguments might be almost literally adopted in a railway prospectus of the present day. One point particularly insisted on was, that the lines should be managed by government commissioners, not by companies, who would unite monopoly with speculation; and should 'be kept open and patent to all alike who shall choose to employ them, as the king's highway, under such regulations as it shall be found necessary to subject them by law.' No immediate result followed the publication of these views; no one had then thought of railways independent of other thoroughfares, and to border the latter by iron routes was a scheme too impracticable to be entertained.

Two years later, in March 1802, a communication from Mr R. L. Edgeworth appeared in 'Nicholson's Journal,' calling attention to the same subject. To quote the writer's words, he had many years before 'formed the project of laying iron railways for baggage-wagons on the great roads of England,' but having been met by numerous and powerful objections, he had despaired of success. Among these was urged the first cost, and the continual charge for repairs. To obviate the latter, he proposed, instead of an enormous load in one car, to divide the burden among several smaller cars, whereby the wear of the rails would be materially diminished. Models of these cars had been presented to the Society of Arts in 1768, and their inventor rewarded with a gold medal. In 1788 he made four other carriages, with cast-iron wheels working on friction rollers, and used

them for some time on a wooden railway to convey lime for agricultural purposes.

To test the merits of his plan, Edgeworth suggested that four lines of railway might be laid on ten or twelve miles of one of the great roads leading from the metropolis. The rails were to be made hollow from the bottom upwards, for strength and to save expense; broad at bottom, and rounded at the top, to prevent the lodgment of dirt and dust; and fixed to sleepers of stone, so that their upper surface should stand about four inches above the road. On these should run light wagons, each containing not more than one ton and a half weight. The two inner tracks were to be for goods, the two outer ones for passenger-carriages, to travel in either direction, and when they met, turn off by sidings to the wagon-way. To obviate all difficulty with respect to the wheels of public or private vehicles, they were to be placed on 'cradles or platforms,' fitted and constructed to run on the rails. The horses that brought the carriage would drag it on to the cradle, or truck, as it would now be called, and, descending at the opposite end, draw it along the line—stage-coaches, six miles an hour, with one horse; hackney-coaches, eight miles; and with the greatest ease and safety, by night as well as by day.

Hills were to be avoided by making a circuit; but a perfect level was not absolutely insisted on: no insurmountable objection existed to 'a rise of one foot in ten.' Another part of the plan was the employment of steam-power with stationary engines, with which it would be 'not impossible, by *slight circulating chains*, like those of a jack running upon rollers, to communicate motion between small steam-engines, placed at a considerable distance from each other; to these chains carriages might be connected at will, and, when necessary, they might instantaneously be detached.'

There is yet another name connected with the development of our railway system which must not be passed over—that of Thomas Gray, a native of Leeds. He was in Belgium in 1816, when, hearing that a canal had been projected to connect the coal-field of that country with the frontier of Holland, he very earnestly recommended to Mr Cockerill, with whom he was acquainted, the making of a railway instead. His mind had been for some time directed to the subject; and in 1818 he shewed to his friends manuscript 'Observations on a Railroad for the whole of Europe,' and soon after returned to England for the purpose of making his schemes public. In 1820 he published a seven-and-sixpenny octavo, which went through five editions in five years, entitled 'Observations on a General Iron Railway, or Land Steam Conveyance, to Supersede the Necessity of Horses in all Public Vehicles: shewing its vast Superiority in every Respect over the present Pitiful Methods of Conveyance by Turnpike-Roads and Canals.' In this work, among advantages to result from the new system, Gray shewed that fish, vegetables, agricultural and other perishable produce might be rapidly carried from place to place; that two post deliveries in the day would be feasible; and that insurance companies would be able to promote their own interests by keeping railway fire-engines, ready to be transported to the scene of a conflagration at a moment's warning.

The cost of construction Gray calculated at £12,000 a mile. He was decidedly in favour of direct lines by the shortest course. His plan

included a trunk-line straight from London to Plymouth and Falmouth, minor lines to Portsmouth, Bristol, Dover, and Harwich, with an offset from the latter to Norwich; a trunk-line also from London to Birmingham and Holyhead, another to Edinburgh by Nottingham and Leeds, and secondary lines from Liverpool to Scarborough, from Birmingham to Norwich; in short, his system, remarkable for its simplicity, comprehended all the important towns of the kingdom, and in many respects is preferable to that which now prevails. His plan for Ireland had a grand trunk-line from Dublin to Derry, another to Kinsale, and by lesser lines ramifying from these he connected all the chief towns of the island with the capital.

Whatever effect Gray's persevering labours may have had in directing attention to the subject of railways, in suggesting views to others, he himself gained neither reward nor honour. His late years were passed in obscurity as a dealer in glass on commission at Exeter; in which city he died in October 1848, at the age of sixty-one. He deserves not to be forgotten.

These statements embody interesting evidence of the germination of ideas and the growth of intelligence: the time was coming for maturer aims and increased powers of realising them.

The first authorisation of a railway by act of parliament is said to have been that of the Surrey Railway — an iron track laid from Merstham to Wandsworth in 1809; and of a short line from Cheltenham to Gloucester. Both have since become adjuncts or portions of other and grander lines.

In September 1825 a railway was opened which led from the mines near Darlington to the wharfs on the Tees at Stockton—the whole distance about twenty miles—for the transport of coal. At first the wagons were drawn by horses; and such was the effect of easy carriage, that the price of coal at Stockton fell from 18s. to 8s. 6d. per ton; lead was carried from the interior to the ships at greatly reduced rates; and a brisk trade in lime sprung up which had not before existed. Shortly after the opening two coaches were placed on the line for the conveyance of passengers—large, roomy vehicles, to carry twenty-six persons as a regular load, and in extraordinary cases half as many more, an addition which in no way interfered with the speed of the journey. They had no springs, and were intended to run backwards or forwards without being turned. A block of wood made to press against the tire of the wheels by means of an iron lever within reach of the driver enabled him to check the motion or stop suddenly when required. Ten miles an hour was the usual speed, and seemed scarcely to require an effort from the single horse that drew the load, so seldom was there any strain on the traces; and the smooth and equable motion of the coach was a constant theme of congratulation among the passengers. The line originally consisted of but a single pair of rails, with sidings at frequent intervals, at which vehicles or coal-trains passed each other. The fare from Stockton to Darlington—twelve miles—was 2s. for the inside and half that sum for the outside. Traffic became so lively between the two towns, owing to the facility of transit, that in the first year the proprietors returned £500. 'An intercourse,' as was said, 'and trade seemed to arise out of nothing, and no one knew how; and altogether the circumstance of bustle and activity which appeared along the line, with crowds of passengers going and returning, formed a matter

of surprise to the whole neighbourhood.' Similar results have been observed elsewhere, wherever legitimate enterprise and not wild speculation has been brought into play.

In the following year, two of Stephenson's locomotives were employed in the coal transport on the line in addition to the horses. It was no uncommon sight to see one of these engines drawing behind it a train of loaded wagons, weighing ninety-two tons, at the rate of five miles an hour. In those days steam-whistles had not yet come into use; and the firemen, to give notice of their approach after nightfall, threw up high into the air, from time to time, a shovelful of red-hot cinders, which could be seen at a considerable distance by those moving in the opposite direction. Without a load the speed of the engines was not unfrequently fifteen miles an hour —a most exhilarating rate of travelling, which at that period was regarded as little less than marvellous.

The year 1825 marks one of those periods in history when the speculative mania, always present in a commercial community, and more or less active, suddenly burst into delirium: projects, however visionary, were eagerly taken up; shares in ideal mines were bought and sold with marvellous celerity; and thousands became dupes of their own folly or thirst for gain. Everything was to be done by steam: by means of coal-gas, people were 'to ride among the clouds at the rate of forty miles an hour, and whirl along a turnpike-road at the rate of twelve miles an hour, having relays, at every fifteen miles, of bottled gas instead of relays of horses.' A writer of the day remarks: 'this nondescript gas-breathing animal, something of the velocipede family, is intended to crawl over the ground by protruding from behind it six or eight legs on either side in alternate succession.' And referring to the numerous schemes then put forward for railways, he continues: 'nothing now is heard of but railroads; the daily papers teem with notices of new lines of them in every direction, and pamphlets and paragraphs are thrown before the public eye, recommending nothing short of making them general throughout the kingdom.' All the great towns of the north were to be connected by railways: Liverpool with Birmingham, Birmingham with London, London with Dover. The ironmasters—trade being slack, and having an eye to business—had the credit of fostering the speculative spirit for their own interests. 'All physical obstructions,' as Telford said, 'were forgotten or overlooked amid the splendour of the gigantic undertakings.'

Real enterprise was, however, steadily pursuing its aim amid all the excitement. Application had been made to parliament for leave to lay down a railway from Liverpool to Manchester — a work then become indispensable to those two increasing and important towns. At that period, and for some time afterwards, canal-boats, and slow, heavy road-wagons were the only available means for the transport of heavy goods or bulky merchandise. The charge for conveyance from London to Yorkshire amounted frequently to £13 per ton, and even at this high cost the service was very imperfect. Beneficial as canals had proved they were becoming inadequate to the growing requirements of trade. Besides the road there were two canals for the traffic between Liverpool and Manchester, the distance by the latter fifty-five miles, and the carriage of goods in some tances £2 per ton. Manchester was so entirely dependent on Liverpool

for supplies of raw material, and the saving of time in transport so much an object, that any measure for an additional route was more a necessity than a speculation. It was notorious that goods were frequently conveyed from Liverpool to New York in less time than to Manchester. To make a third canal was impossible, as the district afforded no more water than sufficed for the two already existing. A thousand tons of merchandise were sent daily between the two towns, and produced a yearly revenue of £200,000 to the carriers. On one of the canals the profits were so great that the proprietors received the amount of their original outlay every alternate year.

Reasonable compliance with their wishes would have satisfied the merchants, who sought only to secure prompt and certain means of transport, not to depreciate canal property. Failing in their object, a railway, which had from time to time been talked about, was again discussed. The 'Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company' was formed, and their prospectus issued in 1824. In the following year the bill came before parliament, and there encountered all the opposition which selfishness could invent or ignorance employ, as may be seen in the parliamentary records of the session. The bill, however, was successfully carried in 1826.

Some years before the Duke of Bridgewater, on hearing the remark: 'You must be making handsomely out with your canals,' replied, somewhat chafed: 'O yes—they will last my time; but I don't like the look of these tram-roads: there's mischief in them.' The mischief—if such it was—was about to be realised. The duke's agent was conferred with on the subject of the railway, and an offer made him of shares, which he met by the churlish answer: 'All or none.' To us in the present day it may not be uninstructive to consider some of the forms under which the spirit of opposition strove to effect its purpose.

Canal proprietors were among the first to bestir themselves: they consulted Telford 'as to the most advisable manner of protecting their property;' and the enlargement and extension of the Birmingham and Liverpool, and the Ellesmere canals, were recommended by the eminent engineer as a preliminary measure. To understand the value of this recommendation we must remember that at the period in question railways were generally considered as subordinate or accessory to canals—not as a new resource destined to supersede them.

The legislature even was not exempt from incredulity, to choose a mild term. Stephenson's assertion, during his examination before a committee of the House, that it would not be difficult to make a locomotive travel fifteen or twenty miles an hour, provoked one of the members to reply that the engineer could only be fit for a lunatic asylum. If the opposition were to be believed, the laying down of a railway would inevitably reduce the value of land through which it passed, and landholders, by gradual though sure decline, be brought to the verge of ruin. As a million horses would be thrown out of service, no one of course would care about keeping up the breed; and not only were good horses to become as rare as peacocks, but the 8,000,000 acres of land that produced the oats were to return to a state of nature. A Quarterly Reviewer wrote: 'As to those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and

superseding all the canals, all the wagons, mail and stage coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every other mode of conveyance by land and by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine, or, to speak in plain English, the *steam-carriage*, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned.' How ridiculous this reads now to us, who see how completely the results are at variance with the confident predictions! and equally ridiculous will our ignorance and prejudice appear to those who come after us.

Parliamentary sanction once obtained, the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad Company set to work upon their novel and important undertaking —novel, inasmuch as its scheme and magnitude exceeded all that had been previously attempted of a similar nature. Stephenson, who had already won a reputation, was appointed engineer, and a chief point determined on was that the line should be as nearly as possible straight between the two towns. In the carrying out of this design the series of 'engineering difficulties' was first encountered, the overcoming of which has called forth an amount of scientific knowledge, of invention, ingenuity, and mechanical hardihood unprecedented in the history of human labour. Hills were to be pierced or cut through, embankments raised, viaducts built, and four miles of watery and spongy bog converted into a hardened road.

The drainage and solidification of this bog—or Chat Moss, its local name —were among the first operations. It was too soft to be walked on with safety, and in some places an iron rod laid on the surface would sink by its own weight. An embankment twenty feet in height was commenced, and had been carried some distance across the treacherous soil, when the whole sunk down and disappeared; and not until many thousand tons of earth had been deposited and swallowed up was a secure foundation obtained. At the softest part, known as the 'flow-moss,' hurdles thickly interwoven with heath were laid down, and upon these the earth and gravel for the permanent way. The successful formation of this part of the line was looked upon at the time as no unworthy triumph over physical obstacles. It was but the precursor of still greater enterprises.

Another great work was the tunnel under Liverpool, forming a direct passage to the docks without interfering with the streets. Its length is 2250 yards—nearly a mile and a half—the width 22 feet, and height 16 feet, and for greater part of the distance it pierces the solid red sandstone rock of the district. It was begun in 1826, and finished in September 1828, at a cost of £34,791. Besides this there is a tunnel of smaller dimensions, 290 yards in length, leading to the passenger-station, situated in the higher parts of Liverpool at some distance from the docks.

A more than ordinary interest attaches to the history of these works, from the fact of their being the first of the kind: suffice it, however, to state, that sixty-three bridges were built at different parts of the line, most of them of stone and brick. Two capacious tunnels were excavated, and six cuttings through elevations, out of which were taken more than 3,000,000 cubic yards of earth, stone, and gravel. These materials were used in the formation of embankments, for bridges, and other masonry. The double line of rails weighed 3847 tons, and the chairs which held

them in place 1428 tons; and the total cost amounted to £820,000—four times more than had been estimated.

During the execution of the works a question of considerable importance had to be decided: whether horses, stationary steam-engines, or locomotives, should be the tractive power. A high rate of speed, if not impossible, was, as we have seen, considered unsafe, otherwise the employment of animals would hardly have been thought of. The first two, however, were soon set aside; and early in 1829, when the works of the railway were well advanced, the directors advertised a prize of £500 for the best locomotive engine. The stipulations were, that it should draw at least three times its own weight—the latter limited to six tons—and be supported on springs, and not exceed fifteen feet in height; that it should be worked at a maximum pressure of fifty pounds to the inch, make no smoke, and travel, with its load, not less than ten miles an hour. The appearance of the advertisement elicited afresh the shafts of ridicule, as well as the strictures of practical men. Mr Nicholas Wood, in his 'Treatise on Railroads,' says: 'It is far from my purpose to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather *professions*, of the *enthusiastic speculatist*, will be realised, or that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption than the promulgation of such nonsense.'

Having now come to the period when the locomotive engine figures prominently in railway history, we must take a brief survey of the origin and development of this important and interesting invention. Excepting the machines made for Kanghi—to be hereafter mentioned—Leupold's appears to have been the earliest steam-engine applicable to locomotive purposes; but the first practical idea of applying steam-power to wheeled carriages is due to Dr Robison, by whom it was communicated to Watt in 1759. Some time afterwards the latter made a model of a high-pressure locomotive, and described its principle in his fourth patent in 1784, which, among certain improvements, specified 'a portable steam-engine, and machinery for moving wheel-carriages.' Watt, however, had doubts as to the safety of his machine, and mentioned the subject to one of his friends, Murdoch, who three years afterwards constructed a model of a locomotive which proved the correctness of the previous calculations. 'This engine,' we are told, 'was made in 1787, and persons are still alive who saw it in that year drive a small wagon round a room at his house at Redruth, in Cornwall. Among those who saw it was Richard Trevithick, who, in 1802, took out a patent for a similar invention.'

Singularly enough, a similar model was exhibited the same year at the opposite end of the kingdom. Symington's locomotive was then shewn in the house of Mr Gilbert Measom at Edinburgh. He pursued the experiment, and in 1795 worked a steam-engine on a line of turnpike-road in Lanarkshire and the adjoining county. Then followed that by Trevithick and Vivian in 1802, which ran on the Merthyr tram-way, and drew a load of ten tons at the rate of five miles an hour. Slight ridges were left in the edge of the wheels and on the trams, to prevent their slipping round, and to insure a forward movement. That without this precaution

there could be adhesion or advance was an idea that long prevailed. The cause of this slipping lay in the construction of the engine, which had but one cylinder, and the crank having to pass two centres during one revolution of the wheel, the consequence was an occasional slow, dragging motion. Trevithick, who was a man of great ability, and one to whom steam-locomotion is much indebted, afterwards made a carriage to run on common roads which combined several of the arrangements now in use. The fire-place was surrounded by water, and the waste steam blown off through the smoke-pipe to produce a draught. The cylinder was placed inside the boiler for economy of heat, and the fore-wheels made to turn by cranks connected with the piston-rod, but with one cylinder only the motion was very irregular. This engine was exhibited on one of the roads in Lambeth in 1806, without, however, exciting more than a temporary interest. Three years previously another locomotive by Trevithick had blown up—an accident which created so much dread of high-pressure steam-carriages that a feeling of alarm arose respecting their use, which in some quarters is not even yet entirely dissipated.

Blenkinsop, of Middleton Colliery, near Leeds, constructed a locomotive in 1811, the wheels of which were cogged and ran in toothed rails; a noisy contrivance, intended to overcome the imaginary difficulty—want of bite—and effectually preventing rapid motion by its enormous friction. The engine had two cylinders, and so far was an improvement on those which preceded it, and laboured along at five miles an hour. The Chapmans came next with a new plan: a chain stretched from one end to the other along the middle of a tram-way was passed once round a wheel fixed beneath the carriage, and this wheel being made to revolve by the action of machinery, its bite on the chain caused the whole to move forwards. This method involved so great an amount of friction that it was abandoned almost as soon as tried. Brunton followed in 1813 with mechanical legs and feet attached to the rear of his engine, intended by their alternate walking motion to propel it continually onwards, and prevent the slipping of the wheels on the rails. Considerable ingenuity was displayed in this contrivance, which performed well, and in certain cases might be employed with advantage, but was not well adapted to locomotive propulsion. The difficulty against which it was especially applied was soon proved to have no existence.

During the same year Blackett repeated Trevithick's experiments at Wylam, in Northumberland; and the fact was satisfactorily demonstrated that, in ordinary circumstances, and with clean rails, the adhesion between the wheel and the rail was sufficient to cause a progressive motion. It would have been proved long before had the engines and tram-plates been heavier: both were too light; and the slipping so much complained of had been an accidental, not a necessary consequence.

Meantime Stephenson was busy at Killingworth, in another part of Northumberland, making and testing locomotives. In 1814 he verified the experiments of other inventors, and went beyond them all in the perfection and performance of his machinery. He took out patents in the two following years for engines, that with a load of twenty tons, and on smooth rails, would travel five miles an hour, and ten miles without a load. No better result at that time was looked for. The possibility of

transporting heavy goods with facility at a slow pace having been demonstrated, all that remained was to make it available.

Before the Liverpool and Manchester Company advertised their prize of £500, they sent a deputation to Killingworth to witness the working of the locomotives, with a view to the employment of a similar power on the line then in progress. Although the rails were not laid with that precision now considered so indispensable, the deputation found that the locomotives had been kept at work with much regularity, drawing heavily-laden trains of wagons from the coal-pits to the ships in the Tyne. They reported in favour of locomotive power, and in accordance with their decision the advertisements appeared.

The 8th of October 1829 was fixed for the trial, and on the appointed day three engines were brought forward to compete for the prize: a competition which involved much more than the winning of £500. Stephenson was there with his *Rocket*, Hackworth with the *Sanspareil*, and Braithwaite and Ericson with the *Novelty*. The test assigned was to run a distance of thirty miles at not less than ten miles an hour, backwards and forwards along a two-mile level near Rainhill, with a load three times the weight of the engine. The *Novelty*, after running twice along the level, was disabled by failure of the boiler-plates, and withdrawn. The *Sanspareil* traversed eight times at a speed of nearly fifteen miles an hour, when it was stopped by derangement of the machinery. The *Rocket* was the only one to stand the test and satisfy the conditions. This engine travelled over the stipulated thirty miles in two hours and seven minutes nearly, with a speed at times of twenty-nine miles an hour, and at the slowest nearly twelve; in the latter case exceeding the advertised maximum, in the former tripling it. Here was a result! An achievement so surprising, so unexpected as to be almost incredible. Was it not a delusion?—had it been really accomplished?—and could it be done again?

The prize of £500 was at once awarded to the makers of the *Rocket*. Their engine was not only remarkable for its speed, but also for the contrivances by which that speed was attained. Most important among them was the introduction of tubes passing from end to end of the boiler—said to have been suggested by Mr Booth, secretary to the company—by means of which so great an additional surface was exposed to the radiant heat of the fire, that steam was generated much more rapidly, and a higher temperature maintained at a smaller expenditure of fuel than usual. The tubular boiler was indeed the grand fact of the experiment. Without tubes steam could never have been produced with the rapidity and heat essential to quick locomotion. In more senses than one the trial of the three locomotives in October 1829 marks an epoch.

By burning coke instead of coal, the stipulated suppression of smoke was effected: the quantity consumed by the *Rocket* during the experiment was half a ton. The coke and water were carried in a tender attached to the engine.

On the 15th of September 1830 the railway was opened. The two great towns, with due regard to the importance of the event, made preparations for it with a spirit and liberality worthy of their wealth and enterprise. Members of the government, and distinguished individuals from various quarters, were invited to be present at the opening. On the memorable

day a train was formed of eight locomotives and twenty-eight carriages, in which were seated the eminent visitors and other persons present on the occasion, to the number of 600. The *Northumbrian*, one of the most powerful of the engines, took the lead, followed by the train, which, as it rolled proudly onwards, impressed all beholders with a grand idea of the energies of art, and of the power destined soon afterwards to effect the greatest of civil revolutions. At Parkfield, seventeen miles from Manchester, a halt was made to replenish the water-tanks, when the accident occurred by which Mr Huskisson lost his life, and tempered the triumph by a general sentiment of regret. The proceedings, however, though subdued, were carried out in accordance with the arrangements prescribed.

Business began the next day. The *Northumbrian* drew a train with 130 passengers from Liverpool to Manchester in one hour and fifty minutes; and before the close of the week six trains daily were regularly running on the line. The surprise and excitement already created were further increased when one of the locomotives by itself travelled the thirty-one miles in less than an hour. Of the thirty stage-coaches which had plied between the two towns, all but one went off the road very soon after the opening, and their 500 passengers multiplied at once into 1600.

In December commenced the transport of goods and merchandise, and afforded further cause of astonishment; for a loaded train, weighing eighty tons, was drawn by the *Planet* engine at from twelve to sixteen miles an hour. In February 1831 the *Samson* accomplished a greater feat, having conveyed 164½ tons from Liverpool to Manchester in two hours and a half, including stoppages—as much work as could have been performed by seventy horses.

There are many now in their manhood who will remember the wonder and excitement created by these results in all parts of the kingdom. The facts could not be disputed. Neither the laws of nature nor science could be brought to accord with the views of those who saw in the new agencies the elements of downfall and decay. Even the company had gone surprisingly astray in their calculations. Believing that the major part of their business and of their revenue would be derived from the transport of heavy goods, they had set down £20,000 a year only as the estimated return from passenger traffic; and scarcely a week had passed before they became aware of the fact, as agreeable as it was unexpected, that passengers brought the greatest return. The whole number conveyed from the time of opening to the end of the year—three months and a half—was more than 71,000.

From all accounts of locomotives it appears that some of the first constructed were intended to run on common roads. According to Du Halde, the history of such carriages begins at an earlier date than is commonly supposed. He relates that, about the year 1700, the Jesuit missionaries in China invented certain mechanical curiosities for the entertainment of the emperor Kanghi. 'They caused a wagon to be made of light wood, about two feet long, in the middle whereof they placed a brazed vessel full of live coals, and upon them an eolipile, the wind of which issued through a little pipe upon a sort of wheel made like the sail of a windmill. This

little wheel turned another with an axletree, and by that means the wagon was set a-running for two hours together; but for fear there should not be room enough for it to proceed constantly forwards, it was contrived to move circularly in the following manner:—To the axletree of the two hind-wheels was fixed a small beam, and at the end of this beam another axletree passed through the stock of another wheel, somewhat larger than the rest; and accordingly as this wheel was nearer or farther from the wagon it described a greater or lesser circle. The same contrivance was likewise applied to a little ship with four wheels: the eolipile was hidden in the middle of the ship, and the wind issuing out of the two small pipes filled the little sails and made them turn around a long time. The artifice being concealed, there was nothing heard but a noise like wind, or that which water makes about a vessel.'

Some years later Cugnot produced a steam-carriage at Paris, which, after having proved its inefficiency, was laid aside, and is still to be seen in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. In 1772, the American, Oliver Evans, began to experiment on steam with a view towards employing it as a substitute for animal power. 'In the year 1786 he petitioned the legislature of Pennsylvania for the exclusive right to use his improvements in mills and his steam-wagons in that state. The committee to whom the petition was referred heard him very patiently while he described the mill improvements, but his representations concerning steam-wagons made them think him insane:' his petition as regarded the wagons was refused. Evans foresaw that steam would one day be the prime agent of locomotion, and he frequently declared that the time would come when travellers would be conveyed on good turnpike-roads at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, or 300 miles a day, by a contrivance similar to his own. Within the next thirty years numerous attempts were made by inventors in this country to employ steam-power on common roads. The prospect appeared promising; for if once successful, there were excellent highways already prepared on which to conduct a traffic, thereby saving all the outlay required for a perfectly level or independent route. Trevithick's experiments have already been mentioned. Griffith brought out a steam-carriage in 1821, portions of which were the invention of a foreigner. Another by Gordon, in 1822, was contrived to work inside a large iron drum, as a squirrel runs in his revolving cage; with what advantage does not appear. Gurney, reputed as the most persevering of all the experimentalists, next took up the subject, and produced an engine ingeniously constructed, and in which the objection as to noise was to a great extent overcome. Instead of allowing the waste steam to be blown off by puffs, as in the usual way, it was made to enter a chamber, from which, by a special contrivance, it issued with a steady and noiseless current, and created a draught as it passed to the funnel. In 1826 it performed the journey from London to Bath, and in a manner that indicated how much remained to be improved before the sanguine hopes of the inventor could be realised. Other competitors were in the field—Dance, Macerone, Church, and Hancock, among the most prominent: Gurney, persevering, had in 1831 three steam-carriages running for the conveyance of passengers on the road from Cheltenham to Gloucester. Four trips a day were kept up from February to June, at a greater rate of speed than that of the stage-coaches on the

same nine miles of road, and at half their fares. In that time 3000 passengers had been conveyed, with an expenditure of £50 for coke, besides high wages to the engineer and his attendants. The success was such as might have led to a permanent undertaking, had not a formidable opposition been organised. Injurious reports were industriously circulated, and all travellers cautioned against trusting themselves to the dangers of steam; and, for more effectual hinderance, a portion of the road was covered to a depth of eighteen inches with loose stones. In attempting to pass this impediment the working-axle of the engine was broken, which for the time put a stop to steam-communication between Cheltenham and Gloucester. Before any steps could be taken to renew it, a number of turnpike acts had been hurried through parliament, by which excessive tolls—from 40s. to 68s.—were imposed on carriages driven by steam machinery, to be paid at each time of passing. These measures, while they checked the operations of the engineers, proved that legislators could overlook the fact, that roads are more injured by horses' feet than by wheels.

In the same year Hancock started a steam-carriage—*The Infant*—to run between Stratford and London, which excited much attention from the compactness and efficiency of its arrangements, and led to attempts in other quarters. Sanguine projectors promised lines of steam-omnibuses for all the great thoroughfares of London and the suburban districts, and coaches for Bristol and Birmingham. Meantime Gurney had petitioned parliament: a committee appointed to consider the subject of his memorial reported in favour of the introduction of steam-carriages on turnpike-roads; the increasing enthusiasm, however, for railways at that period diverted inventive enterprise into another direction, besides which the indiscreet zeal of the advocates of the carriages raised feelings unfavourable to success. To talk of travelling twenty-five miles an hour on a turnpike-road, with all its windings, all its regular and accidental traffic, was probably a mistake: half that speed would be the highest compatible with public safety. It is still a question whether highway locomotives might not be employed with profit and convenience between railways and towns lying a short distance off the line.

The history of an invention, like that of an individual, interests us more in its account of early struggles than of ultimate triumph. We dwell with varied emotions on the first attempt, the appearance of the germ, its growth and upspringing. Errors, disappointments, and difficulties often make us tremble for the result; but the error is avoided, the disappointment gives vigour to a new effort, the difficulty becomes an impulse to more strenuous exertion—and success crowns alike the endeavour and the aspiration. After that, though we may be gratified or astonished at the results, we feel that the secret charm of the interest has ceased. The lingering doubt, the quick hope, are no longer there to arouse and animate us in our own career. The race commanded our whole sympathies, and called out our latent energies. The arrival at the winning-post brings a flash of exultation—a brief thrill, which puts an end to the generous hope, the eager joy, of the earlier career.

We come now to that period in the history of railways when attempt

passed into the fulness of enterprise. The success of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway revived some of the projects of the year 1825, and in 1830 two schemes which had been put forth for a railway from London to Birmingham were combined, the object being four lines of rail throughout the whole distance. Had this original intention been carried into effect, there is great reason to believe that the advantages which it offered would have more than compensated for the additional cost involved in such a width of roadway. Ultimately, however, a double line of rails was decided on, and a bill brought before parliament and read a first time in February 1832. Being referred to a committee, it met with a most searching investigation and strenuous opposition, notwithstanding which it passed the Commons, but was thrown out by the Lords. Two noblemen, whose estates lay near Watford, exerted all their powerful influence against it; and the company, for their unsuccessful attempt, were put to an expense of £32,000. They carried their point in the next session at a total cost of £72,868, the bill having passed in May 1833. Mr R. Stephenson was engaged as engineer, and very soon eighty miles of the works were in progress.

The original estimated cost of this railway was in round numbers £2,500,000: owing, however, to the unforeseen difficulties, to the rise in the price of iron from £9 to £14 per ton, and the panic in commercial affairs in 1836, the actual cost amounted to £2,000,000 more. The line, 112¼ miles in length, was opened for the entire distance in September 1838. In 1839 the total received for passenger traffic was £608,564; in the first six months of 1851 it amounted to £723,862, besides £453,717 for the transport of coal, live-stock, and merchandise—making a sum of £1,177,579 received in half a year. The working expenses for the same period were £415,420. In 1846 the name of the line was changed to 'London and North-Western,' under which it now includes a group of railways with extensive ramifications—their united capital being at the time £22,989,310. The company own 188 stations; and, including lines leased, or supplied with locomotive power, they work altogether 863¼ miles of rail. According to the published report, the working stock consists of—563 engines; 562 tenders; 1 state-carriage; 555 first-class, mail, and composite carriages; 489 second-class; 345 third-class; 259 horse-boxes; 243 carriage-trucks; 200 guards' brake and parcel-vans; 8052 wagons; 203 sheep-vans; 1155 crib-rails; 5150 sheets; 55 parcel-carts and trucks; 24 travelling post-offices and tenders; and 162 horses.

The Grand Junction line connecting Birmingham with Liverpool is a rare if not the only instance of a great railway having been sanctioned by parliament without opposition. The bill was passed in 1833, and the line opened in 1837. The act for the Eastern Counties line was obtained in 1836; a portion was opened in 1840; as far as Colchester, 51¼ miles, in March 1843; and the line through Cambridge to Brandon in 1845. The act for the London and South-Western passed in 1834—opened May 1840: the South-Eastern in 1836—opened February 1844: the Brighton in 1837—opened 1841. The short line to Blackwall was opened in 1840: the Great Northern, formerly the London and York, in August 1850; it now comprehends, with its loops and branches, 285 miles. According to the act passed in 1844, the line from Chester to Holyhead was to have been carried across the Menai Bridge; this act was amended in the following year. In

May 1846 the first stone of the Britannia Bridge was laid—in March 1850 it was opened for traffic. As is well known, the passage of the strait and of the Conway is effected by means of the famous iron tubes—capacious tunnels placed high in air, and secure under the heaviest trains:—

> 'Structures of more ambitious enterprise
> Than minstrels, in the age of old romance,
> To their own Merlin's magic have ascribed.'

A line from Edinburgh to Dalkeith, worked by horses, was commenced in 1826, and opened in 1831; that to Glasgow in 1842; the other Scottish railways, one of which extends north as far as Aberdeen, are all of more recent construction. The Dublin and Kingstown was the first Irish line, opened in 1834; acts for the others were obtained in 1836 and 1837.

The bill for the Great Western Railway first came before parliament in 1833, in the face of an active opposition which ultimately led to its rejection by the Lords, after an outlay of £30,000 on the part of the promoters of the measure. The seats of learning, Eton and Oxford—behind-hand in knowledge — particularly distinguished themselves in their antagonism. To have a station near the famous grammar-school or the ancient university, with a railway reaching to the metropolis, was to be fatal to the studious and steady habits of boys on the one hand, and of young men on the other; and on this poor assumption the course of a grand ameliorating enterprise was for a time effectually hindered.

Application having been renewed, the bill passed in 1835. The parliamentary proceedings from first to last cost £89,197—a literally wasteful expenditure, and one that involves a permanent tax on the travelling public, in the higher rate of fares which they are made to pay. A portion of the line was opened in 1838; to Bristol in 1841; and to Exeter, 194 miles, in 1845.

It had first been proposed to make the station of the London and Birmingham Company serve also for the Great Western, the first half-dozen miles leading from the metropolis to be common to both; but as the country to be traversed presented favourable levels, Brunel, who had been appointed engineer, recommended the adoption of a broad gauge, or width between the rails of seven feet. With the exception of the Eastern Counties line, where Braithwaite had laid the rails five feet apart, the gauge on the Birmingham, and all the principal lines then undertaken, was four feet eight and a half inches, consequently the idea of using any portion of the line in common had to be given up. The Great Western Company chose an independent station, and sanctioned their engineer's project, which involved a wider roadway, and greater dimensions in all the details and works, than on other lines. The gauge of four feet eight and a half inches was that which—perhaps without any specific reason—had long been used in the mining districts: Stephenson adopted it on the Liverpool and Manchester line, and hence it became the standard for other lines; not that opinion was unanimous in its favour, for the Rennies among others had declared in favour of five feet prior to 1830. The narrow gauge is adopted in France, in the United States, and in Belgium—where, on the line from Ghent to Antwerp, the width is but three feet nine inches. With few exceptions, all the Italian and German lines are also on the narrow

gauge: the Basle and Strasburg is six feet three inches; and the Dutch lines are six feet six inches. Five and six feet is the gauge of some of the Irish lines.

Brunel considered that with a seven feet gauge he should be able to insure smooth and steady motion; the bodies of the carriages would be between and not above the wheels, as on the narrow gauge—an arrangement, by the way, not now carried out in practice. Ordinary carriages and other vehicles might be conveyed on low trucks without difficulty, owing to the increased width; and, more than all, the locomotives would be adapted for extraordinary developments of power. The increased expense excited murmurs and an inquiry, but without leading to any alteration. On the Eastern Counties line the directors had found it necessary to abandon the five feet gauge for the narrower one universally adopted on lines with which they came into connection. In effecting the alteration they took up and relaid eighty-six miles of rails.

When in 1844 the line from Bristol to Gloucester was opened, which, by the influence of the Great Western Company, had been laid on the broad gauge, all the practical inconveniences of 'break of gauge' were immediately felt. Travellers from Bristol or Birmingham, compelled to pass with all their baggage from one set of carriages to another, were not slow to murmur and threaten; and at the latter-mentioned town a public meeting was held to remonstrate against the continuance of the interruption.

This may be considered as the first move in the 'battle of the gauges,' which has been fought with the spirit and pertinacity ever excited by a desire for gain, or the hope of circumventing an opponent. The territory lying between the two rival lines—the Great Western and the North-Western—was the prize contended for. Whichever obtained possession would be able to keep the other from any share in the traffic. Active measures were taken on both sides; and troops of engineers, surveyors, and levellers, taking possession of the ground, tasked themselves to the utmost to prepare their plans and specifications for the memorable 30th of November 1845—that Sunday, before midnight of which the 'standing orders' required the documents to be lodged at the Board of Trade. Such a running, riding, driving and steaming, contrivance and circumvention, then took place throughout the length and breadth of the land as were never before heard of. As the evening closed in, messenger after messenger rushed into Parliament Street at headlong speed, panting with excitement, and delivered his burden of papers and parchments into the custody of the government officials. The stir was universal, for similar documents had to be placed in the hands of every clerk of the peace of every parish across which a railway had been projected—and how few were there that escaped in the mad excitement of the day! More than 1200 companies—one-half having registered their prospectuses—had been started: the capital represented by those registered was £563,203,000.

From 1801 to 1840, 299 railway acts and extensions of acts were passed; the numbers in the following years serve as an index of the speculative spirit of the time. In 1841, 19 were passed; in 1842, 22; in 1843, 24; in 1844, 48; in 1845, 120; in 1846, 272; in 1847, 184; in 1848, 83; in 1849, 35; and in 1850, 36. The London and North-Western shares, in August 1845, were selling at £252; the Great Western, £256; Midland,

£180; and the others in proportion—an extraordinary rise, followed soon afterwards by a fall of from 50 to 300 per cent.

Nearly 600 railway bills came before parliament in 1846. In the same session the gauge-question was discussed, and the Great Western projects, after rigorous investigation, were authorised under certain conditions: at the same time a commission of scientific individuals was appointed to test the merits of the respective gauges. Many persons will remember the experiments made by Professor Barlow and the astronomer-royal in January 1846—remarkable for the extraordinary velocity at which the trial-trips on broad and narrow lines were made. Their report embraced the whole bearings of the question, the difficulties of break of gauge were fully considered, advantages and disadvantages balanced; and although in some respects the broad gauge was to be preferred, they recommended that as the greater part of England was already laid with the 4 feet 8½ gauge, it alone should be maintained and permitted 'in all public railways now under construction, or hereafter to be constructed in Great Britain.'

The appearance of this report kindled a lively controversy: the Board of Trade did not hold themselves bound by all the recommendations; and permission was eventually given to the Great Western Company to extend their broad gauge to Rugby, to Birmingham, and Wolverhampton; also to the whole south and west of their existing line from London to Bristol and Exeter, and to be confined to those limits. Thus the question was compromised, and scope allowed for an active competition, which still exists between the two companies most interested.

It is not difficult to perceive that railway legislation is yet susceptible of amendment: there is no good reason why enormous expenses should be incurred in carrying a bill through parliament—expenses injurious alike to the companies and the public. The placing of railways under the control of the Board of Trade in 1840 was a step, but not far enough, in the right direction. The Board are empowered to forbid the opening of any line which they may consider unsafe, and to compel such alterations as public safety requires, particularly with respect to bridges, viaducts, or crossings. All disputes between differing companies are to be referred to them, and they can order returns of all accidents that take place, and institute inquiry according to circumstances. Then, in 1844, an act was passed designed to protect the public against the consequences of monopoly on the part of railway companies. By its provisions government was enabled to revise the tolls and charges of any railway of which, twenty-one years after the passing of the act, the profits should exceed 10 per cent., and reduce them to this value. They might also, on giving three months' notice, purchase any railway at a price estimated from the average of the three preceding years; and further, for the protection and benefit of travellers, all companies sanctioned in 1844, or in any subsequent session, were to provide third-class carriages as prescribed by certain regulations:—

'The hour of starting to be subject to the approval of the Board of Trade.

'The speed to be, upon an average, not less than twelve miles an hour for the whole distance travelled, including stoppages.

'The train shall, if required, take up and set down passengers at every passenger-station.

'The carriages shall be provided with seats, and protected from the weather in a manner satisfactory to the Board of Trade.

'The fare of each passenger shall not exceed one penny a mile.

'Each passenger shall be allowed to take half a hundredweight of luggage, not being merchandise or other articles carried for hire or profit, without extra charge; and any excess of luggage is to be charged by weight, at the lowest rate charged for passengers' luggage by other trains.

'Children under three years of age, accompanying passengers, are to be taken without charge; and under twelve years of age, at half-price.'

In certain cases the companies have been allowed to change some of these regulations for others, but not less suitable or efficient: as regards the fare the statute is imperative; it is not to exceed 1d. a mile, though it may be lower. No toll is levied on third-class fares, but on all other sums received for passenger-traffic 5 per cent. must be paid to government. The act also regulates the charges for the conveyance of troops, police, and persons employed in the public service: commissioned officers may travel in first-class carriages at a fare not exceeding 2d. a mile; soldiers and policemen at 1d. a mile in third-class carriages; and stores are to be conveyed at 2d. a ton per mile. All companies are further bound to permit the erection of an electric telegraph along their lines if required for Her Majesty's service; and compensation for loss of life or injury while travelling is substituted for the law of deodand which formerly prevailed. And last, paid inspectors and commissioners are appointed to see that the provisions of the act are duly enforced and obeyed.

Had it not been for the regulations affecting third-class passengers, that large section of the travelling community would, we may believe, have found themselves still riding in open boxes, exposed to all weather, obliged to start at hours expressly chosen for their inconvenience, and delayed on the journey as might suit the humour of their carriers. Even at the present time there is too much disposition to shew small consideration to those who pay but a penny a mile. At many stations the second and third class passengers are always drawn beyond the shelter of the roof before the train stops whatever be the weather; and the 'through' transit is often rendered difficult to those who pay the lowest fares. On some lines of railway—several even which have termini in London—open uncovered boxes are still used as third-class carriages. These are unobjectionable in very fine warm weather, but in winter, or during cold rains or winds, an unsheltered journey becomes most painfully distressing. On one or two other main lines leading northwards from the metropolis the third-class carriages are bad, but the second class are worse; too low to allow passengers to sit upright with their hats on, and with a single opening of fifteen or eighteen inches square on each side for all outlook and ventilation, as though not to see the country made travelling more agreeable. This is short-sighted and suicidal policy. Money, in itself, is not the only thing worth striving for; or if it be, it profits best those who exercise a generous policy. Competition will do much towards amending these grievances, and already it is felt that the best accommodation attracts most traffic. The Great Northern has set a praiseworthy example of what can be done with clean, convenient, and cheerful carriages, though there is still

room for improvement. Punctuality, and the minimum of annoyance compatible with a train in motion, are safer resources than a reputation for the fastest travelling. In leaving this part of the subject we cannot refrain from an emphatic protest against the now prevalent practice of disfiguring the roofs and sides of carriages with advertising show-bills: it ought not to be tolerated for a single day.

The idea of propelling carriages by atmospheric pressure was first suggested by Vallance at Brighton in 1824. A tunnel was to be made, air-tight, and large enough to receive carriages, which, on the exhaustion of the tube by means of steam-power and the admission of air at one end, were to move rapidly under the influence of the pressure. On this plan, whatever the length of the journey, passengers would have had to travel in the dark—a fatal objection. It was afterwards shewn that small continuous tubes worked on the same principle might be made available for the rapid transmission of letters. Next Medhurst, in 1827, and Pinkus, in 1834, proposed improvements. In 1839–40 Clegg and Samuda laid down a mile of atmospheric railway, as a working-model, at Wormwood Scrubs, near Paddington. A nine-inch iron tube was fixed between the rails, having on its upper side a continuous longitudinal valve. A piston working within the tube was connected with the carriage by a bar passing through the valve, and on the admission of air, after exhaustion, travelled forwards with a load of nine tons at thirty miles an hour. The valve being made with an elastic hinge opened readily as the bar advanced, and closed again immediately behind it, and was kept air-tight by a composition of oil and tallow. About the same time Roberts proposed to establish an atmospheric railway across Dartmoor—the tube to be exhausted by water-power. A committee of the House sat to inquire into the merits of Samuda's project —reported favourably, and acts were granted. A line of nearly two miles from Dalkey to Kingstown, in extension of the Dublin and Kingstown line, was constructed in 1843, passing through an 'awkward' district, with sharp curves, and slopes in places of 1 in 50, circumstances to which the atmospheric system is especially applicable. This is still worked at a speed of from thirty to forty miles an hour; but the other attempts made to establish a similar system on the London and Croydon, and on the South Devon lines, failed entirely—chiefly from imperfection in the valve, and difficulty in stopping where required. A contrivance of racks and wheels in place of the continuous valve was proposed by Pilbrow in 1844; and later, a new form of valve by Hallette—two small inflated flexible tubes which, acting as closed lips, would allow of the passage of the piston and at the same time exclude the air. And thus the question as to whether atmospheric is preferable to locomotive power remains unsettled.

The outburst of railway enterprise in England after 1830 excited a similar spirit in the United States. A short line of four miles from the stone-quarries at Quincy to Boston had been constructed in 1827, and in 1829 several miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway were completed. These, as well as some other lines projected and laid down about the same time in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, were worked by horses. It appears, however, that locomotive power was first introduced at Lackawannack, in 1828, on the line which connected the Delaware and Hudson canals.

In 1830, W. C. Redfield proposed the construction of a 'great western railway,' from the Hudson to the Mississippi river, a distance of 1000 miles. This was a magnificent project for that day, and has since been realised, though not in its integrity, by a series of lines stretching across the whole region. The Albany and Schenectady line, sixteen miles in length, was the first made in the state of New York; it was opened in 1833 with locomotive power. There are now in the same state nearly 1500 miles of railway. The whole country is traversed by railways in every direction; their total length at the end of 1850 was 8797 miles, and their cost 286,455,078 dollars, somewhat more than £57,000,000 sterling. The extent to be in operation by the close of the present year has been estimated at 10,000 miles.

A railway convention, attended by 465 delegates, was held at St Louis in October 1849, to discuss the preliminaries of a great trunk-line from the Mississippi to California. This project has since been put forward in another form by Mr Whitney: he undertakes, if Congress will grant a sufficient breadth of land along the whole route, to lay down the line, ten miles at a time, with funds raised by the sale of the land on either side. This is a grand scheme, but it is hardly to be expected that American enterprise will stop short of locomotives across the Rocky Mountains. Meantime the Mormons, prior to building their temple, have commenced a wooden railway, to cross their territory from the Salt Lake to the hill country and to the sea-coast.

According to the above statement, American railways have cost about £7000 a mile—less than one-third of the average expense of English lines. This arises from the cheapness of land, a rough and ready system of construction, and the fact that most of the lines have but one pair of rails, and some of these are nothing more than plates of iron nailed down to continuous wooden sleepers. The rate of travelling is about fifteen and seldom exceeds twenty miles an hour, so that the cost for working and maintenance is kept low, and the liability to accident avoided.

In some respects the arrangements and management of American railways are superior to our own. The carriages are from fifty to sixty feet long, resting at each end on a low four-wheeled truck, which, turning on a pivot, admits of sharp curves being passed without danger of 'derailment'—that is, running off the rails. The seats are placed across, on either side of a clear central space; and as the doors are at the end, a passage-way is thus obtained throughout the whole length of a train—an iron footplate serving to bridge over the space between the carriages. There is a positive advantage in this arrangement: the guard may be readily communicated with at any time in case of danger, and passengers, instead of sitting as though packed into a tea-chest, may pass from carriage to carriage, according as they may wish to change their seats, to look for a friend, or discover a conversable companion. A compartment at one end of each carriage is reserved exclusively for the use of women, and is fitted up with washing apparatus and other conveniences. In cold weather the whole vehicle is kept warm by a stove, and lighted always at night by a lamp at each end. The seats are stuffed, and have padded backs, in all carriages alike, there being no distinction of first, second, or third class. The principle in America is to afford the same accommodation to all at the

lowest profitable scale of charges; and it has been found that the dividends are greatest on the lines where the fares are lowest. Such arrangements might not be generally acceptable in England; but the experiment would be worth trying, whether light, roomy carriages, of only one class, with stuffed seats and moderate fares, would find favour on the one hand, and bring profit on the other.

Besides the advantages here indicated, the American carriages are but half the weight of those made in this country; consequently the sixty or eighty passengers which each will accommodate are conveyed with economy of locomotive power and almost the minimum of 'dead weight.' It is a common occurrence on the minor lines in England to see a train weighing from twenty to thirty tons set in motion for the transport of one ton or less of passengers. In some quarters a new and lighter style of carriage has been introduced with manifest benefit; by the substitution of iron for wood, weight is diminished without any sacrifice of strength.

There is yet another convenience peculiar to railway travelling in America which we feel bound to notice: the arrangements respecting luggage. The guard receives your trunks, bags, or boxes, attaches to each a numbered zinc label, and for each one gives you a duplicate, and locks the whole in a special compartment. At the journey's end, you choose among the porters of the respective hotels waiting on the platform, hand your zinc labels to one of them, and walk or ride away, with the comfortable assurance that all your luggage will safely follow. Complaints about lost luggage are consequently rare.

It will be said that the throng of passengers and press of business are so much greater in England than America as to prevent any possibility of similar arrangements. Here thousands travel short distances; there hundreds travel long distances. Here from twenty to forty trains a day from a station scarcely satisfy the demand; there four daily trains suffice for the whole traffic. But might we not require that the most efficient and satisfactory arrangements should be formed where there is most work to be done? If we cannot do everything better than all the rest of the world, we ought at least to do as well. We say this knowing that criticism on railway travelling in England is too often received as the mere expression of petulance; that improvement is easier talked of than accomplished; and knowing also that errors are seldom amended unless pointed out.

Railways on the continent may be said to date from 1783, when a line was laid down at the Creusot Foundries, near Mont Cenis: short lines were subsequently brought into operation in other quarters; but it was not until 1835 that the great movement was commenced, in which other countries had led the way, by the authorisation of the line from Paris to St Germains, which was completed and opened towards the close of 1837. In the following year the Orleans line was undertaken by a company, whose resources proving unequal to the task, the government granted them a lease of ninety-nine years, with interest guaranteed at 4 per cent., and by this means the works were finished. Other companies meanwhile were discussing other projects: the line from Paris to Rouen was opened in May 1843, and shortly afterwards extended to Havre. More comprehensive measures followed on the part of the government, by which they proposed to lead railways from the capital to all the frontiers of France, taking the

principal towns and cities on the route. There are now 1800 miles finished and in operation, and 1200 more in progress, making with those projected a total of 4000 miles; and before long railway communication will be complete between several points on the English Channel and the Mediterranean at Marseilles, while by another main line Bordeaux and Bayonne will be reached. The cost of the completed lines up to 1850 was £46,204,704 — an amount which, according to the estimates, will be doubled by the time all shall be in operation.

Belgium made preparations for railways in 1834. Though but a small territory, it was so situated that travel-field of Europe, and not 'battle-field,' might in future be its distinguishing appellation. Two main lines were planned—from Ostend to Liege, and from Antwerp to Valenciennes; thus touching the French frontier on one side and the Prussian on the other, and both intersecting at Malines. 'The undertaking,' so reported the minister of public works, 'is regarded by the Belgian government as an establishment which should neither be a burden nor a source of revenue, and requiring merely that it should cover its own expenses, consisting of the charge for maintenance and repairs, with a further sum for the interest and gradual redemption of the invested capital.' This is the principle on which the government has acted—it made the surveys, decided on the best routes, laid down the lines, and now works them at low fares without incurring debts.

Portions of the lines were opened in 1836; and owing to the favourable nature of the country, and the diligence with which the works were conducted, the whole system was complete by 1841. Besides the lines belonging to the government there are two or three undertaken by private companies, of which the Great Luxemburg is the most important: their route is from near Charleroi to Strasburg, a distance of 140 miles. Altogether the length of the Belgian railways will be 457 miles, which, at the average ascertained cost of £18,016 per mile, will comprise a total expense of more than £8,000,000.

Germany followed: the railways of other countries were permitted to cross her frontiers, and soon numerous lines were stretching far and wide throughout the empire. The traveller may now journey by rail from Ostend to the ports in the Baltic—to Posen, Warsaw, or Vienna, or from the Baltic to the Adriatic at Trieste. Once at Ostend, he will find an iron highway to Berlin or Bâle, Prague, Munich, or Pesth, from whence a line will one day be led to Orsova, and eventually on to Constantinople. In short, a glance at the railway map of the continent will serve to shew how town to town and country to country are linked together from one end of Europe to the other; and still new lines are projected, and those in progress completed.

In most respects the railways of the United States have served as models for those of Germany. In either country the natural level of the soil is followed as much as possible, in order to avoid the expense of cuttings, embankments, or viaducts; each finds single lines with sidings, and from four to five trains daily, at a slow rate of speed, sufficient for the traffic; the style of carriage used in the one is found in the other, and in both the scale of fares is low. The number of miles of railway open in Germany is 4500, and nearly as many more are in progress or projected. The average cost has been estimated at £13,000 per mile.

Holstein has its railway; English engineers are at work on the preliminaries of lines in Sweden and Norway; in Russia a vast system has been projected, and in part carried out at the expense of the state. A line of 400 miles is to connect Petersburg with Moscow, and another of 683 miles with Warsaw: both are commenced. From Warsaw to Cracow a line of 168 miles is already opened; and a goods-line of 105 miles, worked by horses, from the Don to the Wolga. The latter was opened in 1846, four years after the first railway decree was issued. There is also a short line extending a few miles from St Petersburg, chiefly for pleasure traffic, besides others near the capital in Southern Russia from Kiew to Odessa, not yet commenced. The journey from St Petersburg to Trieste some years hence will be remarkable for its length, and interesting in the rapid change of latitude which it will effect. Leaving the Russian metropolis shivering under intensest frost, the traveller will find himself in the short space of three days transported to the sunny shores of the Adriatic.

As yet Italy has made but small progress with railways: a line partly opened is being laid from Venice to Milan; another from Turin to Genoa is approaching completion; and a third from Leghorn to Florence, with branches to other towns in Tuscany, make up a system whose further extension will depend as much on enlightened views as on pecuniary resources.

Spain has two railways: one of eighteen miles, from Barcelona to Mataro; another, forty-five miles, from Madrid to Aranjuez. The latter, chiefly promoted by M. Salamanca, was begun in 1846 and finished in February 1851, when it was opened or 'inaugurated' with the ceremony of 'blessing the engines' by the cardinal archbishop of Toledo, in presence of the court, the Cortes, 1000 distinguished attendants on royalty, troops and halberdiers, and three miles of spectators. There are four classes of carriages, the most inferior being without seats, and in which passengers are allowed to carry a burden on their head without additional charge. The fares are about half of those charged in England. Besides these home lines there are forty miles of railway belonging to Spain in the island of Cuba. When we mention further the line from Alexandria to Cairo, and those in the East Indies, for which preparations have been made, and the lines in Canada, all the railways of the world will be included in our brief summary.

The history of railway communications is a vast subject to be treated of within narrow limits. Presenting much to excite our interest in its earlier periods, in its narrative of progress from the germ to the fruit, it astonishes by the record of later results. With a too limited space for the details which these afford, we must content ourselves with such a summing up as may comprehend the more noteworthy among present results.

Years previous to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830 has added materially to the resources and capabilities of our railway system. From local it has grown into national importance. British skill and enterprise have formed the fund whence foreign nations drew example and experience, and in numerous instances their material and handiwork. The British system, whatever may be its imperfections, is worked and developed with greater vigour and activity than any other,

and remains unparalleled in the multiplied extent of its operations. We have seen what it comprised in 1830 and subsequent years: the last twelvemonth is still more remarkable. According to the Report of the Commissioners of Railways for 1850, the additional lines opened in that year were in England 477 miles; in Scotland, 104; in Ireland, 44—making the total of the United Kingdom 6621 miles, thus distributed:—5312 miles in England and Wales, 951 in Scotland, and 538 in Ireland. Up to December 1850 the lines authorised by parliament comprehended 12,182 miles: 179 miles having been abandoned, there remained 5382 miles unconstructed, and of these about 4000 miles are as yet untouched. The whole number of stations was 2030: the number of persons employed on railways in operation in England, Wales, and Scotland, in June 1850, was 60,325, or 9.56 per mile; on 1564 miles of unfinished lines the number was 58,884, or 68.15 per mile. The number of engines at work was 2436; the miles travelled over 40,161,850, or 110,333 per day; the tons of coke burnt, 627,528, which had been produced from 896,466 tons of coal. The accident returns for the same year shewed that 216 persons had been killed, and 256 injured—chiefly, as was stated, through want of punctuality in the arrival and departure of trains. The whole number of passengers exceeded 60,000,000; and the grand total cost of all the railways amounted to £220,000,000.

The needs and purposes of trade were never so promptly subserved as now, notwithstanding the prophetic warnings to the contrary. The number of horses remains undiminished, and on most of our canals business has increased and not decayed. Are the London markets over-supplied?—straightway the excess is forwarded by rail to Birmingham, Manchester, or other great centres of provincial population; and tons of vegetables, fruit, eggs, poultry, or fish, which in one place would have perished, form an acceptable supply to hundreds of willing customers in another. The produce of remote agricultural districts has now a value altogether unanticipated a few years ago, and nature's redundant bounties are beneficially distributed. The mineral produce of Yorkshire and the midland counties is now poured into new and wider markets; and the inhabitant of London, as well as of other towns, hitherto supplied with fuel at a high cost, now saves one-third in the price of the coals he consumes. And to a still greater extent is social intercourse promoted. Hundreds of thousands who, twenty years since, had scarcely ventured beyond earshot of the bells of their native village, have now travelled to the county town—to London, that cynosure of the rural eye—or have visited all their friends within a hundred miles; while the dwellers in the noisy city, in the busy marts of trade, have traversed the land hither and thither, viewing the wonders of art with enchanted eye, and the wonders of nature with thankful spirit, and have experienced the gladness of feeling which fair landscapes and fresh breezes never fail to inspire. Without railways the Great Exhibition would have been a mere local show: now millions of spectators, gathered from all lands, have seen the marvellous spectacle, and returned to their homes scarcely less astonished at the rapid locomotion of their journey than at the results of collected industry. Without railways, too, postal reform was a bird without wings. What printing did for the grand truths of the fifteenth century was done for brotherhood and commerce by rail-

ways in the nineteenth. Unlimited capabilities for the transmission of correspondence are now afforded to the mail service: 347,000,000 letters were conveyed and delivered in 1850—an almost fivefold increase since 1839. With a celerity and regularity not less remarkable than beneficent the orders of government, calls of trade, messages of love and friendship, tidings of joy and sorrow, of all the hopes and aims, doubts and fears, which actuate a family or community, are despatched to every county and to every town and village in the land, verifying on the grandest scale the truth that all is 'toil co-operant to an end.'

Enlarged experience has improved or modified the details of railway construction and management, and has made available many aids and appliances of which the need had not been foreseen. The old 'fish-bellied' rail has been discarded for one straight and heavier; thirty-five pounds to the yard being too light for the increasing weight of traffic, seventy-five pounds to the yard is that now most in use. Taking the miles of railway in round numbers at 7000 miles, the weight of iron laid down in rails alone would thus amount to 3,696,000,000 lbs., or 1,605,357 tons; in the manufacture of which, as well as of the iron chairs, switches, girders, and columns brought into use by railway constructions, thousands of hands have been employed, and the metallic branch of our national industry largely developed. Balks of wood are found preferable to blocks of stone as sleepers; improved chairs and the substitution of hollow-wrought iron wedges for those of compressed wood facilitate the laying, and increase the stability of the rails; and in some instances, said to be successful, the rails are fixed to iron sleepers by a contrivance that dispenses with the use of chairs or other intermediate support. Signals, crossings, turn-tables; all are improved—in most instances substituting the simple for the complex; and where accidents have occurred in their use, the fault lies not with the apparatus, but with those who have charge of it.

Experiment has furnished data on which the frictional and atmospheric resistances to a train in motion may be calculated, and the most economical principles deduced. Many interesting facts have been brought to light illustrative of the laws which regulate weight at high velocities, and of those affecting speed by departure from a true level. The studious mathematician has enabled the engineer to determine beforehand the nature of his constructions, the strength of his boilers, the energies of his steam. Guess-work, in fact, has had to give place to the exactitude of real science.

The chemist, too, has lent his aid. Great expense was formerly incurred in removing at stated intervals the incrustation deposited by the water on the inside of boilers, where its accumulation was a source of positive injury and loss of power. The diffusion of a small quantity of muriate of ammonia with the water was suggested as a remedy, and being tried in an engine on the South-Western Railway, at the end of five weeks, on opening the boiler, not a particle of incrustation appeared, nor was there any deterioration of the metal. The explanation is, that as soon as ebullition commences the ammonia seizes upon the carbonate of lime contained in the water and converts it into carbonate of ammonia, which then escapes with the steam. By this means hundreds of pounds are saved annually in the repairing of boiler-tubes.

THE INCAS OF PERU.

IN a former Paper, treating of the ancient monuments of America, allusion was made to the melancholy which takes possession of the mind while contemplating the remains of a civilisation the sources of which have entirely dried up, and between which and the civilisation that has superseded it there is not the most distant link. But though such be the position of the aboriginal civilisation of America as regards the races that have succeeded the Indians in the dominion of their native territory, in the history of the human mind the mental development of no race of men holds an isolated position; and the more independent of collateral influences is the development of any one branch of the human family, the more important and the more interesting will its manifestations be as relates to that history. The new book of world-knowledge opened by the discovery of America has as yet been but imperfectly read, but there is much hope that when better known it will help to solve some of the most curious philosophical historical problems. Irrespective of such deep questions, there is, however, much to interest us in the bygone civilisation of the Indians, and particularly in that of the Peruvian empire, where a system of government existed which is still looked up to by some as the great desideratum for all countries, and which has never elsewhere been tried on so grand a scale or carried out with so much consistency. It is true that in our democratic times the partisans of 'paternal governments,' or even 'hero governments,' have considerably diminished in number; yet that strong government centralisation, and that despotic equalisation of all individualities, which is in fact but an expansion of the same principle, with the substitution of a system for a man, has been a favourite theory with many. We do not of course pretend to say that the system of government in Peru was exactly similar to any of the utopian schemes of European genius; but there is sufficient resemblance between it and several of these to recall to us the occult affinities of the human mind.

When Pizarro landed in Peru with the intention of conquering for the Spanish crown the supposed *El Dorado*, which had so long evaded the searching eye of the Spanish treasure-seekers, the empire of the Incas—as the rulers of this country were called—extended along the shores of the Pacific from about 2° north latitude to 37° south latitude, comprising the kingdom of Quito and Northern Chili; the country being intersected

throughout the whole length by the vast ridge of the Andes. This stupendous mountain-chain did not, however, on all points form the eastern boundary-line of the Peruvian empire, but was on the contrary embraced within its limits and made to partake of its civilisation. The strange mixture of sandy levels and precipitous mountain-steeps presented by the topography of the country seem indeed, more than anything else, to have stimulated the genius of that civilisation, and it was in its subjugation of these natural impediments that it was most strikingly manifested.

Striking, indeed, was the spectacle presented on the coasts of the Pacific to the eyes of the astonished Spaniards; for though they had so long fed their imaginations with exaggerated narratives, embodying the hopes and dreams of romantic adventurers, that they expected to discover in these unexplored regions countries where the rivers flowed in beds of gold, where sparkling gems strewed the sea-beaches, and where the waters of everlasting youth gushed forth from the rocks—yet they could hardly have been prepared to meet a social organisation and development, and a material civilisation such as that of Peru. They here beheld sandy deserts, which seemed doomed by nature to sterility, rendered fertile by the ingenious contrivances of man; and gigantic mountain-ranges broken by foaming torrents, by frightful precipices, and by yawning chasms, and apparently destined to form an impassable barrier between east and west, transformed by art into a highway of intercommunication, and made to rival the plains in productiveness; while the existence of large cities and numerous smaller towns * and villages, scattered not only over the plains and in the valleys, but clustering amidst luxuriant hedgerows and smiling gardens, on the mountain plateaus and all up the verdant sides of the Cordilleras, to the very limits of its eternal snows, bore further testimony to the flourishing condition of the country. The industry of the Peruvians had, by means of artificial irrigation, converted into fertile fields and rich pasture-lands the sandy plains extending between the ocean and the foot of the Andes, which were never refreshed by rain, and but scantily watered by a few mountain-torrents descending from the Cordilleras, whose mighty rivers all flow in the opposite direction. The waters, gathered in lakes in the mountain regions, were conducted through canals and subterraneous aqueducts, constructed on a vast scale and with considerable art and admirable patience, into these thirsty plains, the barren soils of which were farther enriched with the manure of sea-fowls, the same which, under the name of guano, has of late years played so great a part in European agriculture. The aqueducts—some of which measured between 400 and 500 miles in length, and for which a passage had sometimes to be contrived through massive rocks and across rivers and marshes—were constructed of large slabs of freestone, so nicely fitted together as to require no cement, and so scientifically placed as to be able to resist on the one side the

* Dr Robertson, rendered sceptical by the evident exaggeration in the accounts of Indian civilisation given by the early Spanish writers on the subject, was on his side induced to underrate this civilisation. Among other things, he maintains that 'in all the dominions of the Incas, Cuzco was the only place that had the appearance or was entitled to the name of a city.' But since Dr Robertson wrote, archæological science has been busy among the remains of the primitive civilisation of America, and has discovered many facts which confirm its extent, and among these the sites and ruins of various towns of considerable dimensions.

pressure of the superincumbent earth, and on the other the impetuosity of the rushing water, though the secret of the true arch was unknown to their constructors. Tunnels were also in some cases constructed for the purpose of serving as waste-pipes for the mountain-lakes, when these during the rainy season rose to a height that threatened the surrounding lands with inundation. To render the rugged mountain-steeps capable of cultivation the same industry and ingenuity had been employed. Here it was not the capabilities of the soil that were at fault; but the precipitousness of the declivities prevented the husbandman from bestowing his labour upon the rich mould that covered the mountain-slopes. To remedy this the mountains were cut into terraces: the level surfaces thus obtained were carefully cultivated, while, to guard against the soil being washed away, each terrace was supported by a facing of rough stones; and thus from their base to their summits the wide-spreading mountain-ranges—which on other points of the same continent were covered only with the wild though luxuriant vegetation of uncultivated nature—were here made to give forth rich harvests for the food of man. In addition to the acquisition of a greater extent of arable land, these terraces, by the variety of altitude, offered the advantage of difference of climate within the same latitude; and thus the Peruvian empire, situated within the tropics, was rendered capable of producing not only the fruits and vegetables of that zone, but those of the temperate zones also. While fields and gardens teeming with the varied products of many climes were thus made to climb the mountain-steeps, in the valleys another expedient was resorted to to win blessed harvests from a soil but little willing to yield them: here it was the upper layers of the soil that were arid and barren, and the Peruvians therefore dug down until they reached a substratum sufficiently moist to repay the labour of cultivation. The areas thus excavated frequently comprised above an acre; and the sides of the pits, which were sometimes sunk as deep as twenty feet, were lined with bricks; but this indefatigable people would undergo an equal amount of labour even for a much smaller acquisition of arable ground, the highest mountain-terraces being sometimes so narrow that they barely sufficed for the growth of three or four rows of maize.

To the knowledge of agriculture was added that of sheep-breeding; four races of sheep—the llamas, alpacas, huanacos, and vicuñas—being the only domestic animals indigenous in the country. Immense flocks of the llamas grazed on the mountain plateaus under the care of experienced shepherds, who conducted them from one quarter of the country to another, according to the changes of the season; while the more hardy vicuñas and huanacos were allowed to roam in native freedom on the more inaccessible steeps. The wool of these sheep—as also the cotton grown in the plains, and the fibrous root of the *Agave Americana*, likewise an indigenous plant—was spun and woven by the natives into various fabrics and tissues, some of which were of extreme beauty and delicacy, the superiority of the texture being still further enhanced by the brilliancy of the dyes imparted to them. So great, indeed, was the proficiency of the Peruvians in the manufacture of these tissues at the time of the conquest, that pieces of Peruvian cloth were considered fit presents to be laid before the king of Spain; and the royal recipient prided himself on his robes made of the wool of the

vicuña and the alpaca, which in the present day the general public in Europe have also learned to prize. In the populous cities the health of the inhabitants was promoted by open areas and squares of considerable dimensions, and in many their safety was secured by strong walls and fortifications. The streets, though narrow, were regularly built, and all opened into some spacious and airy square; and the architecture of the palaces, temples, and other public buildings, though of a style denoting no highly-developed artistic taste, was however characterised by simplicity, symmetry, and solidity, according to the testimony of Alexander von Humboldt, who has examined many remains of the former greatness of Peru.

The materials used for the edifices were porphyry, granite, or unburnt bricks or *adobes*, in hardness and size greatly exceeding our modern bricks. In every case the walls were of great thickness, but generally they did not exceed twelve or fourteen feet in height. There are, however, still in existence remains of more stately edifices, such as the fortress of Cannar, and the Inca's house at Callo, visited by Humboldt and other travellers, the walls of which, even in their present state, measure from eighteen to twenty-one feet in height. The porphyry and granite blocks used for the walls were frequently of great magnitude,* and in some instances of irregular dimensions, and left in a somewhat rough state, except at the edges, which were wrought with extreme nicety, so as to admit of their being so closely and firmly joined that the interstices almost escape detection. In other instances they were beautifully cut into parallelopipedans, the outer surface of which is slightly convex, and carved slanting down to the edges, so that the joints form small flutings.† So admirably were the stones joined, that for a long time it was supposed that the Peruvians were unacquainted with mortar or cement of any kind; but modern antiquarians have detected in their walls a kind of bituminous cement, which has by exposure to the air become as hard as the rock itself; and in other instances a mortar composed of a mixture of small stones and argillaceous marl has been discovered. The roofs of the Peruvian edifices, according to Cieça de Leon, who wrote his 'Peruvian Chronicles' in the middle of the sixteenth century, were flat, and covered over with rushes in a manner so cleverly contrived, that if not consumed by fire they might last for ages. In almost all the edifices still extant which have been visited by modern travellers, the roofs have, however, perished; and those that remain are of a curious bell-shape, and are formed of small stones embedded in indurated clay—a mode of construction still in use among the Indians of Peru. But the buildings thus covered are of small dimensions; and the very fact of the roofs of all the more extensive ones having been destroyed by time, without any vestiges of them being left, render it

* Some measured by Acosta are given as 38 feet long, 18 feet broad, and 6 feet thick. In the ruins of the fortress of Cannar, Humboldt saw no stones above eight feet in length.

† 'If the illustrious author of the *History of America*,' says Humboldt, 'could have seen a single Peruvian edifice, he certainly would not have asserted "that the Indians took the stones just as they were out of the quarries; that some were square, some triangular, some convex, some concave;" and that the too-highly vaunted art of this people consisted only in the arrangement of these shapeless materials.'—*Researches Concerning the Institutions and Monuments of the Ancient Inhabitants of America.*

probable that they were of wood, thatch, or some other perishable material. This conclusion is, moreover, strengthened by the well-authenticated fact, that the Indians, when endeavouring to dislodge the conquering Spaniards from Cuzco, threw red-hot stones and burning arrows into the city, with a view to setting it on fire, an attempt which they would hardly have made had the roofs as well as the walls been constructed of incombustible materials. The interior arrangements of the Peruvian edifices seem to have been somewhat similar to those of the mysterious palaces of Central America and Yucatan, described in a previous number of this work, at least in as far as the apartments did not communicate with one another, and that no provision was made for the admission of light, save the doorways by which each room was entered, and which generally opened on a court-yard. In the more stately edifices the doors are from six to seven feet high, and the doorposts, like those in the Egyptian temples, incline inwards towards the top, making the lintel narrower than the threshold. Some of the edifices in extent greatly surpassed even the stately palaces of Yucatan, but of the elaborate sculptured ornaments so lavishly bestowed on the outward walls of those palaces there are no appearances in the ruins of Peru.

However inferior in point of architectural elegance, the interior of the palaces and temples of Peru so greatly exceeded in magnificence anything of which history bears record, that were not the testimony of the old Spanish writers on the subject borne out by many concurrent evidences, we would be inclined to believe that they had borrowed their descriptions from fairy tales, and were not representing to us realities which they had themselves beheld. The interior walls of the palaces, we are told by Garcilasso de la Vega, himself a descendant of the Incas of Peru, were covered with gold and silver—sometimes laid on in massive plates; sometimes wrought into elegant imitations of parasitical plants, with graceful tendrils and varied foliage, interspersed with glistening snakes, green lizards, gorgeous butterflies, and other insects, seemingly disporting among their pendent wreaths. In niches in the walls were placed images of larger animals, and also of men and women, all wrought in solid gold and silver; and even the commonest domestic utensils in the royal palaces were made of the same precious metals. The palaces were further surrounded by spacious gardens, stored with the most beauteous flowers and the most fragrant plants which the varied climes of the empire produced; and here, again, the wonderful wealth of the Peruvian monarchs was displayed in the attempts made to embellish nature by the help of art—the real plants, flowers, and fruits, being interspersed with artificial ones, wrought of gold and silver and precious stones with such extraordinary skill as to rival the others in beauty. Amid these gardens also rose the splendid baths of the Incas, where the crystal waters of the fountains gushed forth from pipes of silver, and were caught in basins of gold.

But the splendour of the most gorgeous palaces of the Incas, as well as that of every other religious edifice throughout the country, was thrown into shade by the magnificence of the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco —the sacred city of the Peruvians, the nucleus of the state, the residence of the Incas, the capital of the empire. The interior of this temple—which was distinguished by the name of *coricancha*, or 'Place of Gold,' and which

consisted of one large edifice, surrounded by several smaller buildings, all encompassed by high walls, and was situated in the centre of the capital—is described in the following glowing terms by Mr Prescott, the American historian of the conquest of Peru, who has drawn his description from Spanish writers who had seen the 'Houses of the Sun,' as the Peruvian temples were called, before the cupidity of the Spaniards had quite despoiled them of their original magnificence :—

'The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light which emanated from it in every direction in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraven on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence which seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrusted. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the Sun;" and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stonework, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice. Adjoining the principal structure were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was consecrated to the moon, the deity held next in reverence, as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was delineated in the same manner as that of the sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate, as well as all the decorations of the building, was of silver, as suited to the pale, silvery light of the beautiful planet. There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of stars, who form the bright court of the sister of the Sun; another was dedicated to his dread ministers of vengeance, the thunder and the lightning; and the third to the rainbow, whose many-coloured arch spanned the walls of the edifice with hues almost as radiant as its own. There were, besides, several other buildings or insulated apartments for the accommodation of the numerous priests who officiated in the services of the temple. All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon filled with grain of the Indian corn: the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoir that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials. The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals also w to be found there—among which the llama with its golden fleece was m d in s style, and with a degree of skill surpass the excellence of the

Besides the fortifications surrounding the cities, numerous fortresses, spread through the country, testified to the strategical art of the people; but the most glorious monuments of their civilisation were the splendid roads which intersected the country in various directions, and the admirable means provided for rapid communication between the most distant parts of the empire, and this at a period when even in the most highly-developed countries of Europe internal communication was beset with numberless difficulties and obstacles. Two of the Peruvian causeways in particular—the one passing through the plains near the sea, the other over the mountains in the interior, and both extending over distances of from 1500 to 2000 leagues—are, as to superiority of structure, compared by modern travellers who have examined their remains, to the finest Roman monuments of the kind still extant in France, Italy, and Spain. The construction of the road through the low lands must have been comparatively easy, though the loose nature of the sandy soil obliged the builders to carry it along an artificially-raised embankment. On each side of the causeway ran a stone parapet, to guard the traveller against being precipitated down the slopes of the embankment, which were planted with shady trees and fragrant shrubs. At points where the sands were so loose as to baffle the science of the engineers, breaches occurred in the embankment and the causeway, and immense wooden piles, driven partially into the sands, alone indicated to the traveller in what direction he was to continue his route. But it was in the construction of the mountain-road across the rugged summits of the Andes that the Peruvian road-builders expended their whole energy and ingenuity.

This road passing along the great plateau of the Andes, connecting the city of Quito with Cuzco the capital, and stretching thence hundreds of miles further south towards Chili, is described in the following terms by Mr Prescott, on the authority of Spanish authors who had travelled on it while still in perfect repair, and whose testimony is borne out by M. de Humboldt, who examined partial remains of it 'at heights which greatly surpass the top of the Peak of Teneriffe:'—'It was conducted over pathless sierras buried in snow; galleries were cut for leagues through the living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed; ravines of hideous depth were filled up with solid masonry; in short, all the difficulties that beset a wild and mountainous region, and which might appal the most courageous engineer of modern times, were encountered and successfully overcome.' The roads were paved and lined with immense blocks of freestone, in some cases covered over with a cement of asphaltum, which gave them a noble appearance, though the width in general did not exceed twenty feet, these causeways being destined for foot-passengers only, or perhaps for caravans of llamas, which animals are still used in Peru as beasts of burden. The bridges alluded to above were made of thick ropes manufactured of the fibres of the *Agave Americana*, several cables being bound together with the pliable osiers in which the country abounds, and then covered over with earth and branches of trees. Mountain ravines as well as rivers were spanned with these woven bridges, the ends of which were attached to strong buttresses of masonry raised on each bank of the river or on each side of the chasm. Flat wooden bridges

seem also to have existed in some localities; but the Peruvians, so skilful in rearing walls of great solidity and beautiful finish, knew not how to mortise timber, and where they were obliged to use beams, merely bound them together with thongs made of the maguey plant. At regular intervals along the roads, throughout the whole extent of the empire, were erected large buildings for the accommodation of travellers, and some of them so extensive as to serve as stations for the royal armies when on a march through the country; and to these conveniences were added the establishment of a system of posts, by which messages might be transmitted from one extremity of the Inca's dominions to the other in an incredibly short time. The service of the posts was performed by runners—for the Peruvians possessed no domestic animal swifter of foot than man—stationed in small buildings, likewise erected at easy distances from each other all along the principal roads. These messengers, or *chasquis*, as they were termed, wore a peculiar uniform, were trained to their particular vocation, and had each their allotted station, between which and the next it was their duty to speed along at a certain pace with the message, dispatch, or parcel intrusted to their care. On drawing nigh to the station at which they had to transmit the message to the next courier, who was then to carry it further, they were to give a signal of their approach, in order that the other might be in readiness to receive the missive and no time be lost; and thus it is said that messages were forwarded at the rate of 150 miles a day.

Looking from the point of view of the social systems now prevalent throughout Europe and America, the survey of a country presenting such numerous characteristics of an advanced stage of material civilisation, would naturally prepare the beholder to meet in its inhabitants a race full of moral and intellectual energy, pressing forward in the path of progress, and stimulated by emulation to efforts which had rendered the evidences of individual enterprise and ambition monuments of national greatness. History indeed tells us that monuments such as these have been reared by nations of slaves, toiling like dead machines under the direction of tyrannical taskmasters. Yet above the subjugated race were the conquering oppressors, in whose brains the works had been planned and designed, and therefore, though they might testify to the misery and degradation of one race, they did so equally to the personal and political superiority of the other. But in Peru the state of things resembled neither of the cases which we have supposed. There were indeed in that country two races—not the oppressors and the oppressed, but the noble and the ignoble; but a free development, personal independence, and unrestrained intellectual activity, was as much denied to the one as to the other. In both races the existence of the individual was equally absorbed in the prevailing system; and throughout the vast empire it was the Incas alone, the centre and fountain of life, who possessed anything like liberty of thought or action, and even they seem in a great measure to have renounced it in their great reverence for the traditionary policy of their race. Vast indeed must have been the intellect that invented a system of government so perfect in its mechanism as that in the centre of which sat the Inca, pulling and directing the wires which were to set in motion the nearest as well as the most distant, the highest as well as the most trivial, forces in his empire. This system, it is true,

existed during several centuries, and must in the course of these have undergone considerable development; yet if Peruvian history and the evidence of still existing monuments can be depended upon, this development seems rather to have been an extension of its provisions to every new province conquered than a modification or alteration of its original type.

Like almost all nations of whose primitive traditions we have any records, the people of Peru claimed for their rulers divine origin. According to the traditions recorded by Garcilasso de la Vega in his 'Royal Commentaries,' the inhabitants of the country, until within a period of little more than four centuries previous to the arrival of the Spaniards,* were sunk in a state of barbarism, more profound even than that of the savage American tribes at the time of the discovery. But the Sun, the great parent of mankind, taking compassion on the degraded state of this people, sent two of his children to gather the scattered tribes into a nation, and to redeem them from their savage ways. Manco Capac and Mama Oello, the son and daughter of the Sun, sent out on this benevolent mission, descended to earth somewhere near the great lake Titicaca, in the south of Peru, being provided with a golden wand, which, by sinking into the earth, was to indicate to them the spot where they might take up their abode. In the beautiful valley of Cuzco the sacred rod disappeared in the earth; and here the heaven-born pair founded the city of Cuzco, and commenced the career of earthly princes, gradually gathering under their sway the scattered tribes, and initiating them in the arts of civilisation. So far there is nothing peculiar in the traditionary myth of the Peruvians; but it is remarkable that the belief in the divine origin of their rulers was among this people never allowed to become only a vague recollection of the past, but that upon it was founded the whole organisation of the state. The worship of the great luminary, who was represented as presiding over the destinies of man as well as of the material world, and who was to be reverenced and propitiated as the source of light and joy and fertility, was established throughout the Peruvian empire. Every town and every village had its temples—frequently rivalling in magnificence those of the capital—in which the divine progenitor of the monarchs of the land, together with the moon, his sister-wife, and the stars, 'her heavenly train,' were worshipped with a pomp and ceremony in accordance with the richness of the ornaments lavished on their 'houses,' and well calculated to lay hold on the imaginations of a semi-civilised race; while the frequent recurrence of the religious festivals, in which the whole people participated, made religion part and parcel of the national life. The rites and observances which were deemed acceptable to the beneficent deity whom the Peruvians adored were in harmony with the attributes ascribed to him, and unmixed with any of those severe and ferocious features which disfigured the religion of the Mexicans. Fruits and flowers, animals and sweet-scented gums, were the usual offerings on the altars of the Sun; and the gorgeous pageants, the songs of triumph, the dancing and the rejoicing, with which the periods of the solstices and the equinoxes in particular were celebrated,

* The great antiquity claimed for the Peruvian empire by the early Spanish chroniclers is objected to by modern criticism, for the Inca who died in 1527 being mentioned as the twelfth only of his dynasty, an exaggerated duration seems to be allowed for each reign.

were not disturbed by the shrieks of human victims, or followed by those cannibal feasts which formed part of the rites of other American tribes.*

A religion so mild in its character could not but exercise a softening influence on its votaries, and in reality the Peruvians were more gentle than any other people of America; but as a bond between ruler and people the influences of this religion were most conspicuous. The monarch, the direct descendant and earthly representative of the chief national divinity, was supposed to be above the humanity of his subjects, and in consequence claimed and obtained from them not only the homage and obedience due to a sovereign, but something of the worship dedicated to a divinity, and the submission granted to unalterable and infallible decrees. He assumed in his style of living a pomp and a ceremony in conformity with his high pretensions. Even the most exalted among his subjects could not enter his presence except barefoot, and with a slight burden on their backs, in token of servitude and submission, and his appearance among the humbler classes was hailed as the advent of a divinity. On these occasions he was borne in an open litter, lined with the brilliant plumage of the birds of the country, and lavishly ornamented with gold and silver and precious stones. Seated on a kind of throne of massive gold, and attired with surpassing richness, he looked down with a feeling of calm superiority on the multitude of his adoring subjects, who gathered along his path, eager to catch a glimpse of the royal person.† In this manner the Incas travelled from time to time through their extensive empire, to examine into the condition of the people, and spreading joy and contentment wherever they appeared. The privilege of furnishing bearers for the royal litter was enjoyed by two cities only, and the spot where an Inca halted during his progress was ever after sacred in the eyes of the people.

The extraordinary magnificence of the royal residences has already been touched upon; but in dress the monarch was equally exalted above and distinguished from his subjects. His robes were of the wool of the vicuña, which none but the royal race might wear; his head was encircled with a many-coloured fillet, from which depended over the forehead a scarlet fringe called *borla*, forming, together with two feathers of the *coraquenque*, also attached to the head-dress, the distinguishing insignia of royalty. The coraquenque was a bird of a rare and curious species, whose feathers were reserved exclusively for the royal use: to kill one of these birds was an offence punishable with death; but it is to be supposed that the committal of so sacrilegious an act never entered the minds of the loyal Peruvians, as they fondly believed that a solitary couple only of the birds had been created to furnish the distinguishing ornament for the royal head-gear. In order that the royal family of the Incas might be kept quite pure, and never lose its claim to a higher descent than that of ordinary mortals, the royal consort was always selected from among the Inca's sisters, in

* Some Spanish authors indeed assert, and Mr Prescott has adopted their assertions, that the Peruvians also offered up human sacrifices on occasion of great public events—such as a coronation, the birth of a royal heir, or a great victory; but this is nowhere clearly proved.

† Such was the state in which the Inca Atahuallpa first appeared before the Spaniards. The mode of travelling on the shoulders of men was not, however, limited to the sovereign, it being the usual manner of journeying in the country, a custom which is still partially maintained.

imitation of the example of their progenitors, Manco Capac and Mama Oello, who were also represented as brother and sister, though at the same time husband and wife. The queen thus selected was called the *coya*, and her sons alone could inherit the throne. The other numerous progeny of the Incas, borne to them by the concubines which they were allowed to maintain in unlimited number, constituted the nobility of the country, and were likewise honoured with the name of Inca; while a kind of inferior nobility was formed of the descendants of the *curacas*, or once independent princes, brought under subjection to the Peruvian monarchs.

When the reigning Inca died—or, as it was termed, 'was called home to the mansion of his father the Sun'—the bowels were extracted from the body and deposited in the Temple of Tampu; whereas the body, being embalmed in a most skilful manner, and clad in the usual vestments of the prince, was placed with drooping head and folded arms in a chair of gold, and deposited in the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. Here, in process of time, a long line of deceased monarchs and their consorts took their places opposite to each other on each side of the golden image of the Sun, their supposed progenitor, which decorated the principal wall of the temple.* The obsequies were performed with a pomp corresponding to that maintained by the monarch in life; and a number of his attendants and concubines, amounting sometimes to several hundreds, were made to die with him, in order that they might bear him company in the happier regions to which he was supposed to be removed. The first month succeeding the Inca's death was throughout the land devoted to tears and lamentations; and during the rest of the year the funeral ceremonies were renewed at stated intervals, processions being formed wherein the banners, the insignia, and the garments of the defunct Inca were displayed, and male and female mourners—denominated in the language of the country 'tear-shedders'—celebrated in solemn tones the exploits and the virtues of the departed monarch. The last day of the year of mourning was the most solemn of all; but even with that the homage paid to the dead did not cease. 'On certain festivals,' we are told by Mr Prescott, 'the revered bodies of the deceased sovereigns were brought out with great ceremony into the public square of the capital. Invitations were sent by the captains of the guard of the respective Incas to the different nobles and officers of the court, and entertainments were provided in the name of their masters which displayed all the profuse magnificence of their treasures; and such a display, says an ancient chronicler, was there in the great square of Cuzco on this occasion, of gold and silver plate and jewels, as no other city in the world ever witnessed. The banquet was served by the menials of the respective households, and the guests partook of the melancholy cheer in the presence of the royal phantom, with the same attention to the forms of courtly etiquette as if the living monarch had presided.' The means for these banquets of the dead were provided by the custom of not allowing the personal property of one Inca to pass by inheritance to his successor—palaces, wearing-apparel, household furniture, and jewellery of the deceased sovereign being, on the contrary, left untouched; for

* Several of these mummies, dressed in their royal robes, which had been by the natives at the time of the conquest to save them from insult, quently found by the Spanish authorities.

fondly believed that they might one day return to earth to reanimate their bodies so scrupulously preserved, and that they ought on such a contingency to find everything ready for their reception.

The immense gulf which separated monarchs held in such reverence from the great mass of their subjects, was to a certain extent filled up by the class of the Inca nobles, who, as we have seen, partook on the one side of the royal blood, and on the other were connected with the people through their mothers. These nobles enjoyed considerable privileges, among which—not the least enviable in the eyes of the people and in their own—was the permission to wear a fillet round their heads similar in form but different in colour to that of the sovereign; to have their ears pierced as his were; and to have their children educated in common with the legal offspring of their royal master. Among their number also the monarch chose his chief officers, his confidential attendants, and his body-guard; and besides filling the most important and the most lucrative offices in the state, they had assigned to them large portions of the state domains; while by the people they were treated in a great measure with the same reverential regard as the sovereign, of whose superior nature they were believed to partake, in so far as that they could commit no crime. From among their number were also selected the great high-priest or *villac umu* of the empire, second only in importance to the Inca; the four high-priests of the four principal divisions of the country; and all the inferior priests who officiated in the temples of Cuzco, the holy city of the Peruvians;* and it is a strong evidence of the peculiar sanctity with which the royal race was invested among this people, that the Inca nobles derived no additional dignity from their sacerdotal functions, nor were they as members of the priesthood distinguished by any peculiar costume. The second class of nobles—constituted, as has already been mentioned, by the princes of the subjugated populations—though enjoying peculiar privileges, nevertheless held a subordinate position. It was a wise principle in the policy of the Peruvian monarchs to retain by kindness the new tribes which the fortunes of war added to the number of their subjects; and one of the conciliating measures adopted, was always to leave their native princes to govern them, though according to the dominant system, and under the surveillance of a superior governor of the Inca race. The position which these subjugated curacas thus held in the Peruvian state they were allowed to transmit to their posterity in the same manner as would have been the case had they retained their original independence; but probably, in order to prevent their interests and sympathies from becoming too local in their nature, and thus leading to a possible disruption of the empire, the curacas were bound to reside in the capital during stated periods, and to allow their sons to be educated there. Upon the whole, no subject of whatever race or whatever rank was exempt from the conditions of absolute dependence in which the mild but rigid despotism of the Inca sovereigns held every individual in the state.

Nothing could be more admirably calculated for the exercise of this despotism than the organisation of the people introduced by the Incas.

* The priests of the provincial temples were drawn from the second class of nobles.

Of this organisation the city of Cuzco afforded, according to Garcilasso, a complete miniature picture, the whole being modelled on the pattern of this nucleus and centre of the state, whence civilisation had spread over the surrounding countries. The capital, like the country, was divided into four quarters, called *tahuantinsuyu*, or 'four quarters of the world'—the only name by which the inhabitants of this empire were distinguished among themselves; for the names of Peru and Peruvians, by which they are known to us, were given to them by the Spaniards, and is founded on a misunderstanding at the time of the conquest. The inhabitants of the various quarters of the city took up their abode in these according to the situation of their native province to the east, west, north, or south of the capital, a distinct subdivision of the quarter being assigned to the natives of each province; and as the peculiar costume of each was by law strictly maintained, the numerous inhabitants of this populous city might at any given moment be readily classified according to origin and place of abode. Each of the four grand divisions of the empire, corresponding to those of the capital, was governed by a viceroy; and these divisions were again subdivided into sections of 10,000 souls, each with its governor of the Inca race and its native curaca. The ten thousands were again subdivided into thousands, these into hundreds, and the hundreds into tens; each subdivision being headed by a captain, exercising the functions of a kind of inferior magistrate, the lower being controlled by his immediate superior. The chief duties of these captains consisted in making known the wants as well as the offences of their subordinates to the competent authorities; and their zeal was kept alive by the knowledge, that if they failed to fulfil their duty as public accusers, they would themselves have to bear the penalty of the crime they concealed or overlooked, in addition to punishment for dereliction of duty; while in case of their neglecting to make known the wants of those committed to their care, they were punished in proportion to the suffering their neglect had occasioned. These minute divisions of the people, and the exact account kept of the amount of the population by means of monthly returns, made by the captains of divisions, of the number of births and deaths occurring within their jurisdiction, formed, as it were, the corner-stone of the social and political system in the Peruvian empire.*

All the lands, and almost every kind of property in the empire, were divided into three nearly equal portions—the first being allotted to the Sun (by which was meant the services of religion), the second to the Inca, and the third to the people. The Inca's portion went to defray all his personal expenses, as well as those of his nearest kindred, and was also applied to purposes of state; and when this revenue did not suffice, the sovereign was at liberty to avail himself of the surplus revenues of the Sun. The people's lands were divided so that to each community was assigned an extent of territory proportionate to the amount of its population; and out of this each family had a certain measure of land allotted to its particular use according to the number of its members—a lot sufficient to maintain himself and wife being allowed to each man on his marriage, and a new lot added

* The subdivisions existing among the people, and all the other arrangements connected with them, were equally in force in the army, and were acted upon in war as in peace, so that no confusion could occur thereby in the internal affairs of the state.

at the birth of each child, the amount for a male child being double that allowed for a female. The lands thus allotted did not, however, become the property of the individuals to whom they were assigned for use, but continued to be the immediate property of the state; it being appointed by law that the division of the soil should be renewed every year, in order that the amount in possession of each family might be adjusted according to the increase or diminution which had taken place in the number of its members. Even the nobles were subjected to the same system, the amount of territory assigned to them being, however, proportionate to their superior dignity. These arrangements of course precluded the possibility, as regards any subject, of extending the limits of his domains; for the right to sell or to purchase lands, which would at once have upset the equilibrium established by the state, did not exist; and the arrangements relative to labour, to mines, manufactures, &c. were equally opposed to the acquisition of private property. The inconveniences which would be likely in any other country to arise from territorial arrangements such as those described, were in Peru obviated partly by the truly paternal and strongly conservative character of the government, which led it, on the one side, to consult the convenience and happiness of its subjects, wherever this could be done consistently with the exigencies of the state; and, on the other, to avoid every unnecessary change; and thus, though each individual was, as it were, but a tenant at will, in its workings the system seems to have been the same as if he had been a proprietor for life—so rarely were any changes introduced in the occupancy of the lands. As regards the negligent cultivation to which so uncertain a tenure might have led, this was prevented by the organisation of labour, which was as much under government control as any of the other affairs of the citizen.

In Peru, it seems, the whole mass of the people, the dwellers in cities as well as the rural populations, were tillers of the soil; and the greater part of the lands were cultivated in common by the members of the community. The lands assigned to the Sun in each locality were first of all to be ploughed, and sown, and reaped at the proper seasons, by all the able-bodied men belonging to this locality; next in succession came the fields of orphans and widows, of the aged and the infirm, incapable of working for themselves—the wives and families of the soldiers absent with the armies being reckoned among the widows and orphans. Garcilasso relates that there were in each city, and in large cities in each quarter of the town, public officers appointed to attend to the interests of the helpless class of the community, as regarded the cultivation of their fields. These officers, he says, at the time appointed went up at nightfall to the top of some high place, and having attracted attention by sounding a trumpet, pronounced in a loud voice the following words:—'To-morrow work will be commenced in the fields of the helpless; the persons interested therein are hereby apprised of the fact, in order that they may repair to the spot!' When this task of beneficence had been performed, then only the people were allowed to attend to their own fields, the law of mutual assistance prevailing also in these cases. The lands of the nobles came next in succession, and those of the Inca last of all. To this last task the people went as to a national festival. Each labourer was clad in his best ire, wore a head-dress of gorgeous plumes, and was decked with what-

ever other ornaments custom allowed him to wear; and a spirit of the purest joy, we are told, pervaded every heart, the labour being gone through to the music of the national airs, sung in honour of the Inca. The field-labours were concluded with a ceremony which probably originated in the desire of investing agricultural labour with a sacred and dignified character in the eyes of the people. Within the precincts of the city of Cuzco was a piece of ground supposed to be the first ever dedicated to the Sun in the empire of the Incas, and therefore held in such reverence that none but the blood-royal were allowed to cultivate it; and here the sovereign Inca with a golden implement turned up a few sods as an example to his subjects in the way of 'triumphing over the earth.'

However costly and splendid the agricultural implements used by the Inca, in form it was like those of the people—of most primitive construction. The plough commonly in use among them was nothing more than a strong sharp-pointed stake, traversed by a horizontal piece, ten or twelve inches from the point, on which the ploughman might set his foot and force it into the ground; and there being in the country no animals suited for draught, men had to supply this part of the labour also. Six or eight Peruvians were generally harnessed to each plough, and moved on to the tune of some national song which they chanted to enable them to keep time in pulling. After the ploughers followed women with rakes, to break the clods as fast as they were turned up.

But the Incas did not only take care that the lands were cultivated, they also looked to this being properly done, and saw that each soil was treated in the manner best suited for its amelioration. Allusion has already been made to the general system of irrigation introduced into the low and sandy grounds of the country; but the government supervision did not stop with the construction of the great canals and aqueducts, but was extended over all the minutiæ of the distribution of the water through each particular field. A regular calculation was made of the quantity of water necessary for the proper irrigation of each allotment, during ordinary seasons and during extraordinary droughts, and the allowance of water was measured out accordingly, the field of the humblest as of the mightiest denizen of the land receiving equally a sufficient supply of the necessary element. The same was the case as regards the manuring of the lands: each district had assigned to it some one of the little islands along the coast where the sea-fowls deposited their manure, and this was divided among the occupiers of land with the same attention to the extent of their requirements as prevailed relative to all other matters; and so fully alive were the Incas to the value of the guano, that it was forbidden under penalty of death to kill one of the sea-fowls that had their homes on the islands, or to disturb them in any way during breeding-time. With the growing necessities of the people new lands were brought under tillage, and it was usual when desert regions had been fertilised by irrigation to transplant thither colonies to cultivate them.

In all other branches of national industry the same arrangements prevailed as with regard to agriculture: the people were in the narrowest sense of the word the servants of the government, labour being the only contribution required from them. All the mines in the country belonged exclusively to the Inca, and were worked for him by classes of his subjects

especially educated for the purpose. The mining knowledge of the Peruvians does not, however, seem to have been very profound; for they did not sink shafts, but contented themselves with the simpler operation of hollowing caverns deep in the sides of mountains or in the banks of rivers, and extracted the ore of those veins which did not dip too deeply into the bowels of the earth. This method was principally resorted to for silver; gold was mostly obtained—as it is now in California—by searching the beds of rivers, or washing the auriferous sands at the foot of the mountains. With the art of smelting the ores, and at least partially refining them, the Peruvians were also familiar, and they erected furnaces for the purpose; but the bellows being an instrument utterly unknown to them, an ingenious contrivance in the structure of their furnaces made a draught of air supply its place. As no money was coined in Peru, the precious metals and stones obtained from the mines were used merely for purposes of luxury—such as the decoration of the temples of the Sun; of the other religious houses, of which mention will be made in the sequel; and of the palaces of the Incas; as also for the various articles of personal adornment, and for the household utensils of the sovereign and his kindred—a fact which serves to explain the extraordinary splendour of the royal mansions and others already alluded to; for the natural productiveness of Peru as regards gold, silver, and precious stones, was fully proved after the occupation of the country by the Spaniards. With copper and tin the Peruvians were also acquainted, and by mixing ninety-four parts of the former metal with six parts of the latter, they produced an amalgam almost equal to steel in hardness. Various tools—such as hatchets, chisels, &c.—of this metal have been found in the graves or *huacos*, and explain the skill of the people in cutting the hardest stones.

For the animal food required for their nourishment, the people were even more immediately dependent upon the government than for the fruits of the earth, as each family seems at least to have been allowed to cull at its pleasure the produce of its field and its gardens. But the flocks of llamas and other Peruvian sheep (the only tame animals fit for the food of men indigenous in the country) being, like the mines, the exclusive property of the Incas, and their exalted parent the Sun, the hand of a subject could not be raised against these animals without especial permission. The same was the case with the game of the country; and great hunts were therefore undertaken once every year, under the personal auspices of the sovereign Inca, for the purpose of killing the animals required for the consumption of the people. These hunts bore a great resemblance to the *battues* so much in favour in some countries of Europe in the present day; only that the Peruvians, more humane than the Europeans, did not persecute the animals for mere sport. For the purpose of the battues, as for all other purposes, the country was divided into four districts, in each of which the great hunt took place once every four years. On these occasions the people, sometimes to the number of 50,000 or 60,000, were called out to form a cordon round the district appointed for the hunt, and, armed with long poles, they went about beating the bushes and driving the game of all kinds towards the centre of the circle thus formed. The noxious animals were killed as soon as discovered; but the wild deer, the huanacas, the vicuñas, &c. were more and more narrowly encircled, until being at last driven

together in some open spot marked out beforehand, they became an easy prey to the sportsmen. The male deer, the smaller game, and some of the sheep, were killed, but the greater number of the latter were only caught and sheared, and then allowed to escape. The flesh of the slaughtered animals was distributed among the people, who cut it into thin slices, and subjected it to a long process of drying—thus converting it into what is still in those countries called *charqui*, and still constitutes the chief animal food of the inhabitants. Fresh meat it would seem the people only enjoyed on occasion of the great religious festivals, when numbers of llamas were slaughtered for the public feasts; and on these occasions also they indulged in baked cakes of the maize flour, which was generally eaten raw, steeped in water only. The skins of the slaughtered animals were reserved for various manufactures, and were deposited, together with the wool of the wild and tame flocks, in government magazines, to be afterwards distributed among the people. The coarser sorts of wool were manufactured into garments for the humbler classes of the community; the finer qualities, and more especially the wool of the vicuña, were reserved for the sovereign and his kindred nobles. The spinning and weaving were entirely performed by the women of Peru, and were apportioned, like every other kind of labour, among the different districts according to the amount of their population; and the captains of sections were authorised to enter the private dwellings to superintend the work going on. The same regulations prevailed with regard to the manufactures of cotton, and of the fibres of the maguey or agave, in which the inhabitants of the milder districts were clad. The quantity of material required for the various habiliments of each family was afterwards shared out by the government, and then made up by the inmates themselves, each individual of the non-noble classes being his own tailor, shoemaker, &c. The goldsmiths, jewellers, sculptors, and other skilled labourers employed in the production of works of art and luxury, were, however, subjected to a regular apprenticeship, and the employments became hereditary in their families. But whether the people were working directly for themselves, or for the Incas and the nobles, they were equally subjected to government supervision, being equally considered as labouring for the community; idleness or negligence of any of the domestic duties was looked upon as an offence against the community; and government officers were sent round to inform themselves by personal inspection of the particular character of each household, and to punish or reward according to the merits of the case. Even the occupations of children of five years of age were regulated by law, and so likewise those of the aged and infirm, who, though incapable of performing the same labours as the young and able-bodied, had certain light tasks imposed upon them.

In their paternal solicitude for the welfare of their subjects, the Incas, not content even with such provisions as have already been mentioned, guarded against the evils which might arise from un eseen events—such as deficient harvests, &c.—by storing in public r h province, immense supplies of the natural the country, which in times of need, if such the inhabitants. Some of these the Spanish conquerors, contained grain and other necessaries

population for at least seven years. To the monthly-returns of the amount of population in each province and subdivision of the country, which so greatly facilitated the various regulations, and the distribution of labour and provisions, were added equally regular and minute returns of the amount and quality of the produce, raw and manufactured, of the different districts; and thus the government was enabled at a glance to determine how far the general result of the national industry at any given period would meet the national wants, or how far the reserved stores in the magazines must be drawn upon. But the state of tutelage in which the Peruvian government held the people did not end here—it extended to the most intimate relations of life; and even the period of his marriage, the Peruvian, were he of high or low degree, could not determine for himself. At the age of twenty-four it was fixed by law that every man, and at the age of twenty every maiden, should marry; and accordingly, on an appointed day each year, all the young men and women of the Inca race having attained this age were assembled in the great square of the capital, and there the couples destined for each other were united by the sovereign Inca himself—the ceremony consisting simply in his placing the hands of the parties concerned within each other, and declaring them to be man and wife. On the same day the same ceremony was performed, in every town and village throughout the empire, for those of inferior degree by the curaca of the district. To a certain extent, it seems, each man was allowed to consult his own taste in the choice of a wife; however, if the consent of the parents on both sides were not given, the marriage was illegal, and the liberty of choice did not extend beyond the limits of the kindred circle. Where such a custom had long existed, this circle must, however, have been pretty extensive, and indeed Garcilasso de la Vega maintains that all the inhabitants of a village were very frequently of the same kin. The marriage-portion in lands was, as alluded to above, provided by the state; and the dwelling of the newly-married couple was also raised at the public charge, but the furniture was supplied by the nearest relatives.

A government claiming, like that of Peru, the right of interfering even with the domestic arrangements of its subjects, must of course be expected to exercise its rule with regard to the education of the citizen also; and thus indeed it was. Among the inferior classes this education was limited to the learning of the various handicrafts with which every individual was expected to be familiar, and did not therefore necessitate any separation from home; but for the sons of the Inca nobles and the curacas higher intellectual and physical training was considered necessary. For this purpose schools were established in the metropolis, where the noble youths, and with them the sons of the sovereign Inca, were instructed by the *amautus*, or 'wise men,' in the various branches of knowledge which these sages had mastered, and more especially in the principles of government and the ceremonies of religion, a knowledge of which was required to qualify them for their future functions in the state. But in the army also the nobles occupied the leading positions, and instruction in military acquirements therefore formed part, and not the least important part, of their education. They were trained in all the athletic exercises—such as wrestling, running, &c.—which could impart strength and agility to their

bodies. They learned to handle the various weapons in use among their people, and were initiated in the principles as well as the practice of the art of war. At the age of sixteen the pupils were subjected to a public trial, to prove themselves worthy to be admitted to the honours of manhood; and so important was this examination considered, that it was watched with intense interest by the whole nation, and was made an occasion of public festivities. The examination lasted thirty days, and commenced by the neophytes being subjected to rigorous fasts and every hardship and privation which it might in future be their lot to sustain during protracted campaigns; while, according to Garcilasso, these trials were made to subserve the moral purpose of rendering the noble youths more ready to sympathise with those whose fate in life it was to suffer daily such privations. This must, however, be a moral of Garcilasso's own extracting, for in a system as that of Peru, as he himself tells us in other parts of his work, there was no room for poverty; and starvation, sleeping on the bare earth, insufficient covering, &c. cannot have been the conditions of life of any of the inhabitants. Those youths whose bodily strength had proved equal to bear the hardships imposed, were afterwards examined in the various martial exercises in which they were required to be proficient, and were made to prove their prowess in mimic combats. The aspirants who came victorious out of these various trials, and who were pronounced worthy by the aged and experienced nobles who presided as judges, were then presented to the sovereign, who addressed to them a few words, in which he exhorted them to prove themselves in future also worthy of the name of 'Children of the Sun,' and reminded them of their responsibilities as such. The novices then, one at a time, knelt at the feet of the monarch, who pierced their ears with golden bodkins, preparatory to the introduction of the heavy pendants, which formed one of the distinguishing marks of the royal blood, and which produced that deformity of the ear that procured for the Inca nobles the name of *orejones*, or 'the large-eared,' bestowed upon them by the Spaniards. The aspirants thus honoured next turned to the nearest relative of the sovereign, who, unloosing the common sandals which they wore, dressed their feet in others of more costly materials. The neophyte was then invested with the girdle of manhood; on his head was placed a garland of flowers, emblematic of the gentle virtues which would through life be his brightest ornaments; in his hands were placed the arms which he was in future to wield in the service of his country; and the ceremony was complete as regarded the generality of the youths. At this stage of the proceedings, however, the heir to the throne, who until then was in nowise distinguished from his comrades, was further invested with a head-dress, forming his peculiar insignia, and received the homage of the whole of the Inca nobility, who knelt at his feet and recognised him as their future sovereign. The whole assembly then proceeded to the great square of the city, where the public rejoicings began, and where the night was spent with dancing, music, feasting, and drinking.

If we are struck with the resemblance between this ceremony, termed the *huaracu*, to the chivalrous customs of the middle ages, we are still more so with the similarity between the institutions in which a great number of the maidens of the Inca race and the daughters of the curacas received their education, and the conventual establishments of Roman Catholic countries.

The ultimate destination of the inmates of the Peruvian convents was, however, very different from that of Catholic nuns; for when they had attained a marriageable age, the most beautiful among them were selected to be the 'Inca's brides,' or, in other words, to stock the Inca's harem, such selection being the greatest honour that could be conferred on a woman of Peru.* At a tender age these maidens, dedicated to the service of the national deity, the Sun, were removed to certain establishments called the 'Houses of the Virgins of the Sun,' which were carefully secluded by high surrounding walls from all intercourse with the world without, and decorated with the same profuse magnificence as all the other edifices in any way connected with religion or with royalty. Here the young girls—placed under the guardianship of elderly and experienced members of the sisterhood, called *mamaconas*, whose life from childhood to old age had been spent within the sacred walls—were instructed in their religious duties, which consisted chiefly in guarding the sacred fire, drawn from heaven by means of a concave mirror of polished metal, at the great festival of the summer solstice, called the feast of *raymi*. They were also taught to spin and weave of the fine wool of the vicuña, and to embroider with many-coloured threads the splendid hangings with which the temples and the royal residences were adorned, and the vestments in which the sacred limbs of the Inca were clad. The most rigorous conventual seclusion reigned in the establishment, the maidens being only allowed to inhale the fresh air in the gardens surrounding their sumptuous homes, and being even cut off from all intercourse with their own relatives from the moment they were dedicated to the Sun. The Inca and the coya, and a certain number of visitors sent yearly to examine into the management and morals of the institutions, were the only persons from the world without allowed to enter the hallowed precincts. Any attempt of unprivileged persons to overstep the consecrated limits was punished with death. On a Virgin of the Sun, detected in a love intrigue, the law of Peru pronounced the same dreadful penalty with which the Romans visited a similar fault in their Vestals; while the lover was to be put to death by strangulation, and the very memory of his existence obliterated from the land by the total destruction of the village or town to which he belonged.

This severity, apparently so little in harmony with the mild and paternal system of government of the Incas, prevailed in all the laws of Peru, and was a necessary consequence of the reverence in which the sovereign, the fountain of the law, was held. Emanating from a ruler supposed to partake of the divine nature, and to be inspired by the great luminary that swayed the destinies of the nation, all the police regulations of the Peruvian empire bore the character of religious laws, and every infringement of them was looked upon as an offence against the divine majesty of the royal person, and was as such punished with death. Rebellion in particular—under all systems of government a crime of most serious character—was in

* So honourable, indeed, was it deemed to hold a place among the thousand 'brides of the Incas,' who formed the ornaments of his court, and waited upon him as his handmaidens, that when the royal personage, for some reason or other, wished to reduce the number of the ladies in his harem, and in consequence sent some of them home to their families, these were ever after treated with particular reverence by their kindred. To the 'Houses of the Sun' they did not, however, n return.

Peru branded as the direst of all misdeeds, and one that admitted of no extenuating circumstances in the case of any of the participators. Accordingly a rebellious population was mercilessly exterminated, and the place of its habitation, whether hamlet, village, or town, converted into a barren and solitary wilderness. The judicial arrangements for enforcing the execution of the laws and punishing every infringement of them were very simple, and being made to harmonise with the general organisation of the state, afforded the same means for direct government control as all the other administrative departments. The captains of tens performed, as has been stated, the functions of public accusers, and reported all offences to regular tribunals of justice established in each small community. These local tribunals were authorised to pass judgment on petty offences; but there being no appeal from the decisions of one tribunal to another, they were to refer the more serious cases to the superior courts, presided over by the governors of the provinces, which were bound to bring to a close within five days every suit brought before them. The inferior magistrates were also obliged to make monthly reports to the superior tribunals of all the cases on which they had passed judgment; and the superiors transmitted these, together with the records of their own proceedings, to the viceroys who governed the four principal divisions of the empire, whence again they were transmitted to the chief seat of government. With a further view to securing a pure administration of justice, royal commissioners traversed the empire at irregular intervals to inquire into the conduct of the various magistrates, who were severely punished if found guilty of any irregularities.

The city of Cuzco was, as we have seen, the nucleus of the empire of the Incas, and gradually only the surrounding country and the more distant tribes were brought under their dominion. The manner in which these successive conquests were accomplished formed an important part of the political system of the Peruvians, and at this we must now cast a glance.

The Inca Manco Capac had laid it down as a general principle, to be followed by his successors, that violent measures for the reduction of the barbarous Indian tribes should not be resorted to until the more pacific and generous expedients of conciliation and benefits had been tried; 'for,' said he, 'the vassals which they gained by fair means would always prove devoted subjects, while from those brought under their dominion by force they might always fear rebellion.' The descendants of Manco Capac seem in the most cases to have adhered faithfully to the rule established by the illustrious founder of their dynasty, and also to have followed the invitation to conquest implied therein. One after another the independent tribes were folded within the embrace of the Incas' empire; but in each successive instance gentle endeavours to establish the worship of the Sun, and to open the eyes of the barbarians to the advantages of civilisation, were made, and incentives held out to them to come and place themselves within its pale, before war was resorted to. But when all other means of persuasion proved incapable of surmounting the love of independence, then the sword was called in to cut the matter short; and thus, though peace ever reigned undisturbed in the bosom of the Incas' dominions, on the frontiers war was as constantly raging. To meet the exigencies of such a state of things, the military system of the country was organised so as to furnish a constant supply of well-trained troops without interfering with the other

regulations of the state. Every man having attained a certain age was, it seems, bound to do military service, but not for any long period at a time, the levies succeeding each other by regular rotation; while a system of drilling, introduced in each village, prepared every man in his turn to fill his place in the army with honour to himself and to his country. The arms in use among the Peruvians were bows and arrows, slings, darts, spears, battle-axes, cutlasses, and wooden clubs studded with metal knobs; the metal used for all these weapons being copper tempered by the peculiar process already adverted to. The defensive armour consisted of doublets of quilted cotton, of shields covered with the skins of animals, and of casques—in some instances made to imitate the heads of wild animals; in others, ornamented with gold and precious stones, and with the brilliant plumes of the tropical birds. These casques were, however, worn by the officers only, the common soldiers having their heads enveloped in a kind of cotton turban. When attacking towns it was customary to discharge into them burning arrows, or stones made red-hot and wrapped in cotton impregnated with a bituminous substance, which alighting on the roofs of houses set them on fire. So far there was nothing peculiar in the Peruvian instruments of war, they being the same as were in use even among all the nations of Europe up to a comparatively recent period. But one weapon the Peruvians possessed, peculiar to the Indian tribes of South America, which took the Spaniards by surprise in their first encounters with this people: this was the *lasso*, still so much in use in those countries, though for more peaceful purposes, and which the Peruvian of the time of the conquest threw as adroitly round the Spanish horse and its rider, so as to bring them both to the ground, as the Pampas hunter of the present day throws it round the wild ox which he wishes to secure. The Peruvian troops were divided into smaller and larger bodies, corresponding to the companies and battalions of modern armies; and the officers rose in like manner in regular gradation from the lowest to the highest, each holding his particular command. Whether a regular army was always kept on foot does not appear in the accounts of the historians of Peru; but even if this were not the case, the perfect organisation of the people, the facility in transmitting messages from one end of the empire to the other by means of the chasquis, and of moving large bodies of men along the excellent roads, enabled the government to draw its troops together in a very short time, and to direct them without loss of time towards any point where their presence was required; while the excellent quarters provided for the soldiers in the large edifices called *tambos*, erected, as we have seen, at intervals along the roads, enabled them to perform the most distant marches without much fatigue. In order that the people who remained at home, and whose industry supplied the labour which was withdrawn from the common stock by the absence of the soldiers, should not have to bear more than their due share of the burdens of war, the armies, instead of being quartered on the people, were provided with all requisites from the great public magazines, and thus was obviated one of the chief causes which make a people disinclined to war. The same tender solicitude for the happiness and the wellbeing of the people which characterised the policy of the Incas in all other matters was extended to the soldiers also. Their comfort was attended to in every way, it being even customary when the

war threatened to be of long duration, or the climate of the country in which it was carried on proved very unhealthy, to send home the men who had served as long as was deemed consistent with their health, and to fill their places with new recruits.

While the battle raged the full licence of war was allowed to the Peruvian soldiery; but after every victory a pause was made, and following the traditionary policy of his race, the sovereign Inca, who was generally at the head of his army in the field, held out the hand of friendship to the vanquished foe, whose property and person were defended from every unnecessary outrage by the strict discipline of his victorious enemy. When at the head of their armies the Incas seem, however, to have followed more freely the inspirations of their individual passions and propensities than in their internal policy; for while in the latter no irregularities are recorded, the annals of the country recount deeds of atrocious cruelty and violence committed by some of the Incas on the unhappy tribes who too obstinately resisted their attempts at subjugation. These sanguinary characters are, however, exceptions among the Inca sovereigns. The first care of the Incas, after having brought a territory under subjection to themselves, was to establish among their new vassals the worship of the Sun, and the whole of the religious system which formed the solid foundation of their power; but in doing this they proceeded with great moderation and wisdom, avoiding to wound the early prejudices of the conquered people. The idols of the barbarians were neither insulted nor railed at, but were quietly removed out of sight; while temples of the Sun, rivalling in their gorgeous decorations those of the capital, were raised in the midst of their former worshippers, whose imaginations were captivated by the splendid ceremonials of the new religion even before their minds accepted its doctrines. At the same time the chief of the vanquished tribe was carried by the victor to the capital, whence he did not return to govern his people as vicegerent of the Inca until his heart had been won by flattery and favours, and he had so thoroughly imbibed the religious views, and so heartily subscribed to the wisdom of the political principles of his conqueror, that his influence over his former subjects was no longer to be feared. In the meanwhile also the territory over which he had once ruled as master had been absorbed and harmonised with the Peruvian system: the extent of its surface was measured, the nature and capability of the soil examined into, the amount of its population numbered, and the same division of property, the same organisation of labour, the same public institutions introduced, as prevailed throughout the rest of the Incas' dominions; and in a few years their national costume, which according to the laws of the Incas could never be changed, was the only distinguishing feature between the old and the new subjects. 'It may seem strange,' says Mr Prescott, 'that any people should patiently have acquiesced in an arrangement which involved such a total surrender of property; but it was a conquered nation that did so, held in awe, on the least suspicion of meditating resistance, by armed garrisons, who were established at various commanding points throughout the country.' But it must also be remembered that, according to the accounts of the same authorities who have described to us the wise policy of the Incas, the tribes successively subjugated by them were in a state of such utter barbarism that notions of property can hardly have been much developed

among them, and from this point of view it is their submission to the strict discipline of the Peruvian system which is the most amazing; while, on the other hand, if, judging by monumental evidence, we believe that the civilisation of the Incas had originated in the very territories into which they spread their subsequent conquests, it is not improbable that the original state of things in the conquered provinces bore some affinity to that which they sought to introduce.

Besides their military force the Incas had other means of breaking the spirit of revolt, which were more consonant with the general spirit of their policy. Not the least effectual among these expedients was the transplanting masses of the disaffected populations to territories in the interior, where, being surrounded by the loyal inhabitants of these parts, their hostility would be innoxious and be ultimately overcome; while an equal number of the ancient and faithful subjects of the Inca took their places in their former homes, and inoculated the remainder of the tribe with the spirit of submission and affection, or at least acted as a check on any desperate attempt. But even when adopting a measure so rigorous as this, the Inca tempered the despotism of the act with considerate kindness, for care was taken that the *mitimaes*—as the transplanted populations were termed—should not be subjected to conditions of climate and temperature different to those under which they were born, and which might therefore act injuriously on their health; and it is even maintained that their previous habits of life and occupations were consulted, and that each was placed in a position to continue these in his new abode. The crowning measure of all for the establishment of that uniformity which was the alpha and omega of the Incas' policy was, however, the introduction of a common idiom among the various tribes which were brought under their dominion. In the southern as well as the northern continent of America the Indian tribes, though evidently springing from one common root, and though in many respects, even in their state of separation, so little dissimilar, in point of language were so completely dissevered that the dialect of the one was quite incomprehensible to the other. Among the dialects of South America the Quichua, spoken by the people of Cuzco and the surrounding country, is considered one of the richest and most beautiful, and this it was that the Incas endeavoured to establish throughout their dominions, so that no hinderances should impede the rapid transmission of the sovereign's decrees and regulations, emitted at the centre, to the farthest extremities of the body politic. For this purpose teachers were established in every community to impart to the people the language of the Inca, a knowledge of which was a necessary condition for holding any office of trust.

When, after surveying this most remarkable political mechanism and the comparatively high state of civilisation it had fostered, we endeavour to obtain some insight into its effects on the moral and intellectual condition of the people, we are struck with the great discrepancy between the grand results apparent on the surface, and those manifestations of a people's life which testify to the action and reaction of mind upon mind, and shew the value of the individuals composing the community. Nowhere can we trace that diversity and progression which are the evidences of vitality in the body politic. Everywhere we meet with uniformity and apparent

stagnation, with the ideas of one single mind, as it were, slavishly carried out by succeeding generations. 'It is impossible to examine a single edifice of the time of the Incas,' says M. de Humboldt, 'without recognising the same type in all the others that cover the ridge of the Andes, over an extent of more than 450 leagues, from about 3000 to 12,000 feet above the level of the ocean. It might be said that a single architect constructed this great number of monuments.' In this respect these architectural monuments seem to be true types of the national character. Individuality was crushed beneath the rigid system, which allowed no man, whatever his natural abilities, to rise above the station which the state had assigned to him; there was no struggle for pre-eminence in a race in which all were allowed to take part; the whole nation marched in rank and file, the step of each and all being regulated by the beat of the ruler's drum; and the great problem of society—the progress of all by the full and free development of each—seemed rendered impossible of solution.

Commerce, which is one of the greatest incentives to enterprise, and as such, in the earlier stages of civilisation, the greatest promoter of individual development, was rendered impossible by the singular organisation of property and of labour; and thus, though the empire was bordered in its whole length by the ocean, and though the Peruvians were in possession of vessels which in point of construction were not perhaps inferior to those in which the hardy Northmen of the tenth century braved the dangers of the Arctic Ocean, they never attempted the navigation of the open seas, but contented themselves with using their vessels or *balsas* for conveying provisions from one point of the coast to another.

So inactive, indeed, was the intellectual life of the Peruvians, that this people, having attained to no mean degree of social refinement, were totally unacquainted with the art of writing, even in its most primitive forms of picture-writing and hieroglyphics—the only visible symbols of thought known among them being cords of various colours and shades suspended from a string in the manner of a fringe, and which by means of knots, combined in many arbitrary ways, formed a complicated method of expression and calculation. It will readily be understood that such a contrivance, however ably managed, was very deficient in the power of expression in a connected form, or as a means of giving utterance to thoughts of a purely intellectual character; that it could indeed merely suggest isolated ideas, and such only as had reference to known facts or tangible objects; and that it could not fulfil any of the requirements of a literature, properly so called. Such, therefore, the Peruvians had not. As regards history, the *quipus*, as the knotted cords were called, seem to have served mostly as a system of mnemonics to enable the *amautas* (the men of science) and the *haravecs* (the poets) to recall to mind in due succession those events of public importance which it was their duty to learn by rote, and to transmit orally from generation to generation. In so far the quipus, all imperfect as they were, must be considered an advance upon the state of barbarism wherein no such help to the memory exists, and during which no approach has been made even towards so defective a means of symbolising thought; yet as far as the Peruvian traditions are known to us, they are by no means so rich in historical incidents or in religious myths—those products of a barbarous people's unconscious poetising—as are those of the barbarous

nations of Europe, who had no such mechanical helps for recording the events and imaginings of the past. Whether this be owing to the little pains taken after the conquest to gather from the lips of the people those national traditions and poems which must then still have been fresh in their memories, or from a real paucity of materials, it is difficult to say; but judging from such as are known, we cannot help thinking that here again the influence of the peculiar system of government may be traced, for the little that is related all bears reference to the sovereign Inca, who in war or in peace is allowed no competitor, and whose glory does not only eclipse that of all other individuals, but absorbs all the interest attached to their characters and activity. In their history as in their polity the Incas alone appear as the living principle that puts the mechanism in motion.

As a means of registering the various statistical facts, of which—for purposes of administration—the government was to be kept constantly informed, the quipus seem to have answered admirably; for the colours of the cords having each a distinct signification, and the knots denoting numbers, even complicated calculations were rendered comparatively easy. The various records kept were placed under the care of the *quipucamayus*, or keepers of the quipus, who had under them a numerous body of public registrars, each district having several functionaries of the kind appointed by government to the various departments of administration. Subordinate annalists were also appointed in all the principal communities, to keep account of the passing events there; the amautas being of a superior rank, and having merely to chronicle the deeds of the reigning Inca, and to compose the general history of the empire.

In science the Peruvians were inferior even to the Mexicans and to several South American tribes. In geography, indeed, they had advanced so far as to have a pretty fair knowledge of their own extensive empire, and even to have mimic representations—which some have honoured with the name of maps—of the various provinces and cities, with their boundaries, their roads, their rivers, their mountains, and their plains; and into the composition of which, according to Garcilasso, entered earth, pebbles, bits of wood, &c. Of geometry, according to the same author, they understood as much as was required for the measurement of their lands, yet by his own shewing these measurements were made in a manner purely mechanical. Of those engraved calendar stones which were in use among the Mexicans, the Muyscas, and other Indian tribes, and which have enabled antiquarians to form such correct notions of the extent of astronomical science among those nations, no traces have been found in Peru; while such of the notions of the Peruvians regarding the phenomena of the heavens, as well as their methods of calculation, which have been recorded by the early Spanish writers, prove but a very superficial knowledge of the celestial mechanism. The year they divided into twelve parts called *quilla*, from the name of the moon; and these lunar months they divided into light and dark halves, which were again subdivided into weeks of seven days, according to some; of nine and ten days, according to others. The discrepancy between their lunar year and the solar year, which they could not fail to remark, they failed, however, to adjust, though they ved the returns of the solstices and the equinoxes by means of round -s erected for the purpose. Each of these periods, we have seen, was

celebrated as a religious festival, because marking a phase in the life of their great luminous divinity; but the equinoxes in particular were occasions for public rejoicing, as then it was believed the Sun descended and abode for a short while among his children. The exact period of the equinox was ascertained by means of a richly-ornamented column, raised in the large open area in front of the principal temple of the Sun in each city. Round this column or gnomon was traced a circle, which was traversed by a diameter from east to west. Here the priests assembled each day towards the expected epoch to mark, by the shadows of the column on the line, its gradual approach. When the noontide rays of the sun, falling almost vertically on the gnomon, rendered the shadows scarcely visible, the god was supposed to 'sit with all his light upon it;' a golden chair, called the throne of the Sun, was raised to the summit; the column was wound round with flowers and odoriferous plants, and offerings were made of the various products of the earth and of the ingenuity of man. The personal presence of the Sun on this occasion may have been, and probably was but a poetical trope, and the same may have been the case with the causes assigned for the eclipses of the sun and the moon; yet the childish fear which these phenomena inspired proves that their true causes—which the calendar-stone of the Aztecs of Mexico shews to have been well known to that people—were not divined by the Peruvians. An eclipse of the sun, more especially, was in their eyes an event of fearful import, for anger at some national misdeed was supposed to be the cause of the deity averting his face from his worshippers, and sacrifices were made to turn aside the consequences of his wrath. As for the moon, her occasional disappearance was attributed to indisposition, and the utmost anxiety was felt for her speedy recovery, as a protracted illness, it was believed, must infallibly end in her death, when she would fall from heaven, and mankind and the world would perish with her. The means resorted to for restoring the health of the suffering goddess were not of a very tender nature. A deafening noise was made with trumpets, cymbals, and every other kind of sounding instrument known to the people; and if this was found insufficient to recover her from her supposed swoon, all the dogs in the country were beaten to make them howl and bark, in the hope that the cries of these animals, for whom she was believed to have a particular affection, would rouse her from her state of supineness. In addition to this all young girls and boys throughout the empire were made to implore *Mama Quilla*, or Mother Moon, not to allow herself to die. And when at length the luminary reappeared in her usual splendour, she was humbly thanked for not having died, and for having thus saved thē world from destruction.

Besides the sun and the moon the planet Venus seems to have been the only heavenly body that attracted the attention of the Peruvians, and she owed this distinction to her being an attendant of the sun. It is not, however, impossible that further researches among the antiquities of South America may prove the ignorance of the Peruvians in point of astronomy not to have been so great as it would appear from the meagre accounts of the Spaniards regarding their cycles and calculations. An enthusiastic American antiquary* has indeed suggested that a clue to the real division

* Bradford—American Antiquities. New York: Dayton and Sarton. 1841.

of time among the Peruvians, or to the construction of one of their calendars, may perhaps be found in the eighteen niches which so constantly recur in their monuments. This he presumes may indicate a division of the year into eighteen months, as was the case among the Mexicans; and if so, we may conclude that among the Peruvians, as among the Mexicans, this division was adopted with a view to the adjustment of the lunar and the solar year, and that altogether the difference in the degree of knowledge between the two nations was not so great. The apparent inferiority of the Peruvians in intellectual culture to the Aztecs—whom in the art of constructing roads, aqueducts, canals, and bridges, as in all the details of agriculture and manufactures, they so much excelled—has on the other side been explained by the probability of the Mexicans being indebted for their science to the Toltecs, the race who preceded them in the occupation of the territory of Anahuac, and whose origin, as well as whose ultimate fate, is enveloped in mystery, but to whom are attributed those noble architectural ruins spread over the country which served the Aztecs as models, and who, it is thought, may possibly have been the builders of the cities in Central America, the ruins of which have given rise to so much speculation. But Peruvian civilisation does not either seem to have been the spontaneous growth of the territory in which it was developed, for independently of the suggestion contained in the legend of Manco Capac and Mama Oello, there are other evidences in favour of the supposition that the creative and fundamental ideas of the Peruvian empire sprang from a foreign source. Though it was the worship of the Sun which constituted the strong tie that bound together sovereign and people, and formed the basis of the social polity, there were current among the Peruvians higher and purer religious notions, so much at variance with the puerile fancies described above, and with the whole intellectual development of the people, that it is impossible to believe them to have been the product of their own yearnings and aspirations towards the infinite, and which must therefore have been received from a people intellectually and morally their superiors; for among the Peruvians it must be remembered there was no priesthood forming an exclusive caste and devoted to a life of observation and meditation, who might in consequence have attained to the higher truths which had failed to take hold of the popular mind.

The religious ideas to which we allude were the belief in one great spirit, creator of the universe, whom they ventured not to represent in any bodily form, and whom they worshipped under the name of Viracocha or Pachacamac—the latter signifying, 'He who gives life to the universe.' They also believed in the continued life of the soul after its separation from the body, and, as we have seen, in the possibility of a second union between the two, for which reason the body was so carefully preserved. The doctrine of future rewards and punishments also entered into their theology—the former being supposed to consist in a life of luxurious idleness and peace, the latter in one of unceasing toil—while some vague and floating notions were also entertained of an evil spirit called Cupay. To the Creator of the universe one temple only was consecrated in the empire of the Incas, and that, traditions said, stood there before the country came under their dominion. Garcilasso de la Vega—who, as a descendant of the Incas, has favoured in every way to surround their name with a glory that he

concedes to no other Indian tribes — maintains indeed that before the advent of the 'Children of the Sun' the inhabitants of all the territories subsequently brought under their dominion were savages of brutal habits, who went naked, subsisted upon roots, and lived in caverns; and at the commencement of his history represents the Incas as having taught them to cultivate the earth, to build stone edifices, and to weave and to spin. Subsequently, however, when speaking of the conquests of Maytu Capac, the fourth Inca, he makes mention of the city of Tiaguanico—situated near Lake Titicaca, in the territory of the tribe against whom Maytu Capac was waging war—some of the buildings in which were so remarkable that he stops to describe them in the words of Pedro de Cieça de Leon, one of the conquerors, who, in his 'Chronicles of Peru,' makes the following mention of the ruins :—'Tiaguanico is not a very large town, but it is deserving of notice on account of the great edifices which are to be seen in it; near the principal of these is an artificial hill raised on a groundwork of stone. Beyond this hill are two stone idols resembling the human figure, and apparently formed by skilful artificers. They are of somewhat gigantic size, and appear clothed in long vestments differing from those now worn by the natives of these provinces, and their heads are also ornamented. Near these statues is an edifice, which, on account of its antiquity and the absence of letters, leaves us in ignorance of the people who constructed it; and such, indeed, has been the lapse of time since its erection, that little remains but a well-built wall, which must have been there for ages, for the stones are very much worn and crumbled. In this place also there are stones so large and so overgrown, that our wonder is excited to comprehend how the power of man could have placed them where we see them. Many of these stones are variously wrought, and some, having the form of men, must have been their idols. Near the wall are many caves and excavations under the earth; but in another place more to the west are other and greater monuments, consisting of large gateways and their hinges, platforms, and porches, each of a single stone.

'What most surprised me while engaged in examining and recording these things, was that the above enormous gateways were formed on other great masses of stone, some of which were thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and six feet thick. Nor can I conceive with what tools or instruments those stones were hewn out, for it is obvious that before they were wrought and brought to perfection, they must have been vastly larger than we now see them.* But before I proceed to a further account of Tiaguanico, I must remark that this monument is the most ancient in Peru, for it is supposed that some of these structures were built long before the dominion of the Incas; and I have heard the Indians affirm that these sovereigns constructed their great building in Cuzco after the plan of the walls of Tiaguanico.' This description is borne out by Diego d'Alcobaça, a Spanish missionary, likewise quoted by Garcilasso de la Vega, and according to whom the natives believed that the gigantic buildings in Tiaguanico had been dedicated to the Creator of the universe.

* The removal of columns forty feet high, and consisting of one block of granite, from the quarries in Finland to the site of the church of St Isaac in St Petersburg, for which they were destined, is reckoned among the triumphs of modern mechanical science.

Here, then, we have not only proofs of a civilisation prior to that of the empire of the Incas, but indications, vague it is true, but nevertheless significant, of a connection between this civilisation and the purer religious tenets above alluded to. It is not, however, merely between the Peruvians and some anterior civilisation which these ruins and these religious ideas establish a connection, but between this early civilisation and all the tribes of South America; for modern research has not only demonstrated the existence of semi-civilised tribes on various points of that vast continent, beyond the limits of the Peruvian empire, but also a striking affinity between the architecture, the religious ideas, the traditions, and the customs, of the most modern and the most ancient civilisation on that continent, and of the most barbarous and the most cultivated of the tribes; while the contents of the tombs, spread over the length and breadth of the land, sometimes prove the relations which have existed between the most distant localities. Want of space precludes us from entering on a detailed account of the analogies found between the various monuments of aboriginal civilisation in South America, or of the indications of a common origin which have been traced between this civilisation and that of the Toltecs, the Olmecs, the Aztecs, and other nations of North America; nor can we more than allude to the symptoms of a downward course, from a civilised to a savage state, which have been observed in the southern as well as the northern continent of the New World.

However powerful it might have been with regard to the gradual absorption of semi-barbarous tribes of the same nation, and whatever principles of vitality it may have possessed if attacked by no superior force from without, a political system like that of Peru was little calculated to resist such power as was brought to bear against it by the Spanish conquerors. Living intellects, ready to seize upon every point of advantage, unfettered individual activity, left free to develop itself in every direction where it was needed, were brought into contact with a dead system of traditionary rules, and life conquered death. Though it is generally maintained that it was the superiority of European over Indian civilisation which enabled a handful of Spaniards in a few years to spread their dominion over a whole new world, this superiority was in the minds of the men, not in the arts which they wielded. It was not the discipline of the Spanish troops, nor the imposing appearance of their cavalry, nor the superiority of their weapons, or even of their strategical art, which gave the victory to the Europeans—but the genius of the men, developed under a system which gave free scope to individual character and capacities, which allowed each individual to carve out for himself the position for which nature had qualified him, which afforded incentives to ambition, and which inspired the desire for action and distinction. It is curious to mark the contrast between the material power of the empire of which we have attempted a sketch, and that of the troop of Spaniards who assailed it, and within a few brief months became its masters. It is true a departure from the traditionary rules of the Inca policy had been made shortly previous to the arrival of the Spaniards, and had introduced discord into the formerly so peaceful empire. The Inca Huayna Capac—during whose reign the whole of the powerful state of Quito was added to the Peruvian empire—in dying bequeathed this latter conquest to his youngest son Atahuallpa, and thus for the first

time divided the inheritance of the Children of the Sun. Atahuallpa, who was a young man of boundless ambition and warlike character, not content with having deprived the rightful heir of half the dominions which ought in justice to have been his, next laid claim to the other half also, and in consequence several years of sanguinary civil wars devastated the country. By the time Pizarro and his feeble force landed at Tumbez with a view to the subjugation of the empire, Huascar, the rightful monarch, had, however, succumbed; and the usurper, having encircled his brows with the royal borla, exercised as absolute sway as any previous Inca over the extended empire, the whole of whose resources were at his command to check the invasion of the white men.

Atahuallpa was at Caxamalca—the present Caxamarca—at the head of an army of 60,000 well-appointed troops, when Pizarro, with a force numbering 177 men—of which sixty-seven only were cavalry, three arquebusiers, and about twenty cross-bowmen—commenced his expedition across the country to beard the lion in his den. The hostile intentions of the Spanish commander were, however, carefully concealed; strict discipline was maintained in his little army, and the hospitality he claimed as a peaceful envoy from a foreign monarch was therefore cheerfully granted. But as the Spaniards drew nigh to headquarters, and interchanged messages with the sovereign, it became more and more evident to them that their ultimate objects were suspected, and that they ought to be prepared for all contingencies; and when Pizarro at length beheld the white pavilions of the Peruvian camp covering the ground for a space of several miles; when he saw the admirable discipline of the troops, and the many other evidences of the high state of civilisation of the country, and the power of the monarch, he became convinced that a bold stroke of genius only could save him and his companions, and render future success possible. To seize the person of the Inca in the very presence of his own army was the plan projected by the dauntless and unscrupulous Spaniard, and executed by him with singular boldness and success. The results of this audacious step must indeed have far surpassed Pizarro's most sanguine expectations, for the wheel which set the mechanism in motion being withdrawn, the state was paralysed at one fell blow, and the mighty empire lay prostrate at the feet of a few foreign adventurers. As long, indeed, as the Inca lived, though a captive, the bond which held the state together was not quite dissevered, for his wishes, transmitted to his people through his captors, were still revered by them as law. But after the cruel policy of Pizarro had induced him to put his unhappy captive to death, and the Peruvians saw that the power of the Children of the Sun was passed away for ever, then the beautiful fabric reared with so much care fell to the ground by its own weight; and the people passed without resistance from a state of pupilage to a state of slavery. Little more than ten years after Pizarro's first landing every vestige of the elaborate system which we have described had disappeared; and the state to which the country was reduced is thus eloquently described by Mr Prescott:—

'The kingdom had experienced a revolution of the most decisive kind. Its ancient institutions were subverted; its heaven-descended aristocracy were levelled almost to the condition of the peasant; the people became the serfs of the conquerors; their dwellings in the capital were seized

and appropriated; the temples were turned into stables, the royal residences into barracks for the troops; the sanctity of the religious houses was violated. . . . . Intoxicated by the unaccustomed possession of power, and without the least notion of the responsibilities which attached to their situation as masters of the land, they (the Spaniards) too often abandoned themselves to the indulgence of every whim which cruelty or caprice could dictate. Not unfrequently, says an unsuspected witness, I have seen the Spaniards, long after the conquest, amuse themselves by hunting down the natives with bloodhounds for mere sport, or in order to train their dogs to the game! The most unbounded scope was given to licentiousness: the young maiden was torn without remorse from the arms of her family to gratify the passion of her brutal conqueror; the sacred houses of the Virgins of the Sun were broken open and violated, and the cavalier swelled his harem with a troop of Indian girls, making it seem that the crescent would have been a much more fitting symbol for his banner than the immaculate cross. But the dominant passion of the Spaniard was the lust of gold. For this he shrank from no toil himself, and was merciless in his exactions of labour from his Indian slave. Unfortunately Peru abounded in mines which too well repaid this labour, and human life was the item of least account in the estimate of the conquerors. Under his Incas the Peruvian was never suffered to be idle, but the task imposed on him was always proportionate to his strength. He had his seasons of rest and refreshment, and was well protected against the inclemency of the weather; every care was shewn for his personal safety; but the Spaniards, while they taxed the strength of the native to the utmost, deprived him of the means of repairing it when exhausted. They suffered the provident arrangements of the Incas to fall into decay; the granaries were emptied; the flocks were wasted in riotous living; they were slaughtered to gratify a mere epicurean whim; and many a llama was destroyed solely for the sake of the brains, a dainty morsel much coveted by the Spaniards. So reckless was the spirit of destruction after the conquest, says Ondegardo, the wise governor of Cuzco, that in four years more of these animals perished than in 400 in the times of the Incas. The flocks, once so numerous over the broad table-lands, were now thinned to a scanty number, that sought shelter in the fastnesses of the Andes. The poor Indian, without food, without the warm fleece which furnished him a defence against the cold, now wandered half-starved and naked over the plateau; and many an Inca noble roamed a mendicant over the lands where he once held rule; and if driven, perchance by his necessities, to purloin something from the superfluity of his conquerors, he expiated it by a miserable death.'

MARFREDA; OR, THE ICELANDERS.

'THE day is closing fast, my Marfreda; it is time that you should hang up the lamp in the *badstofa* (principal apartment), and that we prepare the evening meal.' These words were addressed by an elderly female to a young and beautiful girl. The scene was a farmhouse in the north-eastern part of Iceland. The girl had been standing for some time at the door of the house, looking out upon the widely-extended landscape which lay before her, quickly fading from her view as daylight died away.

'Not yet, dear mother,' she replied, as she took another anxious glance; 'not yet: it is not so late as you suppose. I can still see the tall summit of Herdubried, and even the smoky column ascending from it; and look, it is only now that the reindeer are going home to their lair in the distant valley. How beautiful they are!' She stood apparently gazing on the progress of a large flock of these magnificent animals, and it was a sight which might well claim admiration even from one who had so often witnessed it. They were more than fifty in number, and were under the guidance of a noble stag which led the van, and which, as they marched slowly across the plain, now and then turned round his stately head to inspect the state of his troops. A footstep was heard in a thicket near the dwelling.

'Is that Semund?' cried the young girl; but she was answered by an elderly man who approached the door.

'No, sweet Marfreda, not Semund, but his father. And why, my child, do you stand here exposing that slight form to the harsh wind of night?'

'I was looking at the reindeer, father,' she replied, colouring slightly, and pointing towards them. The old man's eye followed the direction of her hand.

'Yes, a noble sight it is, and reminds me of what is said of the wild ass in Job: "Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwelling; the range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing." But come in, my child—the darkness and cold increase.'

'So I have been telling her until I am weary,' said the elderly female, advancing and helping her husband to fasten the house-door; 'but Marfreda has been standing there listening to the melancholy warbling of the plover till its last note died into silence. Have you not, my child?'

'No, mother, I heard it not,' answered the maiden, as she followed the venerable couple to the large apartment where the whole family, including

domestics, were assembled to spend the long evening. 'No, mother; I was listening for the voice of Semund: it is time he had returned.' The mother looked rather anxious at this remark, but busied herself in household matters; the other members of the family settling to their wonted employments.

A winter evening in an Icelandic family presents a scene interesting and pleasing. The master, mistress, and young girl whom we have just introduced to our readers, seated themselves at the inner end of the large apartment, the remainder of which was occupied by their servants and assistants in the work of the farm. Marfreda placed herself before an embroidery-frame, and seemed busily employed in working a bedcover with wreaths of flowers—an art in which her countrywomen are adepts: the other females were knitting or spinning with the distaff. One or two of the men were busy in making necessary instruments of wood and copper, and one was even engaged in the work of a silversmith: there being no manufacture carried on as a trade, the peasants are all ingenious, and fabricate such things as they require. One was engaged in writing; and the master, who was also clergyman of the district, had placed himself near the lamp, which was suspended in the middle of the room, and prepared to read aloud one of the Sagas, or historical compositions of the Icelanders, which are numerous; but the Sira Hialte Erlandson had not proceeded far in his legend when his wife, after some ineffectual efforts to attend to it, interrupted him by saying: 'Marfreda, you have been all this evening uneasy at our Semund's delay in returning, and a thought has just occurred to me which perhaps accounts for this anxiety: tell me, dear child, have any new tidings troubled you?' The old man laid down his book.

'Have they, Marfreda?' he inquired with a look of alarm.

'Not much, father,' she replied. 'Nothing but that some masses of ice have floated towards our coast: a neighbour from the next farm told me so.'

'And they came not empty, I suppose?' inquired the anxious mother.

'No, mother; a bear, an immense bear, came on one of them, and landed on our coast not far from Lake Myvatu, where Semund went this morning to fish.' A silence followed: the usual placidity of the father's countenance had given way to a slight expression of uneasiness; the mother clasped her hands and looked upwards, as if invoking protection for her son; Marfreda bent her head over the embroidery, and a few tears fell upon the flowers she wrought. Various stories of bears—those ferocious visitors from Greenland that too often are borne to their coast upon masses of floating ice—were recited by various members of the household. The time for supper was gone by; but still the meal was deferred in hope of the wanderer's return, and increased anxiety again produced silence, when a knock at the door, and the voice of Semund desiring admittance, dispelled their fears. He soon entered, and with him a stranger, whose appearance and dress at once announced him to be a foreigner.

'*Her se Gud!*'—'May God be in this place!' said the young Icelander, the salutation usual in the country, which was answered with 'The Lord bless thee!'

'I bring you, father and mother [illegible],' he rejoined, 'a [illegible]ranger from the distant shore of England. I have [illegible]ed him a ki[illegible]elcome, and such entertainment as is in our po[illegible]

'Welcome!' resounded on all sides.

The venerable pastor took the stranger's hand and led him to the bright wood-fire, seating him on the best chair, the cushions of which, embroidered and filled with the soft down of the eider-duck, presented an appearance of comfort to a weary traveller. The matron, 'on hospitable thoughts intent,' soon brought him a cup of coffee; and having quaffed a beverage that could not have been excelled in Turkey, he seemed much refreshed, and addressing his kind entertainers in their own language, which he spoke tolerably well, he returned thanks for their hospitality. He was a young man, not much above the common height, but with an air of dignity and elegance that bespoke him to be of gentle blood—an advantage his entertainers could appreciate, as there are no people more tenacious of genealogical descent than the natives of this solitary island. His handsome features denoted intelligence, and were radiant with an animation strongly contrasting with the calm, thoughtful expression characteristic of those around him. He was beginning to enter on an explanation of his unexpected appearance, when the Sira Hialte interrupted him, saying: 'Not yet: for the present we are satisfied with the pleasure of knowing you are here; when you are refreshed you can explain how you came. Supper is ready. Marfreda, forget not your share in the duty of administering to the comfort of our guest.'

The young maiden, who had been in the background conversing with Semund, now moved forward, and suddenly stood before the stranger. She was a beautiful and graceful-looking girl, her eyes of deep blue; a profusion of brown hair was confined by the *faldur*, or white turban worn by Icelandic women; her cheek was covered with blushes, and her eyes cast timidly downwards. Still there was a slight curl about her short upper lip which denoted something of spirit and dignity within. Over her blue dress she wore an apron bordered with black velvet, and a bodice of red, with tight sleeves, the seams of which were covered with stripes of velvet; and in front two borders of the same, elegantly ornamented with five or six silver clasps and lace embroidery; round her swan-like neck was a ruff of black velvet nicely embroidered with silver. The visitor almost started when this bright vision appeared before him: but his surprise increased when she immediately dropped on one knee, and laying a pair of slippers near his feet, attempted to take off his shoes, torn and soiled as they were by his walk over lava rocks. It was in vain, however, to remonstrate against a rite of hospitality so incompatible with the respect due to the gentle sex: he was assured that it could not be dispensed with, and was obliged to submit. In a few minutes the whole family were seated at the supper-table; and after the pastor had asked a blessing, they commenced their primitive repast of smoked mutton—served up on a large pewter dish—and boiled rice and milk, with cakes made of wild corn, which grew plentifully among the sand and ashes that cover the ground around a volcanic mountain not far distant. A preserve of blue-berries with rich cream closed the entertainment, the only beverage being *blanda*, a kind of whey mixed with water. When supper was ended the pastor returned thanks, the whole family, with clasped hands and serious countenances, appearing to join in his devotion. They then resumed their former employments, the stranger being reseated in the chair of state.

'I may now explain the cause of my intrusion,' he said; 'and I will commence by telling you that I owe to my young friend here'—looking at Semund—'not only the pleasure of experiencing your kindness, but also the preservation of my life. I am a traveller from the British isles, and having spent some time in Norway, where I acquired your language, feeling a desire to visit this country, I obtained a passage in a ship to Reikiavik; and taking advantage of some delay which the vessel will have in that port, set out to visit your magnificent geysers, though warned that it was too early in the season to travel in these regions with convenience. The various natural wonders of your scenery lured me on to this neighbourhood. In a farmhouse not far hence where I lodged last night I heard of the lake Myvatu, and set out early this morning to see it. And never can I forget that sight: the vast fields of black lava that surround its waters; the barren hills beyond; and still farther off the red conical mountains, with volumes of smoke rising from their summits; the dark wide lake, studded with little black islands of lava; the deathlike silence; the dismal gloom pervading the whole desolate region.'

'Did it not remind you of Strabo's awful description of the Dead Sea?' inquired the old Hialte, who seemed pleased with his guest's enthusiastic admiration of his native scenes.

'Yes, sir: at least I was reminded of accounts given of that place by Oriental travellers; and while the horses were quietly grazing on the only spot of verdure the scene afforded, I foolishly left my guide, and wandered off among rocks and hills. I gazed sometimes on the wonders around, and sometimes, as it were, rested my mind by watching the flight of the eider-duck, or the springing of the trout from the lake, where, I was surprised to find, they abound, notwithstanding the boiling fountains which keep its waters tepid continually. But when I wanted to return to the guide and horses I found it impossible to retrace my steps, and was considering what to do, or how to extricate myself from the rocky labyrinth, when I observed at some distance a person who appeared to have been fishing in the lake. In trying to make my way to him, I perceived an enormous bear not many yards from where I was, and evidently looking at me with a wish for a closer acquaintance. As you may well imagine, my good friends, I lost no time in deliberating, but rushed on as fast as I could, the enemy pursuing and gaining ground. Doubtless he would have accomplished his purpose had not the fisherman seen the danger and hazarded his own life to save mine.' Here he took Semund's hand and pressed it with affectionate gratitude. 'He ran up the slope which I had ascended, and soon overtook me. "Fear not," he cried; "only attend to my directions, and, with the help of Him by whom the hairs of your head are numbered, we shall soon be safe." He drew a mitten from his hand, flung it on the path, and led me on towards a thicket which was at a distance. "Now," he said, "our pursuer will stop to take up that mitten, his olfactory nerves being attracted by what a human being has worn; he will turn every finger of it inside out before he proceeds, and we shall have gained the time which he takes to make his investigation." Accordingly the heavy tread of the bear ceased when he came up to where the lure had fallen. After awhile we again heard him following; but my deliverer had a *corps de reserve:* the other mitten was dropped, the enemy again delayed; and we had gained our city of refuge—

the thicket—and before he resumed the chase were safe where he could not follow. After remaining there as long as my young friend deemed it prudent, we proceeded hither, where I have been received with a kindness I can never forget.'

'Speak not of it,' his host courteously replied. 'No duty is more plainly enforced in God's Word than hospitality. Besides, in the present instance, we have the privilege of entertaining such a guest as may not again visit our remote region for a century to come. Few of your countrymen think us worth visiting.'

'They are mistaken then,' replied the stranger. 'During my short sojourn among your people I have been not only delighted by their kindness, but astonished at their various information. How can they have acquired it?'

'By books,' answered the pastor. 'The poorest peasant can read and write. These arts were acquired by our ancestors at a remote period, and have been transmitted from father to son'——

'Ah, but we can make little use of them,' interrupted young Semund: 'we have few, very few books, and no means of obtaining more.'

'Perhaps, my son,' observed his father, 'the privation may have its use, in leading us to study with the more attention those we possess, particularly the best of books, to which we now have free access—thanks, sir, to your country and its glorious Bible Society'—bowing to the stranger.

'But still,' said Semund, 'it is hard to know that thousands of books exist—that fountains of knowledge are flowing of which we, though athirst, can never drink.'

'Are books, then, so scarce in your language?' inquired the stranger.

'So scarce, owing to the difficulties of publication,' replied his young friend, 'that when we borrow one we frequently transcribe it. Here, sir, is a specimen.'

One of the menials, an elderly man, had been writing at the other end of the room during this conversation. Semund brought the paper on which he wrote to the stranger, who was surprised to find it an Icelandic translation of 'Paradise Lost,' written in a hand that resembled beautiful copperplate. Noticing his surprise, Semund continued: 'This makes most of us adepts in the mechanical part of the art of writing: we by turns transcribe during our long evenings, and thus increase our libraries. But here is some writing which excels the rest in elegance.'

'Surely these characters must have been traced by the hand of a fairy!' said the stranger, after examining it.

'Marfreda wrote this: she excels us all.'

'Oh, who would not excel in transcribing the poetry of Milton?' exclaimed the young caligrapher. 'There is in it such inspiration as affects even the movement of the hand.' Her beautiful features were lit up with enthusiasm as the traveller gazed on them. 'Who would have expected this in an Icelandic cottage?' thought he. 'I never much sympathised in the poetical raptures of young ladies, but *this* is all real. How strange!' The conversation soon became general, and led to frequent recurrence in the stranger's mind of the thought: 'How strange!—in an Icelandic cottage!' Being a person of cultivated mind and refined taste—consequently qualified to give his entertainers information touching many

things which had not yet reached their shore—they were as much pleased with his society as he with theirs. At length the mistress of the family suggesting that the hour of rest had arrived, after the Sira Hialte had read the Scriptures and prayed, she led their guest to his chamber, Marfreda attending, bearing a bowl of milk to lay on his table, as is the custom of her country.

'How many children have you, may I ask?' inquired the guest.

'Three, sir,' she replied. 'Semund, who is here with me, and the other two are with God.'

'And is not this fair young lady your daughter, madam?'

'No, sir: she is dear to our hearts as if she were; but she is only our ward, and her name is Marfreda Vidalin.'

'And mine Henry O'More,' he answered, bowing to both the ladies, who then left him to repose.

A night of profound slumber refreshed the weary traveller, and with renovated strength and spirits he joined his hospitable entertainers on the following morning. In the gathering of the Sira Hialte's household around his breakfast-table a custom strongly indicative of the religious feelings so universal among the people of Iceland was observed. Not one of them, on leaving his sleeping-apartment, saluted any person until he had first hastened to the door of the dwelling, and looking out upon the surrounding landscape, where the shadows of night were melting away before the light of morning, lifting up his eyes, and we may hope his heart, to Heaven, adored Him who made both heaven and earth. While partaking of their plentiful but primitive repast, the stranger was so much pleased with their kindness that he had not much difficulty in yielding to their eager request that he would remain with them until he had seen some of the natural curiosities with which their neighbourhood abounded. A desire to become better acquainted with the character and habits of this primitive race—so little known, and so different from the idea he had formed of them—influenced him in the decision to avail himself of the invitation; and perhaps this desire was somewhat increased by the grace and beauty of Marfreda Vidalin, and the unexpected discovery that this *élève* of an Icelandic cottage possessed not only a naturally superior mind, but one which had been cultivated by accessions of knowledge, such as are not often attained by her sex under far more favourable circumstances. His guide had found him out, and brought his travelling-bag; and he at once agreed to remain for some time as the guest of the Sira Hialte and his family, where every person and everything seemed to afford a subject of interesting investigation.

As for Semund Erlandson he felt not only gratitude as his deliverer, but a great wish to become better acquainted with him. This young man seemed to be about two-and-twenty years old, and, like most of his countrymen, tall, with handsome features, a frank open countenance, florid complexion, and yellow flaxen hair; he also seemed to possess their usual characteristic of steady cheerfulness of temperament, combined with strength of intellect and acuteness of mind. These qualities were more or less apparent in all the inmates of Grimsted Farm except the young Marfreda. The contour of her face differed from theirs, and, unlike their placidity of countenance, the colour of her cheek and the expression of her eyes varied

continually. Sometimes there was a look of deep thought, almost of sadness, and in a moment it would give way to a smile of the brightest animation, like a sudden outbreak of sunshine over a darkened sky.

After a day spent in an excursion to the volcanic mountain of Krabla, and when the evening meal was over, and the party had resumed their customary employments, the stranger sat opposite the embroidery-frame watching the fair face that bent over it, while

> 'Swiftly her fairy fingers flew,
> And at her mandate blossoming,
> Young flowers of gorgeous lustre grew,
> As if she held the wand of spring.'

There was something in the features, and still more in their ever-varying expression, that brought his own country and the character and countenance of his own people to his mind, though he knew not why. The pastor observing that the interest which his guest had taken in a dissertation he had been making upon the national poetry of Iceland began to flag, though he had tried to revive it by short quotations from the 'Oracle of the Prophetess Vola,' and, as a *dernier ressort*, by illustrating his argument with a stanza from a living poet, Thorlakson, in his beautiful address to the British Bible Society, thus imitated in English:—

> 'Aged, and clad in snow-white pall,
> I twine the wreath, and twine for thee,
> Though mingled howls in Thule's hall
> The north wind with our minstrelsy.
> These strains, though rugged as the clime,
> Rude as the rocks—O scorn not thou!
> These strains in Thule's elder time
> Kings have received—receive them now'—

he at last gave up the matter, and said: 'Though you have, Mr O'More, a taste for poetical compositions, we must not weary you with them, but will try if our wild music may entertain you. Will the fair daughter of Vidalin give us some?' Marfreda went at once to her apartment, and returned bringing a stringed instrument shaped like a harp, but so small as to rest upon her knee when she played on it. 'What is this?' thought the stranger: 'is it not the Irish clarsach?' And he almost started when the young musician, after striking a few chords, played and sung with a voice of thrilling sweetness an air every note of which brought reminiscences of home more forcibly to his mind even than her countenance had done. Indeed it seemed to resemble that same countenance now breathing forth a strain of deep, sad pathos, now full of spirit and animation. The music had ceased some minutes before the listener spoke. He then said: 'Surely that beautiful air is familiar to me, and the words would apply to some wanderer from my own shores.'

'The air is not one of our national melodies,' replied Semund: 'it came, and so did the instrument on which Marfreda plays it, long ago from a distant country'——

'From the green isle of Erin doubtless,' responded his new friend. 'Of course you have heard of it?'

'What Icelander has not heard of it?' replied the Sira Hialte: 'and our

bosoms must be as cold as our clime if they did not burn within us at the name, for we have reason to believe that the Gospel may have been brought here first from that land. Irish Christians often visited these shores, even before the arrival of the Norwegians; they left behind them Irish books, bells, and other relics, and in later times they kept up a friendly intercourse with us. Close to this farm is a spot called Irar Budar, or the Irish Booths; and other places on our coasts are still known by that name, which proves that a trade was once carried on between the two islands'——

'But the fair Marfreda's harp and her song?' interrupted O'More, who seemed again to have lost his relish for antiquarian researches.

'They are both relics of this same intercourse,' the pastor replied, 'and were brought here by an Irish chief, who, after an unsuccessful attempt to deliver his country from the Saxon yoke, fled, and coming over in one of the trading vessels, took refuge in our land'——

'A rebel, I suppose?' said O'More.

'A patriot, sir!' replied Marfreda Vidalin; 'and I claim descent from him through my mother,' she added blushing deeply, but drawing up her slender form with an air of dignity which well became her Milesian blood. 'My grandmother told me of him when I was but a little girl, and gave me this harp, and taught me the song, which was translated into our language from one composed by my ancestor.'*

'Indeed!' replied the stranger smiling. 'Then, young lady, I may call you countrywoman, and even relation, if you will allow me; for I too can boast of an ancient Irish pedigree, though it has done me little good.'

This led to many inquiries about his country, and O'More was amused by the characteristic questions put to him by various members of the family.

'Happy land!' exclaimed Semund: 'have you not there every facility for attaining knowledge—books, teachers, colleges? Your young men are, I suppose, all learned philosophers, initiated in the mysteries of science before they are thirty?'

O'More smiled. 'You forget,' he said, 'that even in a land so famed for learning as ours is said to have been, all are not born with a taste for such pursuits, nor are the facilities quite so general as you imagine for becoming philosophers and scholars. What would you say to those who prefer a fox-chase to the most learned investigation?' The young Icelander seemed doubtful that such could exist. His father charitably suggested that perhaps the favoured inhabitants of the British isles, enjoying access to the best of all books, from which too many in his own country were yet excluded, were so absorbed in the glorious discoveries of revelation as to be careless about those of philosophy. But their visitor shook his head, and replied: 'I wish I could offer so good an excuse for their too general preference of amusement to study'——

'But your ladies do not hunt foxes,' interrupted Marfreda Vidalin; 'neither are they obliged to spin and knit the family garments as we are; and they have plenty of books: they need not seek recreation in developing the mysteries of cross-stitch.'

* It is worthy of notice that the dean's lady derives her descent from one of the s of Ireland.—*Henderson's Iceland*, p. 380.

'True,' returned O'More, 'our ladies are not obliged to make our garments; it might be better if they were: but I fear they will be lowered in your estimation when I tell you that, with all their resources, they often have recourse to the embroidery-frame for amusement; and I must even acknowledge that most of them would have far more pleasure in developing the mysteries of cross-stitch than in solving the mathematical problem which I saw Semund teaching you to-day. Oh, worse than that! Too many might even prefer Berlin wool to the poetry of your admired Milton and Cowper.'

That the inhabitants of a country possessing advantages so ardently coveted but so sparingly enjoyed by themselves could fall short of perfection in either mental or moral cultivation, these simple children of the north could scarcely understand, particularly the young Semund, who was even a little incredulous of his new friend's report. On the stranger's observing that he believed true happiness to be more equally diffused among mankind than was usually supposed, an argument ensued between them on the subject, which they were illustrating by a comparison between their respective countries, when they were interrupted by one of the workmen, who entered saying: 'I bring pleasant tidings. Winter is over, and summer commencing, for the long silent music of the swans has again awakened the echoes of Lake Myvatu.'

The whole family arose, evidently pleased with this intelligence, but every face still preserving its usual placidity of expression except that of Marfreda, who, from listening with a look of intense and even sorrowful interest to a conversation indicating that Semund believed there was a country on earth superior to his own, suddenly sprung from her work-frame, her fine features irradiated with joy, and cried: 'Let us go—let us hear the welcome melody of these sweet harbingers of a season which our snow-storms and frozen rivers have taught us to enjoy with a relish unknown in southern climes.'

Accordingly they left the house and proceeded over the frozen snow to an eminence from whence there was a view of the lake, with columns of vapour rising here and there from its surface. Its broad expanse, and the wild scenery of the surrounding shores could be distinguished, although the hour was near midnight, by the light of a beautiful aurora borealis which illumined the sky; even the huge and fantastic shapes of the volcanic mountains in the background could be discerned. The profound silence which generally pervaded these regions was now broken by the song of the swans, as the messenger had announced—a kind of music that is supposed to precede a thaw, and hence the Icelanders are well pleased to hear it. The notes of this magnificent bird, which is very large, are like the tones of a violin, and though so loud as to be heard at a distance, indescribably melodious, each note occurring after a distinct interval.

The traveller listened for awhile, his eye glancing alternately over the magnificent landscape below and the splendid phenomenon which made it visible. 'Oh, Semund,' he exclaimed, 'do not envy us our green hills and our unruffled waters, neither the plaintive warbling of our nightingales, nor the tranquillity of our skies, while you can gaze on a scene like this, while your ear drinks in the wild, unearthly music of these birds, and while you can have your mind raised upwards by the sublimity of these celestial

wonders. Look! these streams of yellow, green, and purple light; now shooting along the hemisphere, now dancing with a tremulous motion; now collecting as if to muster their forces in one point round the centre, and then—see!—they grow fainter and fainter till they lose themselves in the stream of light which shines over yon distant mountain. What scenes in earth or sky could awaken such feelings of devotion as these?'

The pastor smiled at this enthusiasm, but he said: 'Beware, young friend, of mistaking a poetical feeling of admiration of His works, for devotion to their great Maker. No: never can we really adore Him as the God of creation till we know and love Him as the God of redemption. Your own poet says:

> "Philosophy baptised
> In the pure fountain of eternal love
> Has eyes indeed: and viewing all she sees
> As meant to indicate a God to man,
> Gives *Him* his praise, and forfeits not her own."'

'I have read,' observed Madam Erlandson, 'that the aurora borealis is also seen in great beauty in Eastern countries; and was it not to this that Elihu alluded when he said to Job: "The golden splendour cometh out of the north?"'

'Probably,' replied her husband. 'And well might he add, and well may our hearts respond to his words as we now gaze around us: "With God is terrible majesty."'

The universal thaw, and the quick transition from winter to summer peculiar to these latitudes, and which had been predicted by the singing of the swans, in a few days changed the aspect of Grimsted Farm and its neighbourhood as if they had been touched by the wand of an enchanter; for nothing is there experienced of the

> 'Lovely spring and lingering cold
> Content divided sway to hold,
> That sort of interreign which throws
> On all around a sweet repose.'

Spots of bright verdure suddenly appeared among the lava rocks, and the shrubs and stunted trees which had hedged in the pastor's garden were quickly covered with foliage. The stranger visited the various natural wonders in the vicinity of the farm, which abounded with objects calculated to excite interest in his mind; all was so different from anything he had ever before witnessed, and consequently possessing the charm of novelty to heighten its attraction. Among other excursions for his entertainment, an expedition to visit some boiling springs at the distance of a few miles was arranged. The morning upon which this plan was to be carried into effect was peculiarly mild and bright, so that the venerable pastor and his fair ward, Marfreda Vidalin, joined the party. The object of their purposed visit was so situated that they could go the greater part of the way in a boat, by embarking upon one of the numerous fiords which form so characteristic a feature of Icelandic scenery—arms of the ocean finding their way through the rocky barrier of the coast, and running far into the interior of the country, sometimes twenty miles or more.

The Sira Hialte with his family and guest walked to the fiord, which

was not far from their dwelling, and where the boat awaited them, in which they put off; but they had not pushed more than a few yards from where the spray broke upon the rocky coast and entered into tranquil water, when, to the stranger's surprise, the whole party took off their hats, while the pastor offered up a short prayer for the protection of God throughout the day; then, proceeding on their course, they united in a hymn of praise to the same Great Being, the voices keeping time with the movement of the oars. The effect of this in such a scene was peculiarly impressive. The fiord was enclosed on each side by lofty rocks, which rose precipitously to the height of 200 or 300 feet. These gigantic bulwarks had their summits crowned with snow, now reflecting the morning beams from their dazzling heights. The water, thus sheltered from every breeze, was unruffled as a summer lake, there being nothing in its calm aspect to denote connection with the wind-swept ocean outside, except the ebbing and flowing of its tide; nor was any living thing to be seen but occasionally a blue or white fox gazing at them in mid-air from some jutting crag, or a flock of stately swans sailing across the sparkling waters, which reflected their snowy plumage, and heads crowned with a tuft of bright orange-coloured feathers.

When the last notes of the hymn died away, O'More said to Marfreda Vidalin, who was seated beside him: 'Such a scene would awaken devotion in the coldest bosom. I no longer wonder at this pleasing manifestation of feeling under the circumstances.'

'And why did you ever wonder at it?' she replied. 'Can man, endued with reason, contemplate the works of the Creator and not render the homage of praise? Are not even his inanimate works said to do this? Earth, air, skies, praise Him!'

'True,' said O'More; 'but to this "inarticulate music of the loyal universe," as I have heard it called, such praise has been too much confined in every country I have ever visited until I came to your own. How does it happen, Sira Hialte,' he continued, addressing the clergyman, 'that your people seem to be so much influenced not only by devotional feelings but religious principles? You have here none of the external trappings of worship calculated to excite the imagination of the unlearned.'

The Sira replied: 'That may partly be the cause so far as means are concerned, for they learn doctrine and precept simply from the Scriptures themselves—books so much prized throughout the length and breadth of our land, that when an agent of your benevolent Society came here to distribute them printed in our Icelandic tongue, many gave all the money they possessed to secure a copy, and others would weep bitterly when he was unable to supply them.'

The boat had proceeded some miles up the fiord when they landed, and pursued their course through a scene equally striking. It was a vast wilderness of stones and sand, utterly destitute of vegetation, without the faintest impression of a track across it, and enormous masses of compact stone were scattered all around.

'How are we to find our way through this desert?' inquired O'More.

'I marvel not you should inquire,' replied Sira Hialte, 'for truly the line of confusion seems to have been stretched out over it; but here is our clue through the labyrinth, and one which can boast of high antiquity'—

pointing to heaps of stones in a pyramidal form, arranged at certain distances from each other.

'These we call *vardar*,' continued the pastor; 'and they are an important accommodation to travellers through such a wilderness, and undoubtedly similar to what the Jewish prophet alludes to when he says: "Set thee up waymarks, make thee high heaps."'*

'Another relic of Orientalism,' said O'More; 'and truly this place must strongly resemble an Arabian desert; and now, yonder old man who has so suddenly emerged from behind that rock, and stands looking at us, while his hoary locks and snowy beard stream like a meteor in the desert air, adds greatly to the interest of the landscape.'

'It is Hudur the Thulr,' cried Marfreda. 'It is long since we saw him, and I rejoice that he is come: his old sagas and poems will entertain our guest, and accord with his taste for antiquarian research.'

The old man now approached. Though far advanced in years, his appearance was vigorous, and his countenance highly intelligent. He expressed much joy at this meeting, and the usual salutations were exchanged, which again reminded O'More of the Arabs, being palpably of Eastern origin. They consisted of a kiss, and the words 'Sael vertu;' signifying, 'Happiness be with thee;' and exactly corresponding, as he thought, with the Arabic salam. The new-comer seemed particularly glad to see Marfreda. He took her small hand between his own large bony ones, and looking intently on her face, exclaimed: 'Daughter of Vidalin, the blood of a race long famed in our beloved country for wisdom and learning flows in thy veins, as that fair, sweet countenance betrays. But the stately bearing of that form, and the glance of those eyes, speak of connection with other lands and other races, inheritors of a different kind of renown. Young scion of a royal tree that once flourished on Erin's distant plains, how many a valiant deed could I recite of thy forefathers!'

'Indeed!' exclaimed O'More. 'And how, friend, may I inquire, have you become acquainted with my country's legends, for I am come from these same distant plains?'

'Are you really a Hibernian?' he replied, fixing his piercing eyes upon the stranger. He then continued: 'Why should you deem me ignorant of your country's history? I have had some opportunities of becoming acquainted with her annals, not only ancient but modern.'

As they proceeded on their way, O'More was entertained and surprised by the conversation of this new addition to their party. He seemed not only well versed in the history, antiquities, and natural productions of his own land, but by the acute questions which he put to the stranger, evinced much knowledge of other countries, and had even some acquaintance with their literature; but Semund assured his guest that similar attainments were by no means uncommon even among the poorest of the peasantry. 'However,' he added, 'old Hudur is not to be classed with such: he is a specimen of our Thulrs, or itinerating historians, who gain a living during our long winters by staying at different houses, furnishing entertainment for the evening by repeating our national sagas, or sometimes reciting poetry till they have quite exhausted their stock of literary knowledge. It is a

* Jeremiah, xxxi. 21.

custom which has existed among the Scandinavians from time immemorial. This man has had peculiar advantages, having lived much among Marfreda Vidalin's family, particularly with her grandmother, who was a Norwegian lady, and, I have heard, a very well-informed woman. But see, we have arrived at the object of our search.' And so they had. They could now see the columns of curling vapour ascending, and hear the roaring of the boiling fountains, and ultimately came within sight of them.

When our Irish traveller stood upon the brink of the precipice surrounding the lake or large pool from whence the vast body of boiling water was ejected, and gazed upon these enormous jetting fountains, ten or twelve in number, rising some of them to the height of fifty or sixty feet—vast clouds of steam rolling and spreading as they ascended till they seemed to fill the horizon around—his feelings were as far beyond our powers of description as the scene which awakened them, and he was afterwards heard to declare, that the awful impression it left upon his mind no length of time could ever erase. The persons who accompanied him, though accustomed to the wonderful phenomena of Icelandic scenery, also appeared to partake of the solemnity of his feelings. The pastor gazed upon the steamy columns as they arose till his looks, following them in their ascent, were lifted up to Heaven, evidently in profound adoration. The maiden stood with her hands clasped, and her eyes half averted, as if her gentle nature recoiled from contemplating what was so fearful; yet her beautiful features wore an expression which fully manifested her appreciation of the sublimity of the scene. The tall, erect form of old Hudur, standing on the very brink of the abyss, and gazing with stern, unmoved admiration, formed an equally picturesque addition to the group. The thulr was the first who broke silence. 'Many a time,' he exclaimed, 'has a husband cast the bride of his youth, or a father the child of his own body, from this very spot on which we stand into that bubbling, boiling lake below, in order to appease the offended deities who were supposed to preside over it. I will repeat the composition of one of our ancient poets which records such an instance of heathen superstition.'

He accordingly commenced the recitation, to which the stranger listened attentively, being deeply interested in what afforded a specimen of national poetry bearing unequivocal marks of independent origin. With the assistance of Marfreda as an interpreter occasionally, he was able perfectly to understand it; and though in regard to the rhymes and variation of the verses it was a little extravagant, yet the grandeur of its imagery and tenderness of its sentiment excited his admiration. The legend was a popular one, the subject being a queen of former days named Andur the Rick, a lady of piratical memory, who, after various adventures and depredations upon her neighbours, which even extended to the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, fixed her final residence upon the very spot where they then stood, erecting a temple to Thor, the remains of which the narrator pointed to at a little distance. On some occasion of
a peculiarly precious oblation to this bloody deity was de
the queen's daughter, being of course, like all persecu
exquisitely beautiful, was, by the desire of her mother, c
gulf as a sacrifice. The thulr had commenced his recita
unimpassioned manner; but as he proceeded his act

deep voice, and the expression of his countenance, became so energetic, so fully harmonising with the wild sublimity of his poetry, and the effect of all was so heightened by the scene around, that this exhibition of northern eloquence was, O'More thought, the most imposing he had ever witnessed. To the bard himself it became at length so powerfully exciting, that when arrived at that part of the history describing the precipitation of the royal damsel down the steep, which her lover just arrived in time to witness, not to prevent, his enthusiasm was wrought up to such a degree as to make him forget the precariousness of his own situation, and involuntarily imitating the supposed movements of the persons who acted the parts of executioners in this frightful drama, he leaned too far over the steep, lost his footing, and fell. A projection of the cliff arrested his progress for a moment, when he had descended a few yards, and it would have been but for a moment, only that with wonderful presence of mind and activity of limb the stranger took advantage of it, and springing after him, seized his garments, and held him fast at the risk of his own life till Semund and the attendants rescued both from their perilous position. The old man expressed much gratitude to his preserver; and the incident seemed greatly to increase the regard in which the stranger was held by his new friends. But the occurrence having damped their present ardour for sight-seeing, the whole party, including Hudur, returned to Grimsted, where the itinerant historian was invited to remain for some time, to contribute to the entertainment of their foreign guest, and his conversation on their way home seemed likely to justify this expectation. This wandering Icelander evinced some acquaintance with whatever subject was introduced, however remote it might appear to be from his opportunities of attainment. Upon one occasion this was singularly manifested. Hearing one of the company address the traveller by his patronymic appellation, he exclaimed, turning suddenly towards him: 'O'More! is that your name, sir?' The Irishman bowed assent, and he continued: 'Will you excuse one question more? Are you O'More of Glenard Castle?'

'The same,' replied the stranger with unfeigned astonishment.

'The grandson of Donough O'More?' once more interrogated the thulr.

'I am indeed,' he answered. 'But though these names may be well known among my native hills and glens, I cannot imagine how they have been heard of on the remote shores of Iceland. Do inform me how and what you have learned of Glenard Castle—the residence of my forefathers, and of him whom you have just mentioned, Donough O'More.'

'No matter,' replied Hudur; 'the wandering thulr of the north has many ways of obtaining information, and I before intimated to you that I was not wholly unacquainted with the history, both ancient and modern, of your Milesian septs.' He then became silent and thoughtful, nor could any future effort of O'More's succeed in elucidating what seemed so extraordinary.

The traveller continued daily visiting remarkable places, and increasing his acquaintance with the character and habits of the Icelanders. He was always accompanied by Semund Erlandson, whose anxiety to gain information concerning the stranger's own country seemed to increase with every [illegible]n of knowledge on the subject. When O'More, full of enthusiastic

admiration of some tumbling cataract or smoking mountain, would assure the Icelander that these scenes of wild grandeur were wholly unequalled by anything he had left behind, Semund would reply: 'Ah, my friend, it is not your fertile valleys and green hills I envy: it is the moral excellence, the mental cultivation of those who inhabit them I long to witness — to attain, if I could.' From day to day this idea seemed to gain strength in the young man's mind; and though O'More endeavoured to remove an impression which he feared might lead to the subversion of his friend's happiness, by assuring him that the general superiority of the British, either morally or mentally, was not quite so great as he imagined—an assertion which he sometimes illustrated by sketches of his own fellow-subjects more true than complimentary—still Semund's thoughts dwelt upon the delights of a land where schools and colleges, publishers and booksellers' shops abounded, until a disrelish for his usual avocations and domestic joys was the result. His family observed it with regret, and to Marfreda especially it was obviously a source of much uneasiness.

This young girl, who possessed that clear intellectual discernment which characterises the people from whom she boasted to derive her descent—the sons of Erin—saw at once into the state of Semund's mind, and longed that they should converse about it with their wonted freedom.

The venerable Hialte had now resumed his summer employment of working in his garden, where, notwithstanding the ungenial influence of the climate, he always contrived to rear most of the vegetables used for culinary purposes in more southern lands, and to supply his flock—a few sheep scattered about the surrounding wilderness — with seeds. The culture of such flowers as would grow in that country was of course Marfreda's department, and in this pleasant labour Semund sometimes assisted. On one of these occasions observing that his mind was abstracted from his employment, and that even the sound of her voice failed to draw forth more than a brief reply, she said: 'Dear Semund, can it be that you are grown weary of our once happy home? Can it be that what this stranger tells of other lands has caused you to feel discontented with all that once constituted the joy of life?'

'No, no, beloved Marfreda; but'——

'But what?' she cried. 'Conceal no thought from me, Semund.'

He did not, and the fears which had arisen in her mind were realised. The love of knowledge, the taste for literature so general among his countrymen, had awakened in this young Icelander so ardent a desire to visit lands where such enjoyments were easier of attainment than in his own, that he acknowledged he could not feel happy without gratifying it, notwithstanding which he assured her his affection for home and all its endearments was unabated. His auditor listened in silence, and then replied: 'Semund, our visitor has sketched a brilliant picture of distant scenes wherewith to dazzle the eyes of your understanding, but believe me he has only given the lights and carefully concealed the shadows.'

'You wrong him, Marfreda: he never tried to lure me from home, as you seem to think, by an account of more favoured lands; he has rather sought to deter me from an experiment which he says will end in disappointment. But I think otherwise, and have formed my opinion upon facts — statements elicited from him before he was aware of my

object. O if I could but judge for myself!' She looked as if scarcely comprehending him.

'Semund,' she said, 'tell me at once if I understand you? You not only long to visit England, but really intend doing so—returning with Mr O'More: is it not so?'

'It is, dearest Marfreda. But why do you grow pale? This desire is perfectly compatible with my devoted affection to you. We have grown up together, and loved each other ever since we were capable of loving. You know it has been settled,' he continued, speaking with some hesitation, 'that we are to be united at midsummer: now, Marfreda, my taking this journey would be but a delay to our happiness which it may ultimately be the means of augmenting. I shall gain knowledge—perhaps fame, Marfreda!' and his young cheek glowed. 'Fame leads to wealth; and then I shall return and share all with you. Oh, never doubt, my love!'

'I never will doubt anything you tell me, Semund; but such love is not like that which women feel—not like mine! Fame, knowledge, wealth! Oh, the heart of woman would give them all for one day, one hour, in the society of him she loves! But, Semund'—and there seemed some difficulty in giving utterance to the words—'Semund, if you deem your engagement to me any hinderance to the fulfilment of your wishes, it need be so no longer. From this moment I absolve you even from every recollection of it. Nay, do not expostulate; nothing shall alter my resolution: you are free as the breeze that blows over yonder lake! I know what you would say. But were you to renounce all idea of this journey it would make no difference now: your love is not what I supposed it—not like mine.'

Her voice faltered, and there was an evident struggle between tenderness and pride, of which Semund, whose old affection was powerfully revived by seeing it, tried to take advantage, and alter her resolution by renouncing his intended expedition.

'No,' she said with restored firmness, 'you deceive yourself. When this little ebullition of feeling subsides, you will not really prefer mé to what has taken such strong hold of your imagination. Pursue your plan; or, as your friend O'More says, *try the experiment*. Never again shall my womanly weakness interfere with your wishes. I will now do all I can to promote their accomplishment'—— A burst of tears stopped her: she rushed into the house, and in the solitude of her apartment sought to attain that strength of mind which she felt so necessary towards acting the part she resolved to sustain.

When next they met Marfreda had perfectly recovered her self-possession; and though her cheek was pale, she spoke with her usual animation. In vain Semund tried to speak of their mutual attachment and engagement: she allowed no recurrence to the subject, but urged him to follow his desire, and accept an invitation which O'More had given him, to return with him to his own country, promising to use her influence with his father and mother to obtain their consent. 'I will stay with them always, and be unto them as a daughter,' said she.

Whatever may have been Semund's secret misgivings as to the return he was making for the disinterested affection which poor Marfreda manifested

—and they were often painful—the very unlooked-for opportunity of gratifying his long-cherished wishes was too great a temptation to be resisted. Neither did his father's reasoning nor his mother's tears induce him to give up the undertaking: they at length ceased to oppose it; and, with the true Christian spirit which influenced this minister of the Gospel, the Sira Hialte submitted to what seemed inevitable, quietly leaving the result in the hands of One whose word assured him He would make all things work together for good to His people. Nor were his wife and their young charge without comfort from the same source, for they also studied and believed their Bibles.

There now seemed but one difficulty in the way of Semund's accomplishing his plan—which was the want of money; for little as these primitive people were acquainted with the ways of the world, they were aware that some gold was requisite in facilitating a traveller's progress through the most civilised countries. In the simplicity of their hearts they discussed this subject before their guest, who had not been many weeks among them till, by at once accommodating himself to all their habits and pursuits with a tact peculiarly possessed by his countrymen, and by the liveliness of his conversation and the kindness of his manner, he was treated as an intimate friend by every member of the establishment at Grimsted Farm.

'I have discovered from various books,' said the pastor, 'that money is necessary in passing through the land of these mercantile people the English; but, O'More, is it so in your country, or does the Irish chieftain still keep his hall-door open, and welcome and entertain the stranger, especially one who travels in pursuit of learning?'

'Ah, dear sir,' he replied, 'we are sadly degenerated from the customs of our fathers. Our chieftains have now got locks upon their hall-doors; nor can you much blame them when I tell you that otherwise they would soon have nothing left to entertain any one with. And as to the special welcome for a scholar—must I say it?—the wisdom and learning of Solomon would not in general be deemed half so good a title to it as a fine equipage or well-filled purse. But you must blame that same mercantile people: our amalgamation with the *Sassenach* has wrought these changes. However, sweet Marfreda, you look so shocked that I must add, in remote districts, where may still be found remains of the unmixed Milesian race, there still are traces of the romantic hospitality of other days; and the door is still unbarred, and the stranger welcome to a potato as long as they have one to give.'

'Then, my son,' observed the old man with a knowing air, which made his visitor smile, 'you will require money in Ireland also?'

'Alas! too true, sir,' replied O'More: 'no country on earth where it is more needed, of which I have melancholy experience. Oh, Semund,' he continued more gravely, 'how I wish I had plenty of it to offer you, but it is not likely I ever shall. But, my kind friends, in order to shew you that I want the power, not the will, to prove my love for Semund by helping him in this matter, you must allow me to recur to a few circumstances in my own history, to which you will, I know, kindly listen. I was brought up as heir to an estate which had belonged to my family time immemorial—the only remnant of the wide lands over which the O'Mores once held

sway, and by far the best thing I inherited from them. On the death of the relative who was in possession it became mine, and I set about enjoying it to the best of my ability. This was the golden time of my existence; but a change came. A claim to my inheritance was put in by another branch of the family, which he tried to establish by law. I will not enter into the particulars of this litigation; it is sufficient to say it soon appeared that this claim, though unjust, was but too likely to succeed. An ancient document which, if forthcoming, would for ever invalidate the pretensions of my adversary, could not be found. I ascertained that it had been in the possession of a granduncle, who, long before I was born, had gone to Norway and settled there; and I undertook a journey to that country in the feeble hope of recovering it from his representative, but was disappointed. My Norwegian cousin received me kindly; and as the progeny of the old gentleman who had emigrated with my precious papers in his possession had been numerous, and had settled in various parts of the country, I remained with him till we traced out as many of them as we could; but it was all in vain. On my way home, as you already know, I visited your hospitable island, where I have met with kindness I never can forget, and witnessed rational enjoyment, disinterested affection, such as I hope not for in other lands. Shortly after my arrival in Ireland it is probable I must resign my patrimony, and with it of course my place in society, and every hope connected with the land of my birth. I therefore intend either to enter the army, or pursue some other course which will save me the mortification of letting my altered fortunes be witnessed by old associates and *friends*, as they are called. But until I am actually turned out of this same inheritance I shall have sufficient interest among the great and gay—ay, Semund, and the philosophers and literati—to introduce you into their circles, and give you an opportunity of judging how far they resemble your ideas of them.'

'And will you not always have influence with such?' inquired Hialte. 'I cannot understand how the loss of fortune could weaken it. Will you not still be a gentleman and a scholar, and worthy of the respect and friendship of all?'

'I tell you, sir,' cried O'More bitterly—'I tell you, sir, that when a man is poor he is worthy of nothing; that is the way of the world, and I have seen something of it already; but,' he added in a gayer tone, 'remember I am speaking of the way of the world, not referring to poor Ireland alone. I am sure some portions of her old kindness and unselfish affection still exist, though it may not be my lot to experience them. However, let us speak of Semund's journey. Poor as I am, trust him with me, and all I can I will do to serve him.'

'Thanks, dear O'More,' replied the young man; 'but do you know that a prospect of becoming quite rich enough for our undertaking has this day been opened to me?' He was requested to explain, and proceeded: 'The polar bear, the very gentleman who first brought me acquainted with O'More, will, I trust, furnish me with the means of visiting his country. You know this Greenland wanderer has not been heard of in our vicinity since the evening we met him: he went to more inaccessible regions; but last night he reappeared on the shores of the lake, and if you will all assist me,' addressing the servants, 'I will lead you against him this night. I

have not asked help from any of our neighbours lest I should be disappointed in the hope of his falling by my own hand, but I will manage so as that the danger shall be mine alone; only prepare your firearms and accompany me.'

O'More inquired how this exploit was to facilitate the journey, and was told that the person who killed a bear was not only well paid for the skin, but was to receive a considerable reward from the king of Denmark.

The guest of course requested permission to join the assailants, and the plan of warfare was duly arranged. We shall not recount the fears and expostulations of Semund's mother when she saw him preparing to lead his followers against this formidable invader, neither shall we try to describe poor Marfreda's silent but eloquent look of suppressed anxiety; for no longer considering herself as the betrothed bride of the young Icelander, a feeling of womanly pride taught her to conceal as well as she could her deep interest in his safety. The Sira Hialte made light of his wife's apprehensions, giving a spirited account of an exploit of his own on a similar occasion, which, however, he interlarded with many hints on the necessity of caution for the benefit of his young auditors. A fervent prayer for their safety was then offered up, and the party set out on their perilous expedition. It is not our purpose to furnish our readers with an account of the bear-hunt, as probably they would take little interest in any part of it except the *dénouement*, which was, that the assailants returned triumphant, Semund bearing the desired trophy of his victory—the skin of the enemy, which had fallen by his hand. The reward of this achievement was to be received at Reikiavik, from whence they were to sail for England; and preparations actually commenced for Semund's journey, an event which now seemed to engross every thought of his mind and feeling of his heart, while O'More became dejected, and seemed to grow more so as the day of departure approached.

At length the last evening came, the travellers were to set out on the following morning, and a general depression of spirits pervaded the family circle. O'More wished to visit once more his favourite seat upon the rock, which commanded an extensive view of the lake and mountains, and was accompanied by his two young friends, Marfreda taking her harp at his request. She had never made the slightest reference to Semund's unkindness in leaving her, nor to their long attachment and engagement, since she had voluntarily released him from it, nor would she allow him to allude to it. On the present occasion she was perfectly tranquil, while Semund seemed agitated by conflicting feelings. After they had sat for some time in silence, Marfreda struck a few chords upon her harp, and said: 'Mr O'More, I will sing you a little song which you never heard before; the words were composed by Semund long ago; probably he has forgotten them, but I have not.' She then sung, with a voice of melting sweetness and to a simple Icelandic melody, the following verses:—

THE ICELANDER'S SONG.

They tell of my islands

They say the silvery fountains
  Of that delightful land,
That gush around, are never bound
  In winter's frozen band.

With verdure clad, the mountains
  Repose in rest profound;
From their high peaks no red fire breaks
  To fling destruction round;
No geyser sends a steamy column
  Forth from their placid lakes;
No rumbling, rocking earthquake there
  The hill and valley shakes.

But let me in my fatherland,
  Mine own dear home, be found,
To hunt the fox o'er lava rocks,
  And watch the reindeer bound;
For tamer scenes I ne'er will change
  Their wild sublimity,
The torrent's roar, and the hills that pour
  Forth red artillery.

Oh, happy is our Iceland home,
  And such a cordial smile
As greets me there is found nowhere
  But in my native isle.
Then tell me not of fairer climes,
  For I will never rove;
The joys of earth are little worth
  Unshared by those we love.

Semund covered his face while he listened to this song, and when it was ended he walked away, evidently quite overpowered. O'More also seemed much affected. He exclaimed at last: 'And still Semund can leave you—can leave the endearments of home, the love of a creature like Marfreda, to seek—he scarcely knows what! O had I such a home—affection fully disinterested and independent of outward circumstances—to look to, how little I would care for those things I once deemed necessary to happiness!'

'And so you will yet, dear friend,' said Marfreda in a voice of kindness.

'Not unless I find them here, Marfreda; not unless you give them to me.'

With a look of the greatest surprise she inquired what he meant.

'I will tell you,' he answered, 'though ten minutes ago I thought I would never do so; but we of Erin's Isle are always saying what we do not intend to say. Only listen with patience, sweet Marfreda, and do not be displeased with me, even if you disapprove of what I tell you. My heart sickens at the thought of returning to my country with a blight over every prospect of future happiness. No longer fitted for the station in which I was brought up—to be slighted and despised by former associates and friends, as they are called—no; I never could endure it.'

'And are such the invariable consequences of a loss of fortune?' inquired Marfreda.

'Perhaps not; I cannot say: but this I know, that even the probability of such a loss in my case was sufficient to prove the hollowness, the base

selfishness, of what are called love and friendship in civilised society, as they term it. In this remote region alone I have seen that such a thing as disinterested affection can really exist; I have witnessed contentment, happiness, sincere, influential piety, which, careless as I may seem, I know how to appreciate; and I wish to secure a share of them for myself. As soon as my last link to home is broken, which will be the case when I return from my unsuccessful journey, I think of coming back here, adopting your habits and customs, and, if I can, your virtues—if, Marfreda, you will only bestow upon me that love which Semund certainly cannot value as I do, or he would not leave you! Oh, forgive me! The flush of that cheek and the fire of that eye tell me I have offended.'

'I believe you did not mean to do so,' she replied with resumed composure; 'but never again allude to such a subject, or I cannot but be offended. Suffice it for me to say, that I never will be the bride of any one but of Semund Erlandson; nor his unless he proves worthy of my regard: so there the subject ends for ever. But I will always be your friend, Mr O'More, and as such let me say that I think you come to very hasty conclusions, and judge both your own people and ours on slight grounds. Ah,' she continued smiling, 'you forget your own arguments with poor Semund on an equal distribution of real happiness; and, believe me, if you turn Icelander, you will discover that evil as well as good may be found here. Before the first winter is over you will wish yourself an Irish gentleman again.'

'But that is what I can be no longer, Marfreda: the days are gone by when we might found a claim to gentility upon a long pedigree, or even education and conduct. Gold now is the requisite, without which birth, mind, morals, are little worth, and without which even love and friendship are denied us. You look incredulous, but I can advance my own experience to illustrate the truth of my assertion. I was not long in possession of my patrimonial inheritance when a young lady, lovely and beloved, consented to share it with me. Her father was my friend. The time for our union approached when my relative's pretensions to my property were first heard of. Her father, my friend as I deemed him, became less anxious about what he had heretofore done his utmost to promote. He waxed colder and colder as my adversary's title seemed more likely to be the stronger. I grew angry, and concealed not my contempt for this mean creature, and a breach ensued. True, I cannot upbraid Ellen with anything more than pusillanimously yielding to his wishes, but she did that: she gave me up because I was likely to be poor. Now, Marfreda, can you wonder that I long to cast in my lot with those whose affections are, I am certain, irrespective of the changes of fortune?'

The young counsellor again warned him against too hasty a decision, and gave him some sage advice; but it was evident that tho
distress, her thoughts were occupied by other sub
with a gravity of manner which, notwi
amused him: 'Beware, my friend, how you
Ellen to lead you into such declarations as
Other ladies may take advantage of y
afterwards regret'—they returned to the h

Morning came, and then the parting

describe it. Who has not felt the misery of saying farewell to some beloved individual, and the desolation of beholding the vacant chair by the hearth when one is gone whose voice and whose smile gave tenfold sweetness to all the social charities of home? We will not delineate the monotonous days and weeks as they passed over the inmates of Grimsted Farm after O'More and Semund had departed; neither is it our intention to accompany the travellers across the ocean to the British isles, nor to attempt an account of the wonder and delight attending the young Icelander's introduction into scenes so different from everything with which he had been familiar. Our readers are already in some measure acquainted with the utopian visions which his imagination had formed of these southern lands, and at first he, like the Queen of Sheba, was often led to exclaim: 'The half was not told me;' and deemed that the brightest of his golden dreams came short of the reality, not only in favoured England, but also in O'More's native land; for Erin, unhappy Erin, had not yet been devastated by famine and pestilence, and whatever may have been her internal disorders, they were not yet perceptible to the eye of a stranger. Traits of her ancient national character were yet visible, and warm hearts and bright intellects everywhere greeted him. Alas! he did not at first discover to how little account they were turned for the benefit of their possessors, who resembled the scenery of their native land: the exterior beautiful and attractive, with mines of wealth, incalculable treasure within, unprized, almost unknown, because there was no encouragement to develop them!

As the communications between Iceland and the more southern regions are 'few and far between,' many months elapsed before any news from the travellers reached Grimsted. At length the long wished-for packet arrived, containing letters from both. O'More wrote with gratitude and affection. He touched briefly on his own concerns: the lawsuit had terminated according to his anticipations, and he was now resolved on seeking his fortune in other lands, but had not decided where. Semund's letters were more diffuse. The glowing charms with which novelty had invested every scene around him had not yet quite subsided, and his account of all he enjoyed was of course enthusiastic. Still he acknowledged that much which came under his observation was to him inexplicable. After a vivid description of what the book-loving Icelander deemed one of the most interesting sights he had witnessed—the college libraries and booksellers' shops in Dublin, and of the facility with which the process of printing is carried on—he added: 'But can you believe it? Notwithstanding all this, there are thousands of the lower orders in this country who can neither read nor write, and who are consequently ignorant even of the Book of God. This proceeds not of course from want of books and schools, nor from want of abilities, for they are an intelligent and imaginative people; but whatever is the cause of this ignorance, dreadful immorality arises from it; and I often compare them with our own virtuous, studious peasantry, and wonder how it is that the Irish, possessing at least equal capability and superior facilities for acquiring knowledge, should be so deficient.' His accounts of the higher classes were more in accordance with the expectations he had formed, and he praised them much, though acknowledging he had there also observed some incongruities which were

puzzling. To Marfreda he wrote with much affection, but not so as to remove her painful impression that his love was not equal to her own. He spoke indefinitely of his future prospects, as if too much occupied by present enjoyment to give them much consideration.

Another interval of months elapsed, and again the messenger to Reikiavik returned bearing dispatches from Ireland. A change had evidently taken place in Semund's mind: he seemed to have unravelled some of the mysteries which formerly perplexed him. The ignorance and immorality which, he said, in spite of much to be admired in them, degraded the lower ranks of the country where he sojourned, he had now discovered could be imputed to the paralysing influence of extreme poverty and the want of education; but as many persons possessing ampler means of discovering the 'master-key to the idiosyncrasy of the Irish character' than our Icelandic traveller enjoyed, have still failed in doing so, we shall not record his observations on that subject. His animadversions on other orders of society, now that he no longer viewed them through the variegating prism of novelty, though few, we shall spare our readers; but all was summed up in the declaration, that he supposed 'on the whole no country on earth was equal to his own.' 'My dear father was right,' said the young man, 'when he assured me that even if I could realise the glowing hopes which led me to this land, and attain the climax of fame and fortune—of which there seems little probability—yet like one of old, who had full capacity to *try everything under the sun*, I should be obliged to own that all was vanity and vexation of spirit.' This was addressed to Marfreda Vidalin, and with it an acknowledgment that the joys of domestic life were far the best this world afforded, and Iceland the part of it where only he could find them, feelingly imploring her forgiveness for ever having seemed to doubt either. He announced his intention of returning home by the first opportunity.

The delight which this communication afforded to the family at Grimsted may be imagined—everything was said, everything done with reference to Semund's return, and various were the conjectures and calculations as to when that desired event might be expected to take place.

It was about midsummer when two travellers were riding across a plain not many miles distant from Grimsted. It was a sandy desert, strewed occasionally with rocks and stones, which exhibited proofs of having been exposed to the action both of fire and water. Even in this frigid clime heat and thirst are at such a season experienced; and as the day had been one of uncommon warmth, our travellers hailed, late in the evening, with much pleasure the sight of a small river with some vegetation on its bank, where they stopped to refresh both themselves and their horses.

'O'More,' said Semund Erlandson—for such they were—'you see that mountain—our way lies over it; and when we reach the summit in a few hours more, you may behold a novel sight—the sun at midnight; while from the same point I shall be able to contemplate what most my heart yearns for—home! We shall have a distant view of Grimsted, and may reach it early in the morning.' When sufficiently rested they pursued their way. The weather was beautiful; and as they proceeded up the side of the mountain, they found it clothed with dwarf willows and blue-berry

bushes, the fruit of which yielded delicious refreshment. They were in high spirits, and conversed as they rode along.

'How surprised and glad every one will be to see you, O'More,' said Semund.

'I doubt not their kindness,' replied his friend; 'and as my cousin in Norway writes me word that my presence in that country to take possession of the situation he has procured for me will not be required for some time, I may perhaps, before settling there, if such be my destiny, have the pleasure of witnessing your union with the fair Marfreda Vidalin.'

'Ah, dear O'More, do you really believe that she can forgive my coldness, my unkindness in leaving her?'

'Fear not, Semund—the virtue of forgiveness is one in which young ladies are seldom deficient on such occasions.'

'There is somewhat more of bitterness than of compliment to the sex in your words, O'More. You were always a little severe on them, and formerly you might be pardoned, for you thought you had cause, judging by your own experience; but that has been proved a mistake, and you should speak of them as they deserve.'

'I *was* mistaken,' replied the Irishman in a graver tone, 'when I thought that the woman I had chosen gave me up because I was likely to become poor; and the bitterness of my feelings towards her extended towards the whole sex, always excepting your beautiful Marfreda, Semund, who seemed to be what learned people call a *rara avis in terris*—a solitary instance of a woman capable of disinterested affection. But I wronged Ellen, as is fully proved by her noble conduct when her father's death removed the obstacle to our union which his mean parsimony had created—her proposal to renew our engagement and bestow her fortune on one who had just become penniless.'

'And I never could understand your reasons for declining what was so desirable,' observed Semund.

'Have you not had sufficient opportunities of observing the ways of civilised society, as it is called,' responded his friend, 'to know that a man who derives his importance from his wife's money—one whom the world is apt to designate with the title of fortune-hunter—subjects himself to opprobrium such as I at least have not philosophy to encounter? No, Semund! Though I love Ellen more than ever since discovering how I wronged her, no one shall accuse me of seeking her hand again because she was rich and I a beggar. If in afterlife poor O'More, now, like many another O, an impoverished exile, seeking in other lands what his own denied—if, to speak less sentimentally, I should grow rich—an event seldom exemplified in our family history—oh how joyfully will I return and claim her hand if she keep her promise of still remembering me!'

It was just midnight when they attained the height from which Semund had promised his friend the novel sight of the sun at that hour, and there they halted, while the Irishman with delight and wonder gazed upon the king of day, divested indeed of his splendour, but still stretching his sceptre over the realms of night. As if resting in his career, he remained for about half an hour a little above the horizon, communicating a golden tinge to the atmosphere and to the surrounding scenery—an immense plain studded with lakes and bounded by ice-mountains, whose glassy sides reflected the

rays of the midnight sun, which again commenced his ascent to pursue in undeviating course his circle through the northern hemisphere.

O'More gazed with awe and admiration upon this sublime scene. His fellow-traveller seemed to watch the upward movement of the crimson orb with somewhat of impatience. 'How slowly it ascends,' he said; 'and till it gets higher the shadow of that gigantic Herdubried will not pass off from the plain where it now hides the view I might else have of my dear home. But is not this magnificent? You are right, O'More, when you used to assure me I should find nothing excelling such scenes in tamer regions. No land on earth can be compared to Iceland!'

'Except Ireland!' O'More replied laughing. 'You forget that the drift of all my wise observations was to convince you that there was a tolerably equal distribution of good and evil over the face of the earth. For instance, if your Herdubried is so much higher and grander than my own blue mountains, remember that the elements of destruction are nourished within its bosom, and we know not the moment they may break forth.'

Semund, who still continued gazing intently in the same direction, answered: 'My friend, may your words not prove ominous, but I never before saw such a volume of black smoke ascending from that crater. See, the shadow has passed, and the slanting rays of the sun rest upon the place I wanted to behold; but where—oh where is the Yokul?—the ice-mountain which time immemorial had raised its glittering brow beside Herdubried. It has doubtless melted in the heat of a volcanic eruption; and oh, my friend, it has buried my home, my parents, my love, in one mass of ruin!'

O'More looked with intense anxiety towards the place, and tried to soothe Semund's agony by suggesting that he might be mistaken; but as the ascending sun still farther removed the mountain shadow, it was but too evident that a fearful change had passed over that once happy spot. The ice-mountain had in truth disappeared, or rather removed, from its former site, and, broken into huge glittering fragments, lay piled over the very place where Grimsted Farm had once smiled, like a little oasis in the desert. Poor Semund's agony was great, and his companion fully sympathised in his feelings.

They rode towards the scene of the disaster as fast as they could make their horses go; and as they drew near, with what intense anxiety did they look for some one who could inform them of the fate of the family at Grimsted! Often was a stunted tree or a reindeer mistaken for the form of a human being. At last they saw a flock of sheep grazing in a small green valley, which seemed to have escaped the general devastation by being situated between two very high hills, which had probably obstructed the progress of the ice-torrent, and prevented its entering the valley.

On reaching this place they found, as they expected, a shepherd, who instantly recognised Semund. 'Young master, are you come back? Welcome, welcome! But how shall I ever tell you all?'

Poor Semund, who was utterly unable to speak, stood with a blenched cheek and quivering limbs, leaning against his horse for support. O'More said: 'We have seen from the top of yonder mountain what has happened—house, trees, fields, all gone; but oh tell us at once where are the Sira and Madam Hialte, Marfreda—all, all?'

'They all live!' replied the shepherd. Fervent exclamations of gratitude burst from the lips of both the travellers. 'They all live!' repeated the shepherd; 'but'——

'But what? Let us know the worst at once!'

'My beloved master, the Sira Hialte, will not be so long: he is dangerously ill.'

'O my father!—my dear father!' cried Semund. 'Where is he?—where are they all—mother, Marfreda? O that I should have left you to meet such trials as these without me!'

'They are at old Hildir's farmhouse, which has escaped both ice and lava, and whither they were carried three days ago from the top of the rock, on which we all remained while the dreadful work was going on.'

The horses were left with the attendants, and the travellers, accompanied by the shepherd, who was to break the news of their arrival to the afflicted family, set out on foot by the shortest route for the place where the sufferers had taken refuge. When they came near to it the shepherd proceeded to the house, and the friends remained seated among some rocks, in anxious, silent expectation of his return. At length some one approached. 'That is her footstep!' exclaimed Semund, bounding forward, and the next moment he clasped Marfreda Vidalin in his arms. The feelings of these two young persons at their meeting under such circumstances were of so conflicting a nature as for a time to be scarcely controllable; but before long Marfreda's cordial welcome greeted O'More, and they moved towards the house. When the flush of excitement had subsided, the young girl's cheek appeared very pale, and her countenance sorrowful. She confirmed the shepherd's account of poor Hialte's dangerous state; it was, she said, brought on by overexertion during the awful catastrophe. Before the eruption took place, he had predicted that it was at hand. They were on Sunday assembled as usual in the little church, and during service a slight rocking of the building and a gentle concussion under the feet were observed, which did not much alarm the congregation, as the same had happened before; but the pastor repaired to a neighbouring spring, and lying down, applied his ear to the ground: he then said—'Be on your guard; the earth is on fire.' Marfreda described that on looking to the volcano it appeared alternately to be heaved up and to fall again into its former state; then came loud reports like thunder, and a movement was observed in the ice-mountain. The pastor lost not a moment in removing his family, and as much of their possessions as time permitted, to the top of a high rock, and such of his neighbours as believed his warning and followed his advice did the same. Eruptions of water now gushed out; and these exundations over, the ice-mountain itself ran down like melted metal poured out of a crucible, precipitating huge masses of ice upon the plain, totally destroying the buildings and every vestige of cultivation. The poor old minister, she said, had acted not only with wonderful self-possession and sagacity, but during the scene of horror with activity quite extraordinary at his advanced age. But they were no sooner settled, by the kindness of a neighbour, in their present abode, than he sank exhausted upon a bed, from which they had now no hope he would ever rise.

The meeting of both parents with their only child was affecting. The

dying father was by far the most tranquil person of the whole group, and declared that his last earthly wish was gratified in once more beholding his son. The Sira Hialte lingered but a few days after this meeting, and great was the grief of every person around him in the prospect of his departure; but every word uttered by this faithful pastor proved him in full possession of better comfort than any earthly aid could minister. While he was able to speak he seemed anxious to impress the importance of such a support in life or death on all around. Even during occasional aberrations of mind, while raving of the dreadful visitation he had lately witnessed, he always seemed to recognise it as coming from God, applying to it passages from those Scriptures in which he had so delighted, sublime specimens of prophetic poetry which he had always thought had their imagery borrowed from the phenomena of volcanic explosion: 'Behold the Lord cometh forth out of his place, and will come down, and tread upon the high places of the earth; and the mountains shall be molten under him, and the valleys shall be cleft as wax before the fire, and as the waters that are poured down a steep place. When thou didst terrible things which we looked not for, thou camest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence.' In the last hour his reason was perfectly restored, and he bade a calm farewell to the beloved ones who surrounded his dying bed, including their Irish guest, and saying a word in season to each. He joined the hands of Marfreda and Semund together, with a prayer for their happiness—such happiness as is only known to those who, like himself, cordially embrace the truths which God has revealed.

The grief of the family and friends of this good man in losing him was deep and sincere. In the heart of the bereaved wife it was such as time could never remove; but after awhile the young people entered upon their former avocations, and began to converse with something of their usual animation. One evening when they were seated together on a hill-side that commanded a view of Lake Myvatu, which O'More particularly admired, he laid aside his sketch-book, in which he had been delineating the scene, while his companions had carried on in a low voice a conversation they seemed to find particularly interesting, and said: 'Semund, I fancy my prediction has been verified, and that Marfreda has so far forgiven your past delinquencies as to agree to become your bride?'

'Even so, my friend,' replied the young Icelander; 'and how I do wish that you would in one respect follow my example, by casting away what I must call your foolish fastidiousness, and accepting the good things of this life from the hand of her you love! My little patrimony has, you are aware, been swept away from me—not by a lawsuit, but an ice-mountain—and this, my dear Marfreda tells me, is of no importance, for she has had during our absence a letter from her uncle Vidalin, saying that as she was now of age to receive a sum of money intrusted to his care by her parents, he would soon forward it to her by our trusty friend, your old acquaintance, Hudur the thulr, whose arrival we are now expecting every day.'

'He will be much pleased to find you with us when he comes, Mr O'More,' observed Marfreda. 'He spoke of you after your departure with deep gratitude as the preserver of his life, and even said he must see you once more, although he may have to travel to Ireland for that purpose.'

'He need not go quite so far, I fancy,' replied Semund. 'See that tall figure that has just been set on shore by the boat which came across the lake. Unless I mistake it is no other person than old Hudur the thulr. Welcome to us once more thou walking chronicle of bygone days!—you always brought us pleasant tidings.'

'And do so still, I trust,' replied the thulr, saluting the party, and expressing great pleasure at seeing the Irishman with them.

They all returned to the house; and the old man, after speaking with much feeling and regret of the terrible catastrophe which had occurred since his last visit, and particularly of the excellent Hialte's death, partook of some refreshment. When he was sufficiently rested he addressed himself to Marfreda as follows:—'Fair daughter of the ancient house of Vidalin, I must now fulfil the commission with which I have been intrusted by your worthy uncle; and so happy have I felt at being the bearer of it to you, dear child, that I heeded but little my long and lonely journey from the other extremity of our island; for great is the love I bear to you for your own sake, and for that of your family, particularly your grandmother, who shewed me unceasing kindness. Take this parcel: it contains a much larger sum than you probably expect, for your good uncle has not only increased by some commercial speculation your own fortune, but has added a present from himself as a token of love.'

Marfreda took the parcel, and without opening it handed it immediately to Semund Erlandson, with a look of inexpressible tenderness. He received it with emotion, pressed the hand which had presented it between his own, raised it to his lips, and then addressed a few words to her—only a few, and those not very articulate, but they were breathed forth in the deep-toned accents of strong sensibility. Madam Erlandson flung her arms about Marfreda's neck exclaiming: 'Dear, dear child! fully have you repaid all my care and that of him who is gone: you have made our Semund happy!'

'To Him who orders all things, and whose tender care is over His children, be the praise, my mother!' replied the maiden. These words appeared to recall the attention of the party to something which in the joy of the moment they may have forgotton. A silence ensued, but every circumstance denoted that the heart within was lifted up in thanksgiving.

O'More was powerfully affected by the whole scene. 'I, too, could enjoy happiness,' thought he; 'I, too, could receive it from the hand of her I love—from my Ellen—but for this pride of heart which leads me to dread misconception — the imputation of mean, interested motives by a world which knows so little of higher, nobler springs of action. O that I and my Ellen too had been born and bred among the frozen hills of Iceland!'

'I can now,' continued Hudur the thulr, addressing himself to the Irishman, 'solve two enigmas, which seemed often to puzzle you, sir, when you were with us before. I have known you greatly surprised at finding me acquainted with many things concerning other countries, particularly your own, the knowledge of which I could not have acquired from books published in our native language.'

'Nor in any other, I think,' replied O'More, 'for you mentioned my grandfather's name; and I have heard you hint at passages in his life which have not yet at least been made the subject of history.'

'True, sir,' he answered; 'and I shall presently account for having been enabled to do so. I have also heard you remark with wonder that our fair friend here, the young Marfreda, had preserved so many traces of Irish descent in her features and disposition, while, as you supposed, centuries had elapsed since the blood of Erin mingled with that of Vidalin. But what I am about to relate may clear away your difficulties on both points. I was brought up under the Vidalin family, and when this young lady's grandfather brought his wife from Norway, where he had met with and married her, she soon favoured me with much notice. Madam Vidalin, though not very young, was remarkably handsome, and seemed to be of a reserved, silent, and even melancholy disposition. While conscientiously, and with affectionate kindness, performing her duties to her husband and children, and I may add, to her neighbours, her greatest delight was to be alone, reading books in foreign languages which she had brought with her, or playing upon her harp—that very harp still played on by her granddaughter—and singing to it such wild, mournful airs as none of us had ever heard before. I was young at that time, and light-hearted also; still the moment the music of that harp and voice reached me, I would leave any amusement or employment either, and listen to it till the tears ran down my face. This was soon discovered by Madam Vidalin, who translated some of her songs for me, as they were all in a strange tongue; she also procured books for me, assisting and encouraging me in the pursuit of every kind of useful information. Misfortune came at last to a home where this excellent lady and her family had enjoyed years of tranquil happiness. She lost her husband; and immediately after that her son, whom she almost idolised, was taken from her by death. He had married young; his wife died of the same fever which laid him low, and they left their only child, Marfreda, to the care of Madam Vidalin. When the violence of her grief at these trials had so far subsided as that her attention could be directed to other subjects, the old lady became fonder than ever, not only of reciting her national legends and poems, but of listening to mine. She had quite laid aside her reserve, and now spoke freely to me of her early history and of her own country. That country was not Norway, from whence she had come to Iceland, but your own green island, Mr O'More.

'Yes, Marfreda, your grandmother was an Irishwoman. And though that ancient saga is quite correct which relates that in remote ages one of your ancestors had been united to the daughter of an Irish king, you are more closely connected with that land of poetry and song than you were aware. For hours I have listened to Madam Vidalin while she described the scenes of her early home; for she frequently enlarged upon them with all the freedom of garrulous old age. Her father was the exile who composed that little song which I have often seen you listen to, Mr O'More, while Marfreda sang the translation of it into our Icelandic dialect which I made with the help of Madam Vidalin. She taught both words and music to her granddaughter as soon as she was old enough to learn them. They were, therefore, the production not of an ancient Irish chieftain, as you thought, but of a comparatively modern Irish gentleman, whose interference in some unhappy political movement obliged him to quit his own country for ever, accompanied by his wife and children, and to take refuge in Norway, where he settled for the remainder of his days. His sons, it appeared from what

your grandmother, sweet Marfreda, told me, soon forgot ancestral pride and patriotism in struggling with the world. Before long they were quite naturalised in the land which had afforded them shelter from the danger and turmoils that awaited them in their own. But woman's heart is different; and though she married Vidalin—one every way worthy of her—and accompanied him to this country, and loved and respected him too, she never forgot her early home, nor one companion who had shared its enjoyments with her. This was a cousin of her own. A valiant and accomplished youth he was, as she often described him to me, but he differed from her father in his political opinions. He had served in the English army, and nothing could induce him to an act of disloyalty. Young as your grandmother was when she left her native land she had there witnessed such horrors that the very recital of them often caused me to tremble; but I am not going to repeat them. One scene, which, though agonising, was a more gentle kind of suffering, she would frequently describe. It was her last interview with her beloved cousin. He had again taken up arms, and was going to join his regiment in King George's service: he came to her father's house secretly, for his relatives were so incensed at his not joining their party that it was a dangerous risk; but he would not depart without bidding her farewell. He gave her his picture and a little casket containing some family papers of importance, which he charged her to keep carefully for him till they met again. But this was never to be. He was not long gone when some dreadful event took place which obliged her family to leave the country and settle in Norway, as I have already mentioned; and this poor lady of course accompanied them, bringing with her the picture and casket of her lover, whom she never heard of more!'

'O Hudur, good Hudur!' cried the stranger, who had listened to this history, particularly the latter part of it, with the deepest attention—'tell me at once if you know what was the name of the person who gave her these things, and what has become of them?'

'I can answer both your questions, sir,' replied the old man with a look of extreme pleasure. 'The person who gave her these things was Donough O'More of Glenard Castle, your grandfather; and here, here is the very casket. O that its contents may prove as valuable to you as I wish and hope!'

With agitation of mind that made his strong frame tremble the young man took the casket. His first impulse was to open it, but he checked himself, and said: 'Stay, it is not mine. Have I any right to its contents?'

'I think you have,' replied the thulr; 'and I will tell you why. Madam Vidalin in telling me her sorrowful history, which was always interlarded with old traditions of her country and family, assured me that I was the only person to whom she had ever mentioned these particulars, "for who else," she would say, "could take an interest in bygone occurrences of a far-distant land? Your love for tales of the times of old, Hudur, will lead you to enjoy and remember them." She shewed me the casket, which was placed in the drawer of an old cabinet; and while she regretted never having had an opportunity of returning it to her cousin or his family, desired me, as soon as Marfreda was of age to inherit her possessions, but not sooner, to tell her this story, and charge her to preserve the relics of former years, which it was just possible might yet be of use to the

descendants of O'More. When this time last year I met you, sir, at Grimsted Farm, your name at once struck me; and when one evening you mentioned the business which had occasioned your visit to Norway, I knew you were the person most concerned about the casket. I could not, without transgressing Madam Vidalin's command, mention the circumstance until Marfreda had arrived at a particular age; but I owed you my life, and was resolved on putting you in possession of your papers if they were still to be had—which I feared was uncertain—even if I should have to follow you to Ireland. When the time came for putting Marfreda in possession of her inheritance, and her uncle committed it to my care to bring here, I told him the history of the casket, describing the old cabinet and the very drawer in which his mother had deposited it, and requested he would allow me to fulfil her desire of having it given to her grand-daughter. He found it just where I had mentioned, and after examining the contents, gave it to me, telling me to dispose of it as I pleased. Open it, sir: it is yours.'

The casket was immediately opened. The first object that presented itself to their observation was the portrait of a young gentleman in a military uniform, and which it was unanimously declared bore a striking resemblance to their guest. Next came out some letters, a brief glance at which quite authenticated Hudur's story. Then some old parchments. O'More looked at them. 'Yes,' he cried; 'yes, my friends, they are the same, the very documents which have occasioned me the loss of my patrimony, and which may again be the means of my recovering it!'

'And you are my cousin, dear O'More?' said Marfreda.

The relationship was joyfully acknowledged; and many were the congratulations which he received on this fortunate event, and many were the thanks offered to Hudur the thulr for his share in the transaction.

As may easily be imagined, O'More at once commenced preparations for returning to his native land, not even waiting to witness the union of Semund Erlandson and Marfreda Vidalin, which could not take place so soon after the lamented death of the Sira Hialte. The regret at the parting of these friends was mutual, and they agreed to correspond, and, if possible, see each other before the lapse of many years.

A number of months went by before the Erlandsons received any intelligence of their absent friend; but in the enjoyment of such domestic happiness as may not often be met with in this world, they continued to remember him, and often to speak of him with much affection. At length letters came, dated from the home of his ancestors, where he and his beloved Ellen were settled, the old papers recovered by the thulr having fully established O'More's right to the family estates. The letters breathed affection and gratitude towards all his Icelandic friends, and were accompanied by a large packing-case, which contained suitable presents for every one of them, not only from O'More but from his lady also. In these tokens of grateful friendship old Hudur, as we may easily suppose, was not forgotten. The letter to Semund concluded with these words:—

'It is astonishing, my dear friend, how the aspect of everything around us changes when we cease to view it through the distorting medium of sorrow and disappointment—perhaps of discontent would be a more appropriate term. The places, the very people I used to look upon with dislike

when I deemed myself an alien, a poor neglected outcast from my country, now appear delightful in my eyes. Yet the change is not in them, but altogether in my own mind. Again I love Ireland, and deem it what in the romance of boyhood it seemed—the garden of the world, and its people the kindest and best, unless I except your own. Truly we are the creatures of circumstances. The cloud which misfortune had hung over my destiny was no sooner dispelled by the cheering beams of hope, than I beheld every object illumined with their radiance. Even the poetical feelings of former days returned, though I thought I was done with them for ever; and as the vessel that bore me rapidly over the blue waters from your country drew nearer and nearer to my own, these feelings were expressed in the lines which I subjoin for your dear Marfreda, who, I hope, will sometimes sing them for the writer's sake to the air of our national anthem:—

Dear is the white-rolling surge's commotion,
And welcome their hoarse-sounding murmur to me,
As they lash the tall cliffs that frown over the ocean,
The cliffs of green Erin, the pearl of the sea!
Blow on, then, ye breezes, our strained canvas swelling,
Our silver-streaked keel like an arrow impelling
To the fair isle of beauty, the home of sweet Ellen,
The mansion of honour, the pearl of the sea!

Her flower-spangled valleys, her russet-browed mountains,
Her clear, silver streamlets that wind through the lea,
The chant of her groves, and the health of her fountains,
All these might endear other countries to me!
But the heart that can prize modest merit's endeavour,
The free hand of bounty expanded for ever,
And friendship's warm smile, that no distance can sever,
Mark the fair isle of beauty, the pearl of the sea!

Thou bright star of eve while I watch thy descending,
Thy diamond-eyed cresset nigh sinking to rest,
I mourn not thy loss since our course we are bending
To the fair isle of beauty, the pearl of the west!
Blow on, then, ye breezes, our strained canvas swelling,
Our silver-streaked keel like an arrow impelling
To the fair isle of beauty, the home of sweet Ellen,
The mansion of honour, the pearl of the sea!'

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

THE name PHILOSOPHY is associated with some of the most dignified and venerable notions that pass current among men. In the exercise of some of our highest faculties, and in the most arduous encounters with the world and human life—in moments of trial and of triumph—in the enterprises that contribute most to the advancement and elevation of mankind — we are frequently brought face to face with this so-called philosophy. There is evidently embodied under it some vast, wide-ranging, deeply-penetrating, and all-encompassing conception—something peculiarly interesting to humanity, no less in matters of practical business than in what concerns the tastes or distastes of the many and the favourite pursuits of a select few.

Accurately to investigate and define the general terms made use of in the intercourse of life is an important exercise of human thought. Besides being one of the special functions of scientific inquiry, it is called for in all cases, especially where differences of opinion exist on matters of faith or practice. It is agreed upon as indispensable in controversies, that the combatants should each define the leading terms they think it necessary to employ, in order that the diversity of opinion may not be exaggerated by misapprehensions in the use of language. Moreover, the employment of terms of solemn and weighty import has so great an influence upon the reputations of individuals and the actions of life, that it ought to be conducted with the highest discrimination and judgment; and for this end the precise scope and meaning of all such terms ought to be clearly settled and understood. Such epithets as religious or irreligious, moral, honourable, honest, just, benevolent, civilised, scientific, philosophical, ought not to be scattered at random on men, opinions, and actions. They ought to be so clearly determined by sound definition and consistent usage, and the public mind should be so educated into the understanding of the attributes expressed by them, that no false distribution of merit or demerit should ever take place through their instrumentality.

If we collect the cases of the ordinary application of the words philosophy, philosopher, philosophical, we shall find them to be such as the following:—

1. The range or compass of what a man knows, or is able to know, is indicated in the Shakspearian sentence: 'There are more things in heaven

and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' The scope of the human intellect; the portions of the universe that man's understanding has been able to fathom, comprehend, or explain; the extent of the knowable—change and enlarge from age to age, and in the same proportion does philosophy expand. It is manifest from this application of the term that philosophy is closely allied with the operations of man's understanding in the attainment of knowledge, and in the rational comprehension of the appearances and ongoings of the world.

2. Campbell's expression on the rainbow—'I ask not proud philosophy to teach me what thou art'—marks out to us the existence of two very different ways that nature may act on the human mind—two distinct sensibilities to outward things, or different trains of thought and feeling that may be awakened by them. The poetic sensibility is contrasted with the intellectual comprehension, and this intellectual comprehension is philosophy. Not only are these two effects different, but they are, in the poet's view, incompatible or mutually destructive; and such is to a great extent the fact. The effects of the scenery of the world upon the senses and emotions are most powerful and perfect when no thought is taken of the scientific explanations; which last may be compared to peeping behind the scenes, or to the dissection of a toy to discover the inner springs of its movements. The operation of dissection, analysis, and explanation, has an interest of its own, and a fascination often of a very powerful kind; but this must never be confounded with the poetic impressiveness of the great aggregates of natural scenery. There is a poetic grandeur in the ocean, and also a field for our rational faculties in analysing its properties and effects in order to bring them severally under laws of gravity and fluidity; but the two aspects permanently contrast themselves with one another, they cannot well be viewed at the same moment, and they are for the most part entertained by different classes of minds. As in Campbell's sentiment the one aspect is often vehemently repelled by such as occupy themselves with the other aspect. The poetic side is the most universally popular and fascinating—the side that men in all ages and countries are naturally alive to; while the treatment the poet here bids away from him is cared for only by a few through natural preference, or if by a larger number, it is in consequence of an artificial schooling of the human faculties imposed in the name of philosophy.

3. The philosophy of a thing is often contrasted with a bare knowledge of the fact, and is something superadded to the conception of the superficial observer. Thus men have always been acquainted with the tides, but the philosophy of them was not attained till the time of Kepler and Newton, who traced them to the influences of the sun and moon. In this instance the philosophy lay in assigning the cause, or discerning the power behind the scenes that sustained this ancient fact. In the same way the philosophy of all the heavenly motions was discovered when the obvious appearances were connected with natural forces competent to produce them, and thus reduced to computation according to the known rate of action of those forces. The philosophy of a fact may therefore consist in clearing up its cause, or in identifying it with the other facts of the same kind scattered over creation far and near; by which means the human mind comes to the knowledge of wide-ranging imperial powers,

forces, and regulations, enabling it at one glance to lift the veil from a whole department of nature, and obtain the exalted position of knowing the many through the experience of the one. When this position of large view and explanatory range is attained through the intellectual efforts of observing and reflecting men, we call the result philosophy. The elevation that man acquires by thus identifying the far and near, the heaven and the earth, not unnaturally inspires the sentiment glanced at by the poet in the feeling he expresses towards *proud* philosophy. Unfathomable mystery, incomprehensible evolution, have a subduing and humbling effect on the human mind; while the intellectual victory over the obscurity of nature, like other triumphs, and like the acquisition of power in any shape, fills man with the feeling of pride, mastery, and independence.

4. Philosophy is applied to express action founded on the knowledge of general laws as distinguished from action founded on the experience of particular cases. A man whose knowledge is deduced from the general views above alluded to is often called a theorist, while one whose knowledge has arisen from personal acquaintance with facts is called a practical man. Thus a mechanician engaged in the manufacture of steam-engines or ships may owe his knowledge and power of judging of the effect of his combinations either from the general principles that have been laid down regarding forces, pressure, strength and stress of materials, and so on, or from a long practical handling of machinery in many forms. The one knowledge would be called philosophy—the other practical experience. Each of the two kinds has its advantages and defects, and a combination of both is the only secure basis of constructive operations.

5. Conduct according to right reason, as distinguished from the impulses of blind passion and unenlightened instinct, not unfrequently receives the complimentary designation of philosophy. The intelligent perception of ends, and the equally intelligent adaptation of means adequate to their attainment in spite of the allurements of temporary fascination and personal bias, require an effort of human nature, involving especially the predominance of the larger views of the intellect over the narrow views of the inferior appetites and instincts.

6. The maintenance of a serene, tranquil frame of mind and conduct in the midst of the harassments and exciting incidents of life, has been often dignified with the appellation we are now discussing. At first sight this might indicate merely great energy of will, resolution, and self-restraint, which of itself never amounts to philosophy; it being evident from the meanings already passed in review that some exercise of the understanding or intelligence is always implied in the use of the term. But at the bottom of this serenity and impassiveness there will always be found some basis of reflection, some considerations and reasons that have determined the individual to resist the influences that trouble and excite the spirit; and these reflections, considerations, and reasons constitute the philosophy of the effort.

7. There are many ways of cheering and consoling the human mind under the ills and misfortunes of life. The afflicted may have recourse to outbursts of grief, which is nature's own relief; or of rage, wh equally natural. Diversion of mind may be sought in occupation

dissipation. The influences of religion may be invoked. But if in place of any of these or of others like them, the mind attains a state of comfort and solacement by meditation on the scheme of the world and of human life, and by reflecting on the fact, that we are at the mercy of general laws which, although now and then cruel to individuals, work for good on the whole, the result is a victory of philosophy.

8. The method adopted in the conduct of inquiries and investigations into the world is sometimes termed philosophy. It is in this sense we speak of the philosophy of Bacon; meaning the plan propounded by him for attaining the knowledge of the general laws and properties of the universe. Socrates was a philosopher by pre-eminence in this sense, as well as in many other senses. In the century succeeding Bacon it was very common to contrast the philosophies of Descartes and Newton; and the contrast lay not only in the different explanations that they gave of the same facts—as, for instance, the planetary movements—but in their whole style of proceeding in their investigations, and in what they considered possible to be known.

9. In the expository treatment of different branches of human knowledge, a more or less philosophical method may be observed; and it is not unusual for authors and teachers to assume to their peculiar method the distinction of being a philosophy of the subject. Thus we have philosophies of arithmetic, of grammar, of language, of law, of morals, of history, and so forth—implying that the subjects have been reduced to general laws and doctrines, and to the certainty of the highest style of proof, and that the parts have been laid out in the natural order of succession and dependence. The contrast between generalised knowledge and special knowledge, or between doctrines ranging over a whole department of nature and isolated facts and individual occurrences, is expressed by the appellation of philosophy. This point has been alluded to under a previous meaning not very different from the present.

10. A very ancient distinction was made between natural and moral philosophy—the one being intended to express the intellectual comprehension of the world, and of its mathematical, mechanical, chemical, and other relations; while the name 'moral' was given to the employment of man's highest reason in the practice of life. This last branch was created by Socrates, who was the professed enemy of the other, counting it both unattainable and useless. When the study of the means of securing human happiness and the highest ends of existence is conducted by a man of superior intellect, who can view the whole subject according to the general laws of being, of which mankind at large can take no account, we have the original meaning of moral philosophy. The philosophic mind and the common mind although framed originally in the same model, and perhaps equally gifted by nature, have totally different modes of working even when they take up a common subject. Both have to consider questions of human happiness, conduct, and virtue; but their styles of proceeding are very unlike each other—the difference lying chiefly in the grand distinction between the general or comprehensive knowledge and views, and the special, partial, or matter-of-fact knowledge.

11. The original meaning of the word philosophy is the love of knowledge; it indicated a peculiar taste or species of pursuit, just as we might

speak of the love of music, of poetry, or of sport. The name would therefore apply to the class of persons whose predominating taste or appetite was for the exercises of the intellect in the searching out of natural truth. But the Greek term for knowledge, employed in this compound, meant both theoretical knowledge and practical knowledge, or what we call wisdom—an ambiguity of language corresponding with the great doctrinal peculiarity of Socrates, who considered that no man was properly qualified to practise any art whatsoever unless he could assign something like scientific reasons for what he did; while, on the other hand, he that knew thoroughly what justice, philanthropy, citizenship meant, would, as a matter of course, put his views into practice. In fact, the almost complete identification of knowledge with wise and virtuous action was a direct consequence of the systematic views and teaching of Socrates; for with him the great motive for philosophical inquiry was to serve the practical ends of life, in which he shewed a marked coincidence with the views of Lord Bacon. The acquisition of science and knowledge as an intellectual exercise and refined accomplishment would have been philosophy in the etymological sense, but hardly in the Socratic sense.

12. The knowledge of man's own nature has sometimes been considered as philosophy in the highest acceptation of the term; but general usage has never consented to restrict the word to this department. The motive for singling out this species of knowledge as pre-eminent in dignity is easy to discover. Humanity, like all other created works, affords a field for the discovery of general laws whereby to explain and predict the course of the individual events, and also, if need be, to supply suggestions for practical ends; in so far the body and mind of man do not differ from the world in general. Moreover, as the explanation of human nature implies a consideration of all the agencies and powers that exert any influence upon it—such as light, heat, weight—and the innumerable mechanical, chemical, and vital processes wrapped up in our existence, we really bring in by a sort of side-wind the knowledge of the larger half of the outward universe into our so-called philosophy of man; so much so, that there is hardly any department of nature that could escape being taken notice of in a perfect and complete encyclopædia of the human race. But the principal motive for distinguishing the knowledge of man and mind is shadowed forth in the old oracular saying: 'Know thyself.' Man is ever interesting to man: however much we may cast our regards abroad over the world, our ownselves and our fellow-men must always be what concerns us and interests us most. The care of our own existence, the sweetening of our own consciousness, and the ingoings and outgoings of others being ever present to our minds as the prominent matters of our study and care, we can take a greater interest in any knowledge, whether of matter-of-fact or of general doctrine, bearing upon these, than in the knowledge of the framework of the surrounding creation. In fact, the interest and engrossment of mind in itself is apt to be excessive and hurtful: a larger proportion of external interests and regards would in many cases contribute to the wholesome balance of existence. But although the intensity of selfish regard were kept within bounds of moderation, it would still follow that the knowledge of man would be the greatest knowledge, from the duty laid upon all of us to steer our existence with the utmost amount of wisdom and

enlightenment that the experience of the race has attained to. In short, man is the confluence of the theoretical and practical philosophies.

13. Now that a body of accurate knowledge has grown up under the designation of Science, the word philosophy is sometimes used to express *metaphysics*. This application of the term is maintained throughout the able work of Mr G. H. Lewes, in the 'Biographical History of Philosophy.'

14. The term 'philosopher' is, as a matter of course, interpreted by the term philosophy; but in recent years this title is not so commonly bestowed upon individuals as formerly. There are various significant reasons for the disuse of the name. The principal reason is connected with the growth of accurate knowledge, and its subdivision into departments, known by the name of *sciences*. The cultivators of the enlarged or general knowledge of the world are now divided into classes according to the branches they pursue; and an intellectual man, in the scientific sense, instead of being called a philosopher, is spoken of as a mathematician, a chemist, a physiologist, a naturalist, &c. according to his department. The occasions of deviating from this rule in favour of the old term are when an individual has pushed his inquiries to the extent of opening up a new field of discovery, or materially expanded our intellectual grasp of the world at large, as in the case of Newton; or when the range of study has included several departments, and has tended to bring about a greater unity in the entire field of knowledge; or lastly, where the peculiar problems of ancient philosophy are still entertained, as by the class of men otherwise styled metaphysicians.

In the midst of all these meanings and shades of meaning it is not difficult to trace a pervading idea or notion—the idea of the employment of the observing, comparing, analysing, abstracting, generalising, and reasoning faculties of man to the comprehension of the world and the guidance of human life. It involves the contrast of matter of fact and scientific law, of practice and theory, of prejudice and truth, of conduct guided by passion, and conduct inspired by enlarged views of the entire compass of being. It is the interposition of intelligence between sensation and action. As art springs from imagination and taste, religion from reverence, war from combativeness, pride from will, so philosophy springs from intellect, adapting itself implicitly to the facts and forms of creation.

The vagueness of the language we are obliged to employ in speaking of the mind's operations makes it incumbent on us to specify in detail the peculiar march of the intellect in building up philosophy and science, as distinguished from its operations in art, in practical skill, and other forms of working. The attainment of natural truth demands both perceptive and creative faculties, no less than the production of works of beauty or of industrial power; but there is, nevertheless, a specific difference in the manner both of perceiving and creating which we hope to be able to point out.

It is impossible for human nature to produce any work whatever without mixing itself with it, or leaving the impress of its own peculiarities and machinery upon the result. Moreover, the gratification we receive from ;ise or occupation depends on its coinciding with our favourite

modes of action. This gives rise to a very great contrast in the productions of human labour; some of these being suited to gratify the activities most natural and agreeable to man, while others have in view an external effect which may or may not be pleasing to the parties engaged. Poetry and art in general, as well as sports, amusements, and exercises for enjoyment's sake, belong to the first class; while productive industry, the business of life, and the search for truth, belong to the second class. In these last man is often coerced into occupations that are repugnant to him, from which there is no alleviation but the growth of a second nature in accordance with them, and the occasional indulgence in the egotistic class of exercises of mind or body. Happy is the individual whose first nature exactly coincides with the exercises called for by his outward condition, for to him work and pleasure are identical: he can at once gratify his favourite propensities and 'inherit the earth.'

We shall now allude, first, to the mode of *perceiving* the world peculiar to the scientific mind; and, second, to the class of *creations* requisite for embodying natural truth.

The world of matter and mind has an exceedingly complex and varied effect on the beholder, and is calculated to awaken an equally varied range of emotions, sentiments, and expressions. Each human being is impressed by preference with some one particular aspect, and gives way to the trains of thought and feeling corresponding to that aspect: his recollections are all tinged with it; the attempts at imitation, and the communication with other minds, are also of the same peculiar tinge and colour. To one man the engrossing aspect is wonder, the marvellous, and the sublime, and his whole manner in the presence of nature is moulded by this susceptibility: the objects that with him make the most abiding impression are objects of grandeur, mystery, and power: his language is full of expressions of this character; and if he has a creative turn, his poetry, sculpture, architecture, or whatever form of art he employs, will be of a kind to produce in him the impressions of his favourite class of outward appearances. To another man the world is a field for plodding industry and the creation of the means of human subsistence and comfort, and with him the objects calculated for human uses will arrest the attention by preference. A corn-field will have the interest created by the aspect of plenty; the trees of the forest will be looked at as raw material for houses, ships, and machinery; the mountains are quarries; the sea is the '*fishy* deep' and the highway of nations; the heavens are the sailor's sign-post; and the human being a prime mover of machinery. Neither of these aspects of outward things corresponds exactly with the truth-seeker's point of view, although the second approaches more nearly to it than the first. *To be a natural philosopher, one must be susceptible to all the properties and actions of bodies that are anywise involved in the stream of their causation.* The world is a theatre of movement, progress, and change; and the succession of events and appearances hinges on a certain limited number of properties, and is by no means connected with the whole effects of nature on the human mind. If creation stood in eternal and frozen [illegible] and if it were still possible that a contemplative mind should e[illegible]ay it, the science of that mind would consist in identifying the same app[illegible] in different portions of the scene, and in finding out what appea[illegible]

had pleased nature always to associate together. No further scope for mental activity would be provided beyond the classing of like impressions, and the discovery of uniform conjunctions of appearances—in other words, philosophy would be wholly made up of the two operations of classification and the generalisation of coincidences. As it is, these operations are still called for, but in connection with the still larger work of tracing causation, or the order and sequence of movements, appearances, and events.

The whole of the difficulty of scientific and philosophical research arises from the grand fact just hinted at—that the successions of causation do not hinge upon the obvious and striking properties of things, but on certain hidden, abstruse, and recondite properties that in many cases do not strike the senses at all, and in the larger number of instances fail to arrest the attention with any degree of prominence. There are a few sequences that are obvious—such as the succession of a blow and a fracture, the persistence of motion once commenced, the contagiousness of flame, the more ordinary consequences of heat, the stages of living growth; but not to mention that all these, except the two first, are complex results of a multitude of simpler successions which do not appear to the ordinary eye, many of the most conspicuous phenomena are knit together in their succession by bonds of union that it took ages to detect. The motions of the heavenly bodies, the origin of the clouds, rain, and hail, the causes of the thunder, are all of the abstruser kind: it is not in virtue of any power or property that the sense of man can recognise in these appearances, or in the other appearances that give them birth, that their causation depends. Who could find out the source of a cloud or assign the repositories of the hail by watching the sky? The senses of mankind could never of themselves have discovered the cause of summer and winter or the origin of the aurora.

Since, then, the links of power that govern the onward movements of the world are something hidden and transcending the ordinary senses, and demand for their comprehension a select class of perceptions, in many cases transferred from one object to another, the business of the philosophic inquirer is to acquire for himself a firm hold of these hinges of causation, and to practise the art of setting aside appearances that have in reality nothing to do with causation, although impressing the untutored mind with the idea that they have.

We shall now cite a few of the primary impressions that enable us to seize those turning-points of power which we have been alluding to. In the first place, *quantity*—or the notions of more and less, with the included notions of equality, multiplication, and division—although not itself a cause of any effect, is an attribute of every kind of cause, which it is indispensable to recognise, for it measures the degree or extent of working of all causes whatsoever. The repetition of objects makes *number*, which is transferred or appropriated as an artificial representation of magnitude, extent, and intensity, and is, in fact, the key to all comparative estimates, and all records of these properties. A mind keenly alive to the impression of repetition and plurality, and indifferent to all the other properties of the things themselves, is by this fact endowed with the *arithmetical* capacity, which may be said to be one of the foundations of

science, or of that artificial comprehension of the world already spoken of as embracing the true links of causation and power. If the fact of repetition does not deeply impress a person, and if, moreover, such person is very much taken up with the more intrinsic appearances and properties of the objects—their colours, forms, textures, &c.—it might be justly concluded that the gift of numbers had been denied in the case. Again, in viewing the essential links of causation, we find that *form* and *lines* have very much to do with them. Straight lines, and straight-lined figures, curved lines of a highly symmetrical kind, such as circles, are incessantly present among the conditions of the world's movements and successions; consequently minds that can rigidly conceive this class of forms, and can hold on by them in spite of the allurements of beauty and taste—demanding, as these do, a totally different class of forms and directions—are to a certain extent qualified for the scientific point of view. The contemplation of mathematical lines and figures is rather a painful exercise to the majority of mankind; to a few individuals it is easy and natural. In the next place, the firm and ready conception of unmeaning forms—such as the letters of the alphabet used as mere symbols and marks—is an essential requirement of the scientific intellect. There must be not merely a vivid alphabetical memory, but a vivid recollection of the arbitrary meanings attached to alphabetical and symbolical marks. A person on being told once to associate for the time in his mind the letter a or x with a particular thing, must be able, on the force of that one telling, to hold the two fast together in his mind through a long series of symbolical manipulations and reasonings. The forming instantaneously of firm mental ties among symbols, lines, figures, quantities, and other abstract notions appealing to hardly any parts of our nature except the sense of naked forms, of quantity or plurality, is the faculty that constitutes a scientific endowment of mind. So many of these arbitrary connections have to be made in the course of a single chain of scientific proof or of investigation, that unless they cohere in the intellect without difficulty or delay, such processes are utterly impracticable.

The peculiarities now detailed—the intense mental grasp of quantity, number, mathematical lines and forms, and the power of taking firm hold, at a moment's notice, of symbols and arbitrary meanings—are only given as a sample of the elements that go to make the scientific mind and the scientific conception of the world. Many other primary notions of the same class might be pointed out, but none more characteristic than these, or more contrasted with the unscientific impressions derived from nature. The sense of force, pressure, energy, or power, enters largely into philosophical discussions, but under the restraints above specified; that is to say, the forces of nature have to be studied under mathematical conceptions and forms, and in a way very different from the treatment they receive at the hand of the poet. In fact, the philosopher succeeds best by never indulging the feeling of force at all, but by resolving all nature into distances, shapes, and changing situations. We cannot arrive at the secrets of nature's forces by interposing our own feelings of force into the matter: the tendency to explain the world's movements by our own has been one of the permanent sources of error and fallacy.

Each of the primary natural sciences, as arranged at the present day,

corresponds to a distinct department of natural phenomena and operations: mathematics, physics, chemistry, &c. are all distinguished in this respect. It may happen, therefore, that individual minds may be qualified specially for the study of one express science, as well as generally for the management of scientific notions. A chemist requires skill in manipulation, and a tolerable eye for appearances, as well as the deeper characteristics of the scientific intellect. A naturalist—whose function it is to look at each natural object in the gross, or in all its aggregate of peculiarities, excepting only their poetic aspect—must have an eye for colour and surface as well as form and outline, and a scrutinising turn, so as to dispose him to dwell over an object till every feature of it be stamped in his mind; while the intellectual grasp or cohesiveness must be such as to bind all these varied features quickly and surely into an aggregate picture. Minerals, plants, animals, have all to be seen, studied, and remembered in this manner. The naturalist requires to have a greater number of susceptibilities awake than the mathematician or the man of pure abstractions; and he is not required to be so intensely cognizant of lines, figures, and quantities in their naked existence apart from the other properties of matter. The student of mind requires the special faculty of a discriminative consciousness; the social philosopher should be impressible to the abstractions expressing social relations, or such ideas as government, social union, family, morality, and the like. The geographer should be a naturalist on the large scale; the expanded area of the globe, and of its contained empires and continents, should be easily held out in his mind's eye, and the picture duly filled up with all its details of mountain-ranges, river basins, deserts, cities, and villages. Such a conception involves an amount of human interest that can hardly be included in any of the notions of abstract science.

It will thus be seen how very few of the ordinary appetites and susceptibilities of human nature can be gratified through the views of nature taken by the scientific mind in its endeavours to get at the links of causation, and predict and explain the course of natural events. The satisfaction that may be derived from the mind's cleaving fast to triangles, circles, ellipses, to quadratic equations and atomic theories, may be obtained in a high degree; to this may be added the pleasure of following out an aim, which is an inalienable possession of the human breast: there is the pleasure, moreover, of tracing and explaining the vast workings of nature, and of bringing simplicity out of complexity, and order out of confusion; also the gratification of acquiring truth and certainty, and the power that thence accrues: these are within the reach of the scientific man. But let him beware of seeking the pleasures of poetry and mystic fascination: the moment that these become an object a taint of corruption is introduced—a snare is set in the path, and there is no longer any security for real success.

The notion of *analysis*, or a certain mode of separating the complex products of nature, and the equally complex effects they produce on the human mind, is very much involved in the philosophic treatment of the world. This is another way of stating the great cardinal fact above noticed, that of the many properties belonging to a natural object, it is only a very few that are forces of causation, or instrumental in carrying on the course of nature's changes; and hence it is essential that a separation

should be made between such as have no reference to causation and such as enter into the particular train of movements that we may be considering at the time. Thus of all the effects that a mountain can produce on our minds, and all the properties that we ascribe to it in consequence, very few of these are at all relevant in the question of gravitation: its colours, vegetation, and aspect of sublimity must be put out of the view in this consideration; the minerals and metals that compose it must be looked at in the one sole aspect of bulk and comparative weight; the imposing form must be taken solely as a key to the solid contents and the distribution of the mass. The elements of quantity and naked figure, combined with the consideration of relative weight, are what the mind must entertain in determining the agency of the mountain as a gravitating power—the very same elements that the mind restricts itself to when it looks upon a planet as a circling mass acting and reacting on other planets. This is an example of the analytic process, which is the distinction of science, as *combination* is the distinction of art, both industrial and poetic. The scientific analysis being in most cases a separation only in idea, it cannot exist in the practical use of substances. If we are to use iron as a weight, we must take all its other properties at the same time; and if there be any of these that are adverse to the object intended, some new substance must be introduced to neutralise them. The necessity of employing very complex objects for the sake of some one of their uses is a never-ending source of difficulty in practical operations, and one of the great trials of practical skill. How to prevent the many actions over and above the one sought from being hurtful is the main consideration in every combination used in art. It is a still greater difficulty in the employment of human beings, from the greater multitude of properties and activities attaching to them.

Analysis is requisite for this other reason—which is but an extension of the foregoing—that although the objects of nature may have various properties concerned in causation, these properties belong to different trains of causes; and as the study of nature imperatively requires that we should confine ourselves to one train of effects at a time, it is necessary that we should separate in our minds the various qualities from one another, for the purpose of ascertaining the causation due to each. The substance gold enters into many different streams of causation: it has weight or gravity, and exerts by this property the effect of mechanical pressure; it has cohesion, by which it resists blows and distension; it has malleability, by which it is susceptible of being spread out into thin leaf; it has a group of chemical powers—such as its resistance to oxidation; it has a special effect upon light, whence it derives its colour and lustre. Now although every one of these properties is concerned in causation, they belong to different kinds of causes, and on every one of them the substance fraternises with a distinct class of objects. Science must arrive at the individual causes operating in nature, and assign the precise efficacy of each; and in handling any one of the complex substances of the globe, it must treat it under one of its attributes at one time, and under another at another time, and thus make it the subject of a great many separate studies and expositions. To this we are driven from no other reason than that it has pleased the Creator to constitute the world on the plan of

having a great many different threads of causation—mechanical, chemical, vital, &c.—embodied in substances in very unequal degrees; so that things brought together as being similar in one effect—transparency, for example—differ in a great many other effects. It is the attribute and the glory of a philosophical mind to adapt itself precisely to what it finds in the world, and to repudiate the idea of dictating the facts or the order of creation.

So much for the sentient attributes of the philosophic mind, or the kind of impressions and properties that it must be intensely susceptible to and retentive of, and which are essentially unlike the impressions and properties retained by the larger sensibility of the artistic mind. We require now to allude to the creations that are called into existence for more completely laying hold of the framework of the universe and for explaining its succession and predicting its future. The creations of the poet are, certain forms of language, whose utterance excites and intoxicates men, and brings them into more perfect unison with the grandeur and poetic influences of the world; and also certain successions of imagery and events having the same peculiar influence on the mind. The other classes of artists work up their materials for the like purpose. The creations of the artisan and the man of business consist in the construction of machinery from the various ingredients of the world, for working out specific effects by a nice adjustment of nature's trains of causation. The creations of the man of science are more purely intellectual than any of these, and consist partly in adaptations of the same machinery of language which is the medium of the poet's influence, and partly of a multitude of diagrams and symbols of his own contriving.

As the peculiar composition of the world demands of the philosophic man a separate attention to things that really cannot exist in separation—an intellectual isolation, where an actual isolation is impossible—some machinery is requisite to effect this isolation; and the machinery differs somewhat according to the subject. To isolate lines and forms, outline diagrams are employed like those in Euclid; the circular, triangular, elliptic forms which cannot exist in nature without the accompaniments of solidity, &c. are represented by skeletons, whose outlines are considered, by courtsey, as having no solidity or thickness, and on these the mind exercises itself in determining the various collaterals and consequences of form apart from all other attributes. Another method of seizing hold of isolated properties, and of pointing them out to other minds, is by verbal definitions, or forms of speech, carefully contrived so as to indicate the thing in question and to exclude all other things. Every one knows what a definition is, and it is therefore needless to occupy our space with examples of this peculiar creation of the scientific mind. Coincident with the use of diagrams and definitions is the employment of general terms, which have reference to some isolated property or distinct influence in the stream of causation, and at the same time bring together a number of individual objects which all possess this power in common; thus the name 'quadruped' is a general term, having this twofold function of specifying an isolated property and naming a number of individual things, technically denominated a 'class.' As the isolation of separate properties proceeds in the course of investigation, new general terms are formed, and new classifications introduced. It is, moreover, required of the philosophic man that

he should revise the generalities made by the unphilosophic multitude, and substitute correcter modes of isolating the threads of causation, and correcter classifications of the objects of nature.

We have had occasion to remark that the links of causation of objects are sometimes such as the senses cannot seize at all, and become apparent only by indirect means, which do not tell us where the action lies. This is the nature of the chemical and vital actions, for of these the senses give us the gross results, but furnish no key whatever to the ultimate threads of causation. Gravitation we can comprehend by our senses, but it is not so with the subtile sequences in chemistry and physiology. The links of power in these actions, unfortunately for us, turn upon the atoms or minute particles of bodies, which defy even our microscopic vision; and we are driven to a creative process in order that we may apprehend what goes on, and render a strict account of the actual successions. We transfer from the sphere of sense the notions that best chime in with what takes place beyond the range of sense; and if the notions thus transferred or imagined enable us to render an account of the invisible thread of events, such as to explain all the visible results, we feel satisfied that our assumption is correct. For example, the notion of polarity—gained first from conspicuous objects, as magnetic bars, and terrestrial and celestial globes—is applied to express and represent the invisible atoms of crystallised and other substances, and to render an account of the attractions, repulsions, and other links of causation that hinge on these atoms; and thus, by means of the seen and tangible, we form an image of the unseen, and thereby trace the hand of nature in her most secret recesses. It may easily be supposed that the philosophic profession has found extensive employment in filling up, by imaginary figures and processes, these gaps and blanks of vision, and that this is the most arduous of all the operations of scientific inquiry. The atoms of chemistry can never be seen; the cells of physiology are partly visible by the microscope; but what is actually seen has to be very much enlarged by means of comparisons and notions otherwise derived, when we attempt to assign an exact order of succession and reproduction that will account for all the results. But for the impenetrable veil that hangs over large portions of the chains of nature's causations, we should ere this time have been much farther advanced in our comprehension of the machinery of the world. The stream of natural actions and events, which in some parts of its course is open and apparent, becomes in other parts submerged and withdrawn from human vision; and we are left to the toilsome process of applying analogies and guesses, and creating imaginary courses, taking our hints from an accurate consideration of the visible portions, and verifying our suppositions by their agreement with the seen issues of things. If a being were formed capable of seeing ultimate atoms and cells, and all their quiverings and motions, as easily as we can see the movements in a game of bowls, such a being, by the help of the mathematical skill of the present generation, might shortly reveal to us the deepest secrets of creation; instead of which we must plod on for centuries at the drudging trade of contriving comparisons to suit what we can never see, and trying first one and then another, till, after infinite loss of pains, we fill up the gap of sense by the mere force of scientific reason and imagination.

The diagrams, symbols, definitions, comparisons, and general language of science, now briefly alluded to, are familiar examples of the creations requisite for the philosophical explanation of the world. But anything these could suggest to an ordinary reader would give but a very faint notion of the vast range of intellectual machinery now in existence for handling the different classes of nature's sequences and connections. These definitions and general terms are wrought up into propositions, principles, or theorems, which give the mind an astonishing facility in transferring knowledge from one thing to another, which is the cardinal operation in all scientific proceedings. The theorems and devices of mathematics, the nomenclature of chemistry, the classifications of natural history, the descriptive language of anatomy, extend to a compass almost beyond the grasp of any single mind; and all is conducted on the principle of rigorously excluding extraneous emotions and feelings, and confining the mind to the view of properties and forms that are pertinent to the objects of the scientific man.

We have thus touched, so far as our limits will permit, on the intellectual workings or mental processes suitable for philosophical inquiry. The action of the mind always consists of a stream of successive impulses, images, conceptions, postures, or whatever name we may give to each single act of attention or mental engrossment; and this succession of impulses, conceptions, or pictures, is governed by a few simple laws expressive of the forces that drive us on from one notion to another. Now these forces that cause us to pass from thought to thought are the same for all mental streams whatever, but the thoughts and notions themselves may be very various. The march of the scientific mind is from proposition to proposition, from individual objects to scientific generalities, and from one stage of generality to another; the propositions and generalities being all rigorously confined to the properties and powers concerned in nature's causations. An iron discipline has enabled the scientific man to disregard the multifarious allurements of sensible objects, and to confine his regards to the isolated and meagre features that govern their actions upon one another, and to entertain only one species of actions at a time. Possessing his mind with these bare and selected features, and with the diagrams, symbols, definitions, theorems, and other representative creations suited to his purpose, he leaps from one to another through a long line of uninviting conceptions, and has usually for the conclusion of his march some piece of knowledge, some doctrine, or application of a doctrine, which embraces a link of causation or a coincidence of natural appearances. It would lead us too far if we were to present examples of these trains of mental successions, to which the designation of chains of abstract reasoning is sometimes applied; we must be content with merely hinting at their general character, and we trust to cast additional light upon them by the observations that we have still to make on the nature of legitimate science.

Having now detailed the various meanings attached to the term philosophy, together with the sentient and creative processes of the mind in its scientific workings, we shall endeavour to concentrate more specifically the essence of philosophy under a few distinct heads. All the various meanings given above merge more or less completely in three great divisions or

kinds, to which we may give the names of *Theoretical Philosophy*, *Practical Philosophy*, and *Philosophies of Life*. We shall briefly touch on each of these in succession.

THEORETICAL OR SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

The general or abstract sciences, which make up the body of Theoretical Philosophy, are the systematic expositions of the different departments of natural phenomena. There being, as already stated, in the causation of the world many distinct trains or threads, the necessities of man's limited intelligence require that each should be studied and recorded apart fi the rest; hence we have a science of mathematics for the propert number, quantity, and form, which do not in themselves involve ca but are essential conditions in the statement of every kind of a effect. The sciences of causation are mechanics, astronomy, atomic cohesions, heat, light, electricity, chemistry, physiology, mind, and so These represent the whole range of natural powers known to us, they arrange the facts and laws respecting those powers in a manner b suited to their comprehension by the human intelligence.

Besides these pure and abstract sciences, each handling some one distinct department of nature's operations, and touching on other departments only in so far as they are inevitably involved in its own, there are a certain number of mixed sciences, which bring in no new ultimate principles or laws, but treat of phenomena locally associated in nature. Thus mineralogy is a mixed science, its causations are found among the mechanical, physical, or chemical laws; but it is convenient to treat as a separate branch of knowledge the concurrence of these various powers in one of nature's arrangements. We must not be for ever analysing and isolating the properties of natural bodies; we must be prepared to state what will be the collective action of a group of causes when they meet in the same subject, as in a mineral, metal, plant, or living creature. Hence sciences are formed with the view of treating natural objects as wholes, and taking account of every one of the peculiarities and forces of such objects. This is the origin of our natural history sciences—comprising mineralogy, botany, zoology, and geology as the leading members of the group. These are *concrete* sciences, as compared with physics, chemistry, and physiology, which belong to the general or abstract group: both sets are true sciences; but the one set adapt themselves to the aggregates or wholes presented in nature, the other search out and state apart the separate classes of properties or threads of causation.

In the building up of theoretical science by means of the appropriate inquiries, observations, experiments, inductions, deductions, hypotheses, classifications, &c. the legitimate motives and ends are such as the following:—The desire to attain an exact acquaintance with the order of natural events and of the associated appearances of the world of matter and mind, and for this purpose to penetrate the complicated mass of operations, and seize the single, ultimate, and indivisible threads of succession and links of companionship; the desire to reconcile all contradictions, and attain perfect consistency of views in every department of nature; the wish to possess

ourselves of the simple laws of creation, and trace their workings throughout; the longing after truth and certainty in our anticipations or predictions of the future as well as in retracing the past. The love of truth, consistency, and simplicity is the proper emotion of pure philosophy. Besides the gratification that may arise from the active exercise of intellect in its peculiar sphere, we may lawfully derive all the enjoyment that accrues from the tracing of similarity in apparent diversity, of unity in variety, of simplicity in complexity, of order in confusion. The clearing up of mysteries, and the successful comprehension of what seemed utterly beyond the ken of our faculties, may likewise delight the human spirit even to ecstasy. But these, though the legitimate, are not the only motives that have prompted men to apply themselves to the study of the world or to speculative philosophy.

The objects aimed at in the investigation of nature, the feelings associated with the pursuit, and the methods employed, have all undergone changes and modifications since the origin of speculative philosophy in the land of intellect—in ancient Greece—in the sixth century before Christ. The misleading influences arising from the manifold aspect of nature and from the tendencies of the primitive mind gave a false turn to the whole inquiry at the very outset, and it took ages to arrive at the proper point of view. The first philosophers could never have suspected the abstruse and hidden character of the powers that keep up the processes of nature; they were also completely ignorant of what was the proper subject to commence with. Inheriting the prepossessions given by the early poets, they sought to find out some one great ruling power that gave birth to all the appearances of creation, as the originating and sustaining impulse. One set of inquirers selected a physical agency for this purpose, such as water or liquidity; another class fell upon metaphysical abstractions, and in so doing opened up the arena of metaphysical discussion to the human intellect.

Of all the toils, conflicts, battles, and perilous adventures that have given undying interest to the history and poetry of the past, there are none that would more thoroughly arouse the sympathies of an intelligent mind than the struggles of infant man to comprehend the scheme of the world or to assign the moving forces that guided it and the law of their operation. Setting aside the mystery of life and the nature of mind—which, however, by an unfortunate weakness of our nature, are the most attractive and fascinating subjects of inquiry—what origin could an early speculator assign to the winds and clouds, and hail and lightning? If he were content to assume the daily revolution of the starry sphere as a primitive impulse of the circular kind, he would still be puzzled with the irregularities of the planets, the changes of the moon, and the alterations in the length of the day. Then what could he make of fire terrestrial or celestial? The tides of the sea must be an astonishing enigma. Vegetation and animal life superadded to all other peculiarities would serve to complete the mighty maze. And if, standing in still amazement over this whole spectacle, he thought of his own existence in the midst of it, as a being plunged into a pathless wilderness obliged to move on, but with scarcely the faintest perception where or how, we shall with difficulty picture to ourselves his strange emotions and fancies. In time men get habituated to anything; to die is always before them as an issue in time

of difficulty; but the young fresh intellect of a gifted nature would have to pass through the melancholy pangs of perplexity, varied with wild gleams of hope and exultation bursting forth now and then as there rose to view an apparent solution of some one of the many mysteries of being. Solutions springing out of the depths of despair or the pride of intelligence were the philosophies of the ancient world.

Two eminent men stand out as taking a lead in their respective epochs in reforming the prevailing methods of inquiry — Socrates and Lord Bacon. But in modern ages the reformation has been principally owing to examples set by the individual inquirers whose better instincts and more correct intelligence were their guide; among these Galileo and Newton have a conspicuous place. In the midst of the varied studies of every age since philosophy began, there have always been a select few at work at the right end of the chain; and their labours gradually built up a mass of sure and permanent results, although for a long time these results fell short of the impatient curiosity of men. In the early centuries, when impossible problems were agitating the minds of the leading men, there grew up that precious contribution to mathematical knowledge contained in the works of Euclid and other Alexandrian geometers. In the wildest days of alchemy there were a few scattered chemists whose inquiries were sober and practical, and led to the greater part of the real knowledge of chemical substances that was accumulated in the middle age. Among the endless diversity of human characters, there occur at intervals men naturally free of the vices of their age, who can with little effort set an example of a better state of things; and in the scientific walk such cases have not been unfrequent. A powerful one-sided nature, utterly unsusceptible to the ordinary enticements and allurements of the world, and having for its peculiarity the love of those bare and naked forms, figures and properties, which causation hinges on, may fulfil the great destination of turning a bewildered world into the paths of successful inquiry.

At the present time, when science has advanced so far as to establish beyond question the legitimate ends of pursuit and the means of attaining them, by well-guarded observations, experiments, generalisations, and proofs, the errors of the past are for the most part matters of history. Yet in saying that the proper ends of science as well as its proper means are now generally recognised, we must except from the statement the branches of knowledge whose subjects touch most closely and directly on human feelings and interests — the sciences, namely, of man and society. To these subjects imperfection of method still cleaves; and the obstacles that anciently obstructed the physical sciences, arising from the prejudices, prepossessions, and sentiments of primitive man, still operate in their case.

The most striking portion of Lord Bacon's work on the reformation of philosophy, the 'Novum Organon,' consisted in an exposition of the prevailing obstructions in the way of a sound method of inquiry. To these he gave the expressive name of 'idola,' or idols, and he divided them into various species according to their origin. One class he denominated idols of the tribe, because they were corrupting influences belonging to universal human nature; a second class were idols of the cavern, or special influences at work on individuals; the third class were idols of the market-place, having their origin in social intercourse: under this head he illustrated the

abuses of language. The last class were idols of theatre—meaning the love of theatrical display and imposing effects, which he considered to be the motive of adherence to some of the systems of philosophy that had once been popular.

The most comprehensive exposition of 'idola' could scarcely include all the ways that the human mind is perverted and corrupted in its search after truth. Almost every feeling, instinct, emotion, and passion of human nature may come in as an obstacle; at all events it would be easier to specify the exceptions than to give a full detail of all that come under the rule. We have already alluded to the legitimate gratifications accorded to the human mind by a true scientific method and by the pure doctrines of science; but these gratifications being mostly founded in intellect must be the favourite enjoyment of the few rather than of the many.

In attempting to specify a number of the 'idola' or influences that obstruct the march of sound philosophy, we shall confine ourselves to two descriptions of them; selecting either those that are of a permanent character, owing to the nature of the human constitution, or those that more particularly attach to the present time.

1. The want of vigour and force in the human intellect in general is the foremost cause of the slowness of scientific discovery. The average run of human beings are utterly destitute of the endowments requisite for the accurate comprehension of nature's intricacies, far less for original discovery. The superficial aspects of things, the glitter and colour of outward appearances, the favourite likings, the hereditary traditions, the imperfections of ordinary speech, are too much for a mind where intellect is not of more than common power. As a general rule man is not made for seizing the true point of view of the world, or for setting aside appearance and delusive hopes to grasp at the actual links of power and certainty which govern the course of natural operations. An individual here and there among the privileged races of the globe possesses this faculty; but if ever it be called into exercise for this end, it must sustain the opposition caused by the general tendencies of the multitude in addition to the natural difficulties of the case. The hold that such individuals have on the world is derived partly from the influence of an ascendant intellect, and partly from the necessity that comes to be felt every now and then for correct information as to the course of the world where all live and move and have their being.

2. Aversion to the abstract method, a method we have seen to be essential to science—in other words, to those naked and artificial conceptions that are involved in the links of causation. The notions, symbols, and machinery of mathematics, the doctrines of atomic attractions and repulsions, the theory of latent heat, the refractions and undulations of light, the laws of chemical atoms, the structure of cells, fibres, and tissues, the abstractions that have been employed to give an icy touch to the warm emotions of humanity—are all extremely repulsive to the natural mind. It is felt as a great hardship that these notions are essential to the understanding of the plans and operations of the great workshop of creation. The coercion of intellect requisite for acquiring all these notions, and carrying on chains of reasoning by their means, is usually a painful process of discipline; and men in general would much rather that they had to deal

only with objects as they appear to the senses and in all the fulness of their manifestation. To speak of nine loaves, nine men, nine pounds, is always easy, but to carry on processes with numbers in general is a distasteful operation, requiring the salutary compulsion of the schoolmaster. It is pleasant to handle a rose, or rest under a spreading oak, but to be unable to comprehend the growth and production of these objects without a system of diagrams and obscure reasonings about the development of cells and the movements of invisible globules, seems a freak of nature to set off the luxury of sense by the labour of the intellect. No lesson is more incessantly taught to men than that they should use their intellectual faculties, and yet they have often found it an easier task to make the most slavish submissions to spiritual and temporal despotisms.

The progress of discovery, which in many cases, although not in all, leads to simplicity and intelligibility of doctrines, and to the advancement of the arts of exposition and style, tend more and more to take off the harsh edge of scientific forms, and to adapt them to the popular liking for the concrete in nature, and for displays to the senses. This is one of the most important aspects of our civilisation, seeing that the accurate comprehension of the world, instead of being the prerogative of a few, is indispensable to the happiness and wellbeing of all.

It is the business of poetry and art to work up the concretes or totals of nature, or to confer direct enjoyment and a cultivation apart from the discipline and truth-giving possessions of science. In some rare instances the interest of scientific expositions approaches to the poetic: the large objects and sublime periods of astronomy and geology; the beautiful symmetries disclosed in mineral as well as in vegetable and animal structures; the mysterious grandeur of the subtile powers of heat, electricity, and light; the structure of human thought and emotion—may stimulate the curiosity and excite the attention of men, like a work of high art, but such cases must not mislead us into supposing that there is any close affinity between art and science. Contrariety and contrast are the essential relation between the two. The 'poetry of science' is not a proper combination of terms: the incongruity of the designation is apparent at once if we take an extreme case of each, and compare the Psalms of David with a treatise on algebra, or Hamlet with Quain's Anatomy.

3. A grand obstacle to the attainment of scientific truth has arisen from the reluctance and the inability to understand what knowledge is, or what the human mind can really attain to in the comprehension of the world. There has been all along a struggle both to go farther back into the origin of things and to penetrate deeper down into their essence and nature than becomes the faculties of our nature as at present constituted. We stand looking at a stream of events and successive appearances, and we are able to ascertain the things that go in company and the things that uniformly succeed each other; and by possessing the knowledge of these uniformities of coincidence and succession we can go a certain way forward in anticipating the future and a certain way backward in retracing the past; but we cannot by any inquiries of ours attain a knowledge of the first commencement of things, or see deeper into their essence than by conceiving them as they appear to our senses and reason with all their relations of companionship and sequence. Of gravity we can only know the fact of the

mutual approach of all material substances according to a certain invariable rate; and to seek for any other hold of the phenomenon is to labour in vain.

4. Considerable misapprehension arises from the disposition to dictate the purpose or end that the Creator had in view in the various objects around us. In this, as in other sources of error, we are apt to transfer our own personality to the large operations of the world; and because in our little sphere of action we view everything according to its utility in the affairs of life, we rise to the belief that a similar utility is the final end of all creation. This feeling makes us ready to receive implicitly any statements as to the facts of the world that shew design according to our notions of design; whereas all such inferences should at the very least be postponed till our knowledge of the facts has become clear and precise beyond all doubt. The consideration of final ends has in various remarkable instances thrown light upon the structure of animal organisations; but the greatest caution is requisite in using this as a means of discovery or explanation.

5. We may notice next the obstructions arising from preconceptions as to what is proper, perfect, or becoming in nature's arrangements. The belief in the circular nature of the planetary motions is the most notable example of this tendency — it having been assumed that a circle was perfection, and that no other figure suited the dignity of a planet.

It would be easy to enumerate a variety of objections that have one after the other been proved, beyond the possibility of cavil, to be erroneous, although previously assumed to be valid. We need, however, only refer to Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, and Jenner's discovery of the properties of vaccination; both of which were at first assumed to be at variance with truth, yet were finally established as correct. In the latter of these questions there mingled—as there does in many other questions—a sentiment of repugnance at the idea of human beings having anything in common with the constitution of the brutes. Now the doctrine might or might not be true; but it is perfectly irrational to suppose that its bearing upon human pride could have been any presumption against it. Such facts, in connection with the progress of knowledge, should have the effect of inducing much caution in judging of new discoveries in physical science.*

In social doctrines the intrusion of preconceived notions is still more frequent and more mischievous. Regardless of the actual facts, we insist

* Archbishop Whately distinguishes between two kinds of discoveries of truth—the communication of the one of which he calls *information*, and of the other *instruction*. The former relates to matters of fact not known before, such as the distance of the earth from the sun. 'The communication of this kind of knowledge is most usually, and most strictly, called *information*. We gain it from *observation*, and from *testimony*. No *mere internal workings* of our own minds (except when the mind itself is the very object to be observed), or *mere* discussions in words, will make a fact known to us; though there is great room for sagacity *in judging what testimony to admit*, and in the forming of *conjectures* that may *lead* to *profitable observation*, and to experiments with a view to it. The other class of discoveries is of a very different nature. That which may be elicited by Reasoning, and consequently is implied in that which we already know, we assent to on that ground, and not from observation or testimony. To take a geometrical truth upon *trust*, or to attempt to ascertain it by *observation*, would betray a total [illegible] nce of the nature of the science.'

on finding in nature what we consider suitable to human happiness. We are apt to assume that because man exists that therefore all things necessary for his wellbeing—according to our ideas of it—must also exist, and that nothing but bad laws or bad government stands in the way of the universal happiness of the race. When Malthus put forth a statement as to the necessity of limiting the increase of population in order to increase the dividend of wealth, instead of discussing his doctrine like any other interpretation of the facts of the world, a storm of indignation was raised at the very thought of such a thing, which has taken more than a generation to subside. Again, it is supposed that because we are born with certain desires we shall, as a matter of course, find the means of their gratification; whereas the facts of the world teach us that many of our desires can never be gratified, and that for our own quietness it is absolutely essential to restrain, and almost extinguish many appetites and longings, and content ourselves with the gratification of only a very small fraction of human wishes. Nature will often turn a deaf ear to our most earnest prayers and most amiable and refined longings.

6. The love of the marvellous is remarkable for its influence in corrupting our faculties in the search after natural truth. From the fascination and stimulus of this class of objects they are purposely brought together in romantic and other compositions intended for agreeable excitement. What is familiar, ordinary, common, being apt to lose its interest and become stale, we take delight in encountering what is extraordinary, startling, and opposite to our usual experience. The stars cease to arrest our gaze, but a meteor flashing across the sky draws every eye upon its course. The sun and moon become objects of intense interest when in the rare and striking situation of an eclipse. Events either strongly contrasting with the usual run of things, or rising far above ordinary in magnitude, grandeur, or imposing effect, are the seasoning of life's dulness. To see, and afterwards to relate, uncommon occurrences and objects at variance with all experience, is delightful to wise and ignorant alike; but to rude ages and uncultivated minds novelties, rarities, and marvels are especially agreeable.

Now this itch for marvels is very apt to interfere with the cool observation of facts, and still more with the record and narration of them to others. Of course in phenomena of a rare and striking kind the difficulty of avoiding exaggeration is increased. In such things as earthquakes, meteors, eclipses, and rare and extraordinary productions, none but a highly-disciplined mind is capable of giving unvarnished statements to others, or forming an accurate conception to itself.

There are two subjects where the love of the marvellous has especially retarded the progress of correct knowledge — the manners of foreign countries, and the instincts of the brute creation. To exaggerate and make known signs and wonders is the standing vice of travellers, even when they do not absolutely manufacture fictions. The early travellers, going abroad with the notions of superstitious ages, and with little discipline in the arts of observation and correct writing, could in general be so little trusted the cautious part of the public looked with suspicion tements in general, and in some instances discredited e. The greatest traveller of antiquity

and the earliest accurate historian * repeatedly and expressly refrains from mentioning what he saw from anticipating the incredulity of his readers, who, while delighting in certain kinds of the marvellous, might bring into play another instinct of uncultivated human nature—namely, the tendency to measure the whole world by the narrow standard of our own limited experience.

It is extremely difficult to obtain true observations of the instincts of animals from the disposition to make them subjects of marvel and astonishment. Many people take delight in storing up tales of the extraordinary sagacity of dogs, cats, horses, birds, &c. in doing things quite incomprehensible and inexplicable in any law of nature whatsoever. It is nearly as impossible to acquire a knowledge of animals from popular stories and anecdotes, as it would be to attain a knowledge of human nature from the narratives of parental fondness and friendly partiality.

7. The thirst for premature explanations of the world's obscurities, so natural to the class of minds whose intellectual tastes are strong, is a cause of evil as well as of good. It is hard to feel an utter incapacity to know what is within the reach of the human faculties, and will one day be blazed abroad in the clearest daylight. Rather than wait for the natural evolution of the doctrines and views that will suffice to explain the mysterious powers of life and organisation, the impatient mind seizes upon some plausible supposition, and intrudes it by main force into the appearances, thereby incurring the temptation to slur over difficulties and misrepresent facts for the sake of maintaining the credit of its misplaced ingenuity. A very great number of the hypotheses and opinions constituting the history of philosophy belong to the class of premature and impossible attempts. There is an order to be observed in the course of discovery: we must advance from the simple to the compound; and if we have set our heart upon knowing the laws of causation in any complex subject—such as the growth of living tissues—we must first ascertain the laws of the separate agencies that enter into the complex action. For example, the growth of a vegetable is brought about by a host of distinct powers or causes. We can see in it the presence of the cohesive or aggregating agency which binds the atoms of bodies together into masses, the expanding and transforming energy of heat, the attraction of tubes for liquids, the solvency of watery fluids, chemical combinations and decompositions, the action of light—which is at present not distinctly understood—the formation of cells from one another, and there may be many more agencies besides. Now until each one of these influences has been well studied in circumstances where it stands out apart from the others, it is utterly hopeless to attempt to render an account of the complex stream where all run together. A scientific man will never willingly enter on the investigation of any difficulty until he conceives that all the questions that go before it as preliminaries have once been settled. As science advances, it becomes more easy to see what subjects stand next in order for inquiry; but in early times there was the greatest confusion and mistakes on this point.

In the foregoing enumeration of obstacles to sound philosophy we have

* Herodotus.

only selected some of the more prominent, it being impossible for us to present a complete and exhaustive catalogue. We have passed over influences of a more special and individual kind—such as the various forms of human vanity and egotism, the sinister ends of interested sects, the pleasures of illusion and hope, and other susceptibilities which an orator is permitted to work upon to serve the passing ends of everyday life. The taste for what is true and certain has much to contend against, and at times its struggles rise to the tragic and sublime. The total submission of the entire being to what has been proved by evidence is the crowning-point of the scientific character; it is the ascendancy of truth and reason, the victory of pure intelligence over all the workings of sense and passion, a still small voice making itself heard amidst the war of elements.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy has from a very early period been associated more or less with the practical ends and business proceedings of life. The two great agitations for philosophic reform, the one in the ancient world and the other in the modern—the movements of Socrates and Bacon—set forth prominently the need of a more practical turn being given to men's inquiries into nature. When the doctrines and principles of science are so shaped and adapted as to supply guidance to some branch of human business or occupation, science or philosophy is then said to be practical, and the practice so guided is said to be scientific or philosophical. A modern treatise on navigation is a fair example of this union of theory and practice; the abstract doctrines of mathematics, astronomy, and physics are selected, brought together, and arranged so as to suit the practical emergencies of seamanship. Instead of teaching all that the faculties of man have been able to make out respecting geometry and astronomy, and presenting it in the order best fitted for the comprehension of the whole, a selection is made of certain propositions in each science, which help to solve the practical problems arising in navigation; and a number of rules are devised for shortening the work as much as possible. The delight in mathematical truth, and the taste for abstract speculation and comprehensive knowledge, are not recognised as inhering in the seafaring mind: should such tastes exist over and above the necessities of the navigating art, they are provided for by the works that discuss science in general, or by treatises in the various departments of theoretical philosophy. These departments we have already enumerated.

The adaptation of science to practice, and the reference by practice to science, have been insisted on by sound-thinking men as equally necessary for both. If science were conducted merely for the gratification of the intellectual tastes, or to enable a few people to live what is called a life of contemplation—which some of the Greek philosophers were wont to call the highest life—the danger would be that rigid certainty of doctrines would give way to luxurious and pleasing notions capable of contributing to this peculiar mode of enjoying existence. It is the application to practice that makes test of theories. The doctrines of gravitation, and the theories of the sun,] ets, are daily subjected to the ordeal

of the navigator, who has valuable lives and property at their mercy. This great practical stake has been a very strong motive to acquire correct knowledge of the heavenly bodies; and the habits of accuracy that have been once engendered by practical wants come to be extended to portions of the subject having no immediate bearing on practice.

The actions of men are partly instinctive, partly imitative, and partly ruled by their own personal experience, and by the experience of others, communicated by speech or writing. Eating, walking, pursuit, fighting, and loving, are instinctive emanations of the human soul. Education and imitation communicate numerous well-known faculties. Personal experience goes for a great deal in every one's life; indeed instruction imparted from without has but little efficacy till actual experience has clenched the lessons. The acquisition of other men's experience supposes that the facts of the outer and inner world have been expressed in intelligible speech—a most important step in human history, marking the period when the knowledge of successive generations could be accumulated and preserved, and when the human race should become like one immortal, growing in age and wisdom, but ever fresh and green.

The idea of expressing all knowledge, experience, and wisdom in language or speech is so familiar to us that we seldom reflect on the quantity of knowledge that is never communicated, or on the work performed by mere unthinking experience. A man may go through his operations of tilling the ground, thrashing, grinding, spinning, fishing, quarrying, in perfect silence, and without being able to convey in words the experience he goes upon, or the different steps of his processes; these steps being engraved in the habits of his body, without having been ever expressed by his tongue. The eye sees, the hand feels, the body in general acts; the workman knows what he is about, what he wishes, and what he can do; he has spent a life of actual trial and error, and he has learned to take the course that avoids the error, but still he need not speak about it. Description by language is something over and above the skill and wisdom of the workman, be he what he may; and such description is very apt to fall below this wisdom, and to fail entirely in putting others in possession of it. Hence the most skilful mechanics, navigators, soldiers, physicians, rulers, have been unable to leave behind them the record of their wisdom, or to throw their mantle upon their successors by communicating the secrets of their procedure. Not to speak of the impossibility of every man doing whatever he sees another doing, it has really been found impracticable to record all the sensations of a keen eye and a delicate hand, so as to put others in the position to profit by the knowledge of nature thus acquired. A physician may discern symptoms that he cannot by any very verbal description teach his pupil to discern, and thus his skill in adapting remedies may perish with him.

Now it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that there is neither philosophy, science, nor doctrine possible without speech. No facts or observations can be of any avail in science unless they can be expressed in language. Science must be something that all men can possess; herein it is distinguished from the instincts of the animal creation or the incommunicable knack of the skilled artisan. If there be facts that elude expression, or that language has not yet been adapted to, such facts have

not been brought within the pale of philosophy, however well they may be recognised in practice. The sailor may have a discernment of the signs of the sky over and above any knowledge that has yet found its way into meteorology: to this extent he is ahead of science; but in as far as he is so, his knowledge dies with him, and to his successor it is as if he had never lived.

These observations are necessary to pave the way for the remark, that the existing science of the world at any one time may be utterly useless for any practical end whatsoever, and its pretensions to interfere in practice may have to be denied and resisted. There is usually required a very high degree of advancement in any branch of speculative knowledge to enable it to overbear and correct the experience of the practical man, and if it brings forward premature claims to the direction of workmanship and affairs, the result may be ruinous to all concerned. The Egyptians had acquired by their experience a certain knowledge of land-measuring before the existence of geometry and trigonometry: the theorems of Euclid would have served to increase their powers in this respect to an immense extent; but if in the early stages of geometrical speculation, when only a small number of Euclid's theorems were known, and when perhaps there were fallacious propositions afloat among the cultivators of the science, it would have been purely mischievous for any geometer to propose innovations in the rule-of-thumb practice of the Egyptian surveyors. The philosopher Aristotle is said to have been jealous of the success of his contemporary Isocrates, the greatest teacher of oratory and special pleading of his time, and to have expressed very great contempt for the narrow doctrines of rhetorical art made use of by this famous rhetorician. The philosopher's own treatise on rhetoric took a far higher flight than any system of instruction hitherto known to professors of oratory, and made a searching analysis into the foundations of the rhetorical art; but it may be doubted whether any direct use has ever been made of this treatise in the art of teaching, or in the actual equipment of an orator or poet. At that stage of the subject, the discussion, although having a practical end in view from the very first, could only be considered as an exercise of intellect, a gratification of speculative curiosity, and a commencement of what might in some future day be productive of great practical results; which results would not come out unless the science were cultivated and studied for a long time without any practical gain. The same remark holds in logic, ethics, and political theories. While in their early infancy, any light that can be obtained from such branches of doctrine is less to be trusted to than the sagacity and experience of practical men having no theory except some narrow generalisations of their own, which, as they never repose on any analysis of ultimate laws, cannot deserve the name of science or philosophy.

The practical sciences, or, as we may term them, the branches or divisions of practical philosophy, are such as the following:—the various departments of knowledge made use of in the healing art—pharmacy, medicine, surgery, midwifery, &c.; agriculture, practical mechanics, metallurgy, engineering, architecture, navigation, dyeing, painting, perspective, decoration; the theory of art, education, ethics, logic, rhetoric, politics, jurisprudence, science of history, &c. Each one of these branches of knowledge professes to deliver

the laws and sequences of nature that bear upon a certain object or practical use, and to shew how any desired effect can be produced by the employment of adequate means. Principles adapted to practice are termed rules; the language employed being not so much 'Nature does so and so,' but do thou this, and that will follow. If an individual is affected with particular symptoms of disease the medical expounder prescribes the remedy, and no more, unless he consider it necessary to give evidence of the efficacy of such a remedy. The departments of ethics, politics, and jurisprudence are all founded on human nature, but none of their professors is called upon to give a systematic account of the whole of human nature: the more they know of man the better; but if they know only as much as serves their own turn, no man can blame them for deficiency.

The theoretical sciences are determined and arranged according to the different kinds of phenomena and events presented by nature. The properties of triangles, circles, and spheres, make a distinct species of information; the relations of numbers in arithmetic and algebra are also a class of things by themselves, although they come into very close relation with the other. The actions of moving bodies are not to be confounded with either of these. Gravitation is a distinct power in nature. It has been from no desire to multiply differences, or to find a greater variety of modes of action in the world than there really is, that a separate branch of knowledge has been constituted under the title of chemistry. So the laws of vitality involve a new phase of nature; and mind is a still higher development, and a more complex manifestation of creative energy. Theoretical philosophy recognises all these distinctions and varieties of working, and finds a separate place for each; and its divisions therefore correspond, not to the feelings, wants, conveniences, or ends of man, but to the realities of the world. Whoever would know creation as it really stands, and in the most orderly and compendious form that it is possible to conceive it, must eschew practical men and practical books, and betake himself to the theoretic cycle of philosophy: he will have to study in succession mathematics, physics, chemistry, physiology, mind, and society.

It is equally evident, on the other hand, that the practical sciences are called into being by human wants, and are ordered and adapted accordingly. The existence of a science of surgery does not prove that there is in nature a peculiar and distinct class of actions called surgical; for in fact the forces at work in the processes of surgery belong to the theoretical department of physiology. The practical science of agriculture can include no natural causes but what are professed to be expounded in physical, chemical, or vital science. Politics, law, and jurisprudence relate themselves to the abstract sciences of mind and society. However much we may multiply branches of applied knowledge, we cannot multiply the powers of nature, nor those leading departments of theoretical philosophy which systematically embrace and expound them.

The accumulated experience of any one craft, profession, or branch of business, distinctly recorded in books for universal information, forms the literature and collective wisdom of that particular department; but it is not every such literary collection of practical maxims and detailed facts that deserves to be called philosophy or science. The Chinese, the Arabs, and other nations had very extensive medical literatures long before anything

like a philosophical system of medicine existed in the world. A practical science cannot be formed except by the same methods and precautions as are requisite in a theoretical science. The principles of dyeing, bleaching, or of any other chemical manufacture, must be established by the identical processes of observation, experiment, and inductive comparison, and by the same precautions respecting the use of language, as have to be employed in the investigation of the general doctrines of chemistry. No less care and no fewer repetitions and verifications are called for to determine the cure of a disease than would serve to prove the grandest discovery in physiology or anatomy. All observations and experiments, and all general assertions, in any practical question, that are not conducted according to the highest rigour of scientific method, as exemplified by the best theoretical inquirers in their respective walks, are in general lost labour. Men may write on medicine, agriculture, ethics, or politics, without end, and establish nothing; just as an infinity of treatises have been produced on astronomy, physics, and mind, whose annihilation might make the world wiser, but could not deprive us of any valuable piece of knowledge.

The only thing that renders the investigation of practical science peculiar and distinct, is the fact that it may, at a certain stage of scientific advancement, be made to repose on theoretical philosophy; in other words, the accurately-ascertained laws of the theoretical departments may serve to predict the sequences in the practical departments. The chemical manufacturer may not require to take upon himself the whole labour of investigating the course of nature's operations in his craft, from the circumstance that theoretical chemistry and the general principles of chemical action have been so far advanced as to determine everything that he desires to know. So a practical science of education might be constructed with little trouble, and with the highest precision, if there existed a previous general science of human nature in a high state of perfection; but where the theoretical foundations of any branch of practice have not been securely laid, there is no alternative for the practical man but to execute a series of researches with all the rigour and precision of the most accomplished theoretical philosopher. If this is not done, there may be a body of maxims and doctrines relative to an art, and these may have a certain amount of probability, or be true in a good many instances, but there is no science, no body of principles, true in all instances and in all circumstances.

The difference between the scientific and unscientific experience and rules belonging to a profession is this: when all the conditions that enter into any one effect have been precisely ascertained, so that it is possible at all times and circumstances to produce that effect, the knowledge of the case is complete; no science can be truer than this. But when the conditions of an effect are not perfectly ascertained, when it cannot be stated what things to employ and what things to exclude, and in what quantities, in order to produce an end, the knowledge is imperfect, and in practice there will be a number of failures. For example, in calico-printing there are certain colours whose production is exactly understood, and can be reduced to general laws of chemistry; such is the formation of a prussian blue. But there are other colours where complex organic substances are

employed, and where the laws and conditions of the effects are not correctly ascertained for the workman's guidance, and hence there is a degree of chance and uncertainty in the result, which is very tantalising. Either the printer, for his own ends, or the chemist, for the ends of science in general and all that hangs on it, will require to institute experimental investigations to get out the precise link of cause and effect out of the complex stream of agencies that are at work, provided neither of the parties can meet the difficulty by the skilful application of some of the laws or threads of causation already ascertained among chemical phenomena.

PHILOSOPHIES OF LIFE.

The notions included under theoretical and practical science do not exhaust all the meanings attached to the name 'philosophy.' There still remain a group of significations connected more immediately with human conduct than any that have been touched on in the two divisions above illustrated. As we have not extended the scope of practical science so far as to take in the direct and immediate guidance and pilotage of man's own life, we require still to make some observations on this department, with the view of shewing when and how the idea of philosophy is connected with it.

The immediate impulses, or prime movers of human action, are the natural instincts, passions, emotions, and energies of the human constitution. The likings and aversions, and all the potent stimulants that act on our frame, are the influences most easy and congenial to yield ourselves up to. The fact, however, is, that if we abandon ourselves at random to each prevailing impulse that seizes us—hunger, sleep, violent exercise, anger, sympathy — we shall soon terminate our existence in a wreck. Among the moving powers that act on us we must suppress some and regulate others; we permit one to have a larger sway than the rest, because it is safer and more useful, and because it helps to keep the others under. For example, the natural impulse of tenderness and warm attachment has been all over the world cultivated and strengthened to the highest possible pitch, because it is more grateful as a permanent stimulus, more compatible with human happiness and safety on the whole, and more capable of keeping dangerous passions under, than most other germs of human emotion. A particular form of the sentiment of manly pride has been sometimes chosen monarch of the passions for similar reasons; it being found capable of spreading a film of serene satisfaction over the life, and of maintaining a course of conduct safe for the individual and not hurtful to others. It is easy to conceive what would be the upshot if a like predominance were given to the fitful appetites of hunger and sex, to the passion of resentment, or even to the more paltry but very fascinating love of sporting excitement.

To play off one strong impulse against all the rest, and to strengthen it by exercise and by consecration, has been essential to the existence of every tribe of human beings that ever held together; but this, though a highly conservative device and a great step in advance, can hardly be said to be philosophy. The nations of the civilised modern world, and many sects among the ancients, have recognised as the supreme guiding force of

human nature what is called 'conscience,' or the knowledge of what is right, coupled with the incitement to act up to it. If this so-called conscience be instinctive in its suggestions, a life conducted under its guidance may be highly correct and virtuous, but it does not give occasion to the appellation of a philosophy, being perhaps all the happier for not deserving the name.

Philosophical life-guidance comes into play when the suggestions of the instincts and sentiments, one and all, are either set aside or fail to give the needful direction, and when the intellect of man brings into the field the same powers of investigation as have been successful in building up the theoretical and practical sciences, and by the application of those powers devises a scheme of human life such as to give to each impulse a measured scope consistent with the highest good of the whole. It is the intervention of the philosophising intelligence that makes life philosophical. If a man trained in the scientific study of some department of nature or mind applies his faculties to the study of the course of human life, with the view of avoiding, as far as possible, its ills, and multiplying what is good in it, and if he arrives at general principles appealing to the intelligence of others, and in all respects similar to the principles of physics, of mind, of jurisprudence, or of logic, he is a philosopher of life, and his listeners, and all who act upon his principles, may be distinguished by the same honourable appellation. When we depart from the primitive device of choosing a king-passion, and introduce the speculative and scientific intelligence into the conduct of our lives, we make a step exactly identical with the interposition of scientific laws and scientific reasonings into agriculture, navigation, or the administration of justice. The first attempts at such a method may be abortive and bad, like the first theories of the heavenly bodies, or of the phenomena of life; moreover, inferences made in this way may be less safe than the suggestions of the king passion, but nevertheless the attempts themselves are commendable.

The earliest approach to this kind of philosophy is found in the prudential and wise maxims, sayings, and proverbs current among all nations; exercises of the observing and generalising intellect no doubt, but so imperfectly executed that they can no more be called science than the primitive literature of the medical, or any other difficult art, can be so called. The intellect at work in their case has not been the intellect trained and skilled, and made aware of the necessity of looking at what is not before the common eye.

Systems of life deserving of the name of philosophy come into view about the same period as systems of the world. As we designate by this term the cosmical speculations of the greatest Greek intellects from the sixth century before Christ, so we find among the same individual minds the first efforts to array the march of human life according to methods devised by the exercise of abstract intelligence; and such methods, either promulgated in naked theory or reduced to practice, we call philosophies of life. The notion of a *summum bonum* or maximum of happiness always implies an attempt at the scientific consideration of the question of life. We shall endeavour to illustrate this part of the subject by a brief allusion to some of the most noted systems of life that have been held up as of the philosophical kind.

The epoch of Socrates marks the commencement of various branches of philosophy, and among others the department of life-philosophy; and posterior to his date we shall find genuine examples presented both in the speculative and practical world.

The *Cynics*.—The Cynic philosophy, which was essentially practical in the sense of being related to the conduct of life, was originated by one of the followers of Socrates, named Antisthenes. The character of the sect is, however, more popularly judged of by the anecdotes told of its most prominent member, commonly called Diogenes the Cynic. The great idea of the founder consisted in laying down the broad principle, that virtue was self-sufficient for conferring happiness, to the exclusion of the sensual delights and bodily gratifications. But by virtue, in the mouth of a pupil of Socrates, must be understood not merely rectitude of conduct in the whole of the relations of life, but also the pursuit of knowledge and philosophy, or the active employment of the intellect in its proper sphere. In fact the pleasures of intellect were to be substituted for the pleasures of sense, and the indulgences of the body suppressed in order to support the wear and tear of a life of mental occupation.

Diogenes, the practical Cynic, is represented as ostentatiously despising all the comforts and pleasures of common life, and deriving satisfaction from the inward feelings of pride and the sense of superiority to his fellows; which satisfaction was still farther enhanced by the luxurious exercise of jeering at the weaknesses of everybody around him. Such a man could easily rise superior to all worldly disadvantages and risks, and effectually clear his mind of anxieties for the future. Subsisting upon small means, he could treat himself to a life of ease, and in this particular rival the proudest sons of fortune. We are by no means to look upon such a man as one wilfully depriving himself of the delights of existence, and turning his back on the bounties of nature. In fact, he uses an independent judgment in choosing his own pleasures, instead of following the herd, or living as his father did before him. With a natural constitution not very susceptible to the delights of warmth and repletion, full of pride and egotism, and delighting in the sport of uttering sarcasms, such a man would find the Cynic life exactly suited to his dispositions; and, except in the point of sneering at others, he would be fully entitled to make it his choice.

The Cynic system of life, although not very remarkable for its originality, or its difference from the unconscious creed of a limited class of men in all ages, was so far a philosophical system that it resulted from the speculative turn given by Socrates to ethical inquiries. It was his practice to insist on obtaining a true abstract definition of all the leading notions involved in human conduct, in place of the vague associations attached to them in the popular mind. He made a constant practice of investigating 'What is piety? What is impiety? What is the honourable and the base?'—and other similar questions. Men who knew these matters he accounted good and honourable; men who were ignorant of them he assimilated to slaves.

When Socrates thus commenced to insist on a rigorous analysis of the conceptions of human conduct, and on reducing them to verbal definitions that would each include a class of cases strictly of a kind, and exclude all that were not of the kind, although liable to be accounted such by the

fallaciousness of superficial appearances, he rendered the study of human duties and the art of living for the first time philosophical; and the doctrinal Cynicism of Antisthenes was one of the results of the system. The natural connection, however, is not so evident as in the subsequent systems.

The *Stoics*.—Zeno, the founder of the Stoical sect, was more than a century posterior to Socrates. The general temper of Stoicism is allied to the Cynical system, but carried out into a far greater doctrinal development. The Stoic had calmly surveyed human nature, human life, and man's position in the universe, and derived from thence a series of considerations and rules suitable to his guidance under all circumstances. Setting out from the assumption that self-love and the highest good of existence were the great ultimate motives of action, an enumeration was made of the objects of choice and of the objects of rejection and avoidance. These objects of choice and preference had a gradation of worth or an order of precedence: not only was health preferable to strength, and good name to power, but the interest of the many was greater than the interest of the few; hence we ourselves being but units of the human race, and mere atoms in the grand machine of Providence, our personal likings must give way to the good of the race or the purposes of creation at large. To this view the Stoic added a profound belief in the perfect government of the world, and in everything being for the best; and enjoined an entire submission of spirit to all the events of life. To make this submission total and complete, it was desirable to cultivate a temper of rigid indifference to good and evil—a disposition not elated by good fortune nor depressed by adversity: this formed the *apathy* or *sang froid* which was the point of practical discipline or moral restraint peculiar to the Stoical system.

Although the greatest good of being in general was a higher interest than the good of any individual man, yet it was in every one's option to consider his whole position in life as an object of rejection, and to reject it accordingly; that is, embrace a voluntary death. At no time, however, was this extreme measure common among the members of the sect.

It is never to be forgotten that in the times when this philosophy prevailed, there was little security for the permanency of any individual's lot; and that in men's calculations for the future, the chances of the worst evils that could befall their temporal condition had to be contemplated. These contingencies give a meaning and a significance to the Stoical cultivation of an apathetic temper, such as could preserve the mind unmoved in the most trying moments of life.

The contemplation of the scheme and order and beneficence of the universe was prescribed as the habitual exercise of the Stoical intellect; both to give that occupation for the rational faculties of men, which no Greek system ever omitted, and to cultivate the requisite submission to the decrees of Providence. Instead of permitting the thoughts to be engrossed with the vulgar interests of life, they were to be continually dwelling on philosophical truth, and on the large speculations and doctrines comprehending the universe and its Creator.

Stoicism was therefore, in its whole method and aim, a true example of a life philosophy.

The *Epicureans*.—Epicurus, the contemporary of Zeno, has given his

name to a system of life likewise derived from philosophical reasonings, and starting from an analysis and enumeration of the primary objects of desire, but differing from the other in several essential particulars. Both systems recognise human wellbeing as the end of living; but Epicurus, by taking a peculiar view of the elements of happiness, was led into conclusions widely different from the Stoical maxims. His examination of the human constitution led him to affirm that all pleasures and pains whatsoever took their rise in the body, and consequently that any species of enjoyment was but a form of bodily gratification. The pleasures of the mind were but reminiscences or anticipations of the pleasures of the body, and formed a peculiar class of those pleasures, distinguished by their greater extent and permanence, or by covering, as it were, a larger surface of life. Hence an actual bodily sensation, pleasurable or painful, was itself nothing in comparison of those recollections and hopes that made up the great bulk of human consciousness. The business of life consisted in choosing the least evils and the greatest good; which would imply the avoiding of such pleasures and the courting of such ills as were indispensable to the permanent good condition of the bodily consciousness. 'Ease of body and security or tranquillity of mind constituted the most perfect state of human nature, the most complete happiness which man was capable of enjoying.' The cardinal virtues of prudence, temperance, fortitude, and justice were not desirable on their own account—they were but means of contributing to this flow of serene and tranquil existence. Religious terrors, so incompatible with this end, were to be surmounted by adopting a correct view of the machinery of the universe; and the system of Epicurus was the *atomic theory* started by the philosopher Democritus, which excluded an intelligent Creator, and supposed the world brought into its present shape by the conflux of a vast body of primeval atoms possessed of the properties and powers requisite to enable them to fill their places in the great machine.

Epicurus, therefore, was peculiar in his analysis of human nature, and differed from the Stoics and from other philosophers also in this—that they considered virtue desirable on its own account, and that 'man being born for action, his happiness must consist not merely in the agreeableness of his passive sensations, but also in the propriety of his active exertions.'

EUROPEAN INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN.

THE Japanese group occupies on the eastern side of Asia a position in many respects analogous to that of Great Britain with respect to the European continent. It extends from the 31st to the 42d degree of north latitude, and from the 157th to the 175th degree of east longitude; or, in other words, lies in the very heart of the temperate zone. In conformity, however, with a natural law not easy to be explained, its climate is far more rigorous than that of countries lying farther west at the same distance from the equator. The same remark indeed applies to the eastern edge of all known continents, which has been found to be much colder than that lying towards the west.

The empire of Japan is composed of three main islands with innumerable smaller ones, which, studding the sea along its coasts, render navigation difficult, and in some measure, therefore, defend it from the sudden attacks of foreigners. Some protection also is derived from the rough and boisterous character of the sea itself, which, vexed by storms and beset with sunken rocks and shallows, suggests the idea of extreme danger to mariners, especially since the period at which, by an inhospitable decree of the government, strangers from all parts of the world were forbidden to touch upon its shores. Its external aspect is bleak and forbidding. In some places precipitous cliffs rise frowning from the water to a great height; while elsewhere chains of mountains, seemingly smitten with eternal barrenness, suggest the idea of a hungry, desolate, and repulsive region.

On a nearer approach it is discovered that whatever may be the qualities of the soil, the Japanese are not a people to abandon it to nature. With industry and pains incredible they cultivate the face of the most rugged seaward mountains, carrying up their fields and plantations terrace above terrace to their summits, and thus extorting subsistence from districts the least susceptible of improvement. Many attribute their persevering energy to the pressure of extreme poverty, which renders incessant toil necessary; but it is far more natural to believe that the Japanese are constitutionally energetic, and that to them, as to their neighbours the Chinese, active employment is a sort of necessity.

Though still so little known to the populations of the
of the Japanese islands was revealed to Europe to
thirteenth century by the great Venetian traveller
his native country in the year 1275, and after tra

the great steppes and deserts of Mongolia, entered China, where he rose to extraordinary eminence in the service of Kublai Khan. This conqueror, learning the existence of numerous large islands in the ocean contiguous to the Chinese shores, fitted out a powerful armament to reduce them to obedience; but his armada was unsuccessful: storms overtook the Mongol fleet, the natives also displayed heroic courage and resolution, and the lord of the Celestial Empire experienced the mortification of witnessing the failure of his designs. With this triumph, however, Zypangu, or Japan, fell back into its original obscurity, and for nearly three centuries was heard of no more.

At length the Portuguese, acting as the pioneers of European civilisation, brought back once more into the light the great islands of Japan, destined to play thenceforward a singular part in the history of the world. Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, whose imagination converted trivial adventures and actual experience into a romance, was driven by a storm on the coast of Bungo in the year 1542. There appears to be no good reason for doubting the fact or the date, though many of the circumstances, which grave historians have borrowed from the narrative of Pinto, would appear to belong to the mythical portion of Portuguese annals. We shall accordingly abstain from dwelling on them; especially as, if true, they could scarcely be said to throw any peculiar light on the intercourse of western nations with the Japanese.

In that age the discovery of a new country was regarded by the Roman Catholic Church, and more particularly by the Jesuits, almost entirely as an occasion for courting the honours of martyrdom. This at least was the fate to which the zeal of the ecclesiastical adventurers often led them. Viewing what they did from the philosophical level of the nineteenth century, we are apt to imagine them to have been actuated by political motives, particularly when we call to mind the answer made by a Spaniard to some Japanese officers, to whom, in the hope of producing an effect on their imagination, he had pointed out the extent of his master's dominions on a map of the globe. 'How is it that your king,' inquired the Japanese, 'has managed to possess himself of half the world?' 'He commences by sending priests,' replied the Spaniard, 'who win over the people; and when this is done, his troops are despatched to join the native Christians, and the conquest is easy and complete.'

Under the guidance of whatever ideas they acted, the priests and friars of that age were no sooner made acquainted with the discovery of Japan than they longed to be engaged there in the work of conversion. St Francis Xavier, called by his church the Apostle of the Indies, set out from Goa, according to some, in the year 1547, and arriving in the empire, was received with great marks of favour by the native princes. With a facility which must astonish the missionaries of these days, he made numerous converts, erected many churches, and laid the foundations of a system which promised, had it not been accidentally arrested, to bring the whole Japanese nation within the pale of the Romish Church. What renders the triumphs of those Jesuits more surprising, is the way in which, according to their own shewing, they went to work. Having found, or formed, a few interpreters, they wrote their sermons in some European language, and having caused them to be translated into Japanese, and

written out fairly in Roman characters, delivered them to the congregations, without themselves understanding a syllable of what they read. The effect may be conjectured. Hearing their language pronounced as strangers usually pronounce a foreign tongue, the Japanese were convulsed with laughter at the good fathers, and often, perhaps, professed to accept their doctrines in order to console them for having laughed at their eloquence.

It forms no part of our present object minutely to trace the history of Christianity in Japan, the progress of which, according to Catholic historians, was furthered by the working of innumerable miracles. Considered simply in itself, the success of the missionaries was sufficiently astonishing. Multitudes perpetually came over to their creed, including several princes, and numbers of the most wealthy and influential nobles of the land; Jesuits and monks of all other orders poured into the country in a constantly expanding stream; native priests were multiplied; and these, with a zeal found frequently among new converts, spread themselves over the face of the country, animated by the most ardent desire to overthrow the temples of their forefathers, and give currency to the new faith. Buddhists and Sintoists, priests and bonzes, succumbed before their impetuous energy, until the Christians amounted to a million in number, and were found in every grade of society from the throne downwards. It was at one time believed that the emperor himself had deserted the ancient shrines of idolatry, and listened with approval to the doctrines of the new religion.

But in the history of the Romish Church it has often happened that an immoderate and ill-timed zeal has destroyed in a moment the work of years. Proverbially patient upon the whole, ecclesiastics sometimes suffer themselves to be transported by passion far beyond the limits of sound policy, accept their own wishes for proofs, and mistake doubtful phenomena for undeniable facts. It sometimes happens also, that pious men are tainted with pride, temporal as well as spiritual, and in sudden and overpowering accesses of this feeling are betrayed into errors inimical if not fatal to their views. This at least was the case in Japan, where bishops and other church dignitaries, in conformity with their established system of looking down with a certain degree of contempt upon the laity, roused the indignation of the unconverted nobles, who began seriously to apprehend that their humble foreign teachers might in the end prove to be their masters if care were not taken to check their encroachments at once.

The anger and resentment of the old nobility were brought to a climax by an incident that occurred on the road of Yedo. It is customary in Japan for princes, and governors of provinces, when departing for any distant portion of the empire, to leave behind them as hostages their wives and children in the metropolis. Ostensibly for the purpose of visiting them, though really in obedience to other maxims of policy, they are expected to make annual visits to the court; and on these occasions it is customary for all persons of inferior rank, clergy or laity, natives or strangers, to descend from their palanquins in token of respect, or, if on foot, to shew their reverence by certain forms of obeisance. One of these grandees returning from his distant government, was encountered by a Romish bishop, who, instead of conforming to the fashion of the country, ordered his bearers to pass by with disdainful indifference. Disgusted

by this display of prelatical pride, the prince, who possessed numerous friends at court, laid a complaint before the emperor; and at the same time succeeded in alarming the aristocracy of the country, whose kindly feelings had been already alienated by the pompous insolence and cupidity of the foreign clergy.

Something more, however, was wanting to kindle the fires of persecution against Catholicism. The spark was supplied by the reply, already quoted, of the Spaniard, who is said to have been enticed into the country on his way from Mexico to the Philippines. Taico, at that time emperor, when the Castilian's unguarded avowal was reported to him, exclaimed: 'What then! are my dominions filled with traitors?' The seeds of distrust once sown were nourished by various circumstances. The bonzes had always of course been hostile to the foreign clergy, whose superior influence and learning they naturally beheld with envy. The pride of the good fathers by degrees alienated from them even those among the nobles who had been once their friends; and therefore, when Taico's apprehensions had been excited, there was none found to stand in the breach between his indignation and those who were destined to become the victims of it. In the first outbreak of imperial vengeance twenty-six priests obtained the honours of martyrdom, and to the thoughtful and far-seeing a cloud became visible in the horizon which perpetually grew more lurid and threatening. To repress, however, not to extirpate Christianity, seems to have been at first all that was contemplated by the policy of the court. Its followers were now sufficiently numerous to excite alarm in the minds of its adversaries, who could scarcely hope to triumph over it without encountering the risks and horrors of a civil war.

While things were in this situation a new and unexpected event occurred to complicate the difficulties of Catholicism in Japan. The Dutch, who had long beheld with envy the golden harvest reaped by the Portuguese in the further East, determined, towards the close of the sixteenth century, to enter upon and dispute the field with them. Up till that moment the gains of the first discoverers would appear to have been so great as to be almost incredible. Japan abounds with the precious metals; and the Portuguese, whose cupidity was at least equal to their superstition, swept, as it were, with a drag-net all the gold they could collect into their galleons, and transported it to Macao—the creation and emporium of the riches they acquired in Japan. One ship alone is said to have carried 300 tons' weight of gold from Japan to their new settlement in China.

No wonder, therefore, that the Dutch, who have never been wanting in their respect for mammon, should have determined to dispute this rich prize with their rivals. About the year 1598 they fitted out an expedition consisting of several vessels, and sent it out by way of Magellan Straits and the Pacific towards the utopia of their commercial and political ambition. On board of one of these ships was William Adams, of Gillingham, in Kent, who had been a master in the navy in the service of Queen Elizabeth, but had been allured by tempting offers to direct the enterprise of our phlegmatic neighbours. One vessel alone of this expedition reached Japan, on whose shores it was wrecked apparently about the year 1600, with William Adams on board.

Within the last few years the name of this old navigator has acquired

some degree of celebrity. The writer of the present Paper, wishing to discover whether any trace of his family or any remembrance of his name still lingered in his native place, went down two or three summers ago to Gillingham. Its little old church is prettily situated, and its churchyard filled with tombs, headstones, and grassy graves; among which, in company with a friend, he searched for several hours, without, however, finding the spot in which the remains of Elizabeth, the wife of Adams, rest in peace. Within the church also his investigations were fruitless, as well as in the town itself. He afterwards learned, however, that there was a Mr Adams among the ropemakers in Chatham Dockyard, but, during his stay of nearly a week, was unable to meet with him. Recently, through his friend Mr Cole, well known for his collection of rare autographs and for his acquirements as an antiquarian, he applied to the Rev. Mr Page, vicar of Gillingham, who having obligingly examined the parish register, replied as follows: 'In answer to your inquiry received this morning, I have to state that I have searched our parish register, where I find the name of "William Adams, son of John Adams, baptised the 24th day of September 1564," which I presume is the person in question. I have examined also the marriages from 1584 to 1624, but find none of William Adams, nor in the baptisms any trace of his children. It is probable that he might have been married in his wife's parish. There seems to have been one Henry Adams, who had several children.'

If the above William Adams be assumed to be the same as the navigator, he was thirty-six years old when he landed in Japan. We shall let the adventurer himself tell how he arrived, and what his first treatment was. Great sickness had visited the ship, so that, when it reached the group, 'there were no more than six besides myselfe that could stand upon his feet. So we in safetie let fall our anchor about a league from a place called Bungo. At which time cam to us many boats, and we suffered them to come abord, being not able to resist them, neither of us understanding the one the other. Within a two or three daies after our arrivall ther cam a Jesuit from a place called Langasacke, to which place the caracke of Amakan is yearly wont to come, which, with other Japonas that were Christians, were our interpreters, which was not to our good, they being our mortal enemies. Nevertheless, the king of Bungo, the place where we arrived, shewed us great friendship, for he gave us a house on land, where we landed our sick men, and had all refreshing that was needfull. We had when we came to ankor in Bungo, sicke and whole, foure-and-twentie men, of which number the next day three died. The rest for the most part recovered, saving three, which lay a long time sicke, and in the end also died. In the which time of our being here the emperor hearing of us, sent presently five gallies or frigates to us to bring me to the court, where his highness was, which was distant from Bungo about an eightie English leagues; so that as soon as I came before him he demanded of me of what country we were; so I answered him in all points, for there was nothing that he demanded not, both concerning war and peace betweene country and country, so that the particulars here to write would be too tedious. And for that time I was commanded to prison, being well used with one of our mariners that came to serve me.' This was in consequence of the representations of the Spaniards and Portuguese,

who described the English and Dutch as mere pirates, possessing no country of their own, but subsisting by plunder on the high seas. Adams, however, soon proved himself to be a man of great ingenuity and resources; and by building vessels for the emperor after the English model, so raised himself in his favour that he was soon enabled to turn the tables on his accusers, and it may very reasonably be supposed, to have contributed largely to their expulsion from the country.

At this period, which may be regarded as one of transition from the old system of free trade to the new one of rigid exclusion, the commerce of Japan was very considerable, extending to nearly all the countries lying east of the Straits of Malacca. It was carried on in junks resembling those of the Chinese, with sails woven like mats from the leaves of trees, which, when they required to be furled, were folded up in the manner of a fan; the hull was built with cedar, and of a far stronger construction than that of the junks found there since navigation to foreign countries has been prohibited. Some idea may be formed of the numbers of the Japanese who addicted themselves to a seafaring life from what occurred at that time in the Philippines, particularly at Manilla, to which they brought iron, flour, brawn, and various other kinds of provisions. The Spaniards, though eager for the profits of the trade, held the traders themselves in suspicion, partly on account of their numerical strength, and partly for their warlike character. For this reason, though the city was surrounded by a strong stone wall, the inhabitants deemed it prudent to build a second within the former, behind which they might retire in case of attack. A Japanese junk seen by the Dutch on the coast of the Philippines, calculated to be about 110 tons' burden, was laden with iron, flour, and hams. It had been twenty days in coming from Japan, which it had left in company with two other junks. Its sails were, as above described, of reeds and matting, its anchors of wood, and its cables of straw.

In these comparatively frail embarkations they traded to Cochin-China, Champa, Cambodia, Siam, and Patani on the eastern coast of the Malay peninsula, everywhere impressing the natives with a high idea of their enterprising and warlike disposition. There is some obscurity in the accounts transmitted to us of the commodities they collected in these various countries; but we find they obtained from Cochin-China wood of aloes, which they were in the habit of burning constantly as a perfume, and cast large quantities on the funeral piles of the great and opulent. This wood was brought down by the rivers from the unknown countries of the interior. From Champa they obtained the precious gum denominated calambac, regarded throughout the East as the finest of perfumes; and from Siam and Patani shagreen, the skin of a species of squalus, with which, like the Europeans, they made sheaths for their weapons, mathematical instruments, &c. From the latter countries they also obtained immense numbers of wild white goat-skins, on which they designed numerous curious and fantastic figures with the smoke of rice-straw, which they understood the art of fixing. With these they manufactured various garments, and the Spaniards of the Philippines procured them for the making of tippets.

The specie they made use of in this trade consisted of small copper coins with holes in the middle, which were strung together by hundreds and by

thousands for the convenience of counting. With these they likewise carried on a trade with two islands called Zin and Quin, the inhabitants of which, though not more than twenty-five leagues from the Chinese coast, were then said to have no clothing, but extremely handsome and well-formed. Here they obtained abundance of deer-skins and honey.

Such is a very imperfect sketch of the foreign trade of Japan at the time when the first Englishman landed in the country. As we have already observed, Adams rose into great favour with the emperor, who bestowed on him several fine estates, which enabled him to support the rank and live in the style of a nobleman. But this by no means reconciled him to his destiny. Most men are inextricably bound by their early associations, which will not suffer them to be happy save where they can be surrounded by those circumstances with which they have from childhood been familiar. In the midst of splendour and court-favour, Adams sighed for his cottage at Gillingham, for the society of his wife Elizabeth and his two boys, of whose fate he probably remained, like ourselves, completely ignorant. In vain he petitioned for leave to return home. Despots have no sympathy. But as Adams persisted in his importunity, he was at length informed that though he could not be allowed to leave Japan, he might invite his countrymen thither, with the understanding that they should be permitted to trade on the most advantageous footing.

The difficulty now was to communicate with Europe, or with any Europeans who might be scattered over the China seas. The Portuguese and Spaniards were too inimical to his designs to afford him any assistance. It must therefore have been through the instrumentality of a native junk that he forwarded his first letter addressed to any English and Dutch merchants into whose hands it might fall. This missive seems to have wandered ineffectually through the Indian Archipelago for the space of three years, after which it fell into the hands of some adventurous Hollanders, who, availing themselves of the invitation of Adams, repaired to Japan—according to some in the year 1609, though others place the date of their arrival two years later.

Meanwhile an event had occurred which tended more perhaps than any other to widen the breach already existing between the Japanese government and the Portuguese. In the year 1608 a Japanese junk had been despatched to Champa, to renew or enlarge commercial relations with that country, as well as to obtain a quantity of the precious wood or gum calambac; and having accomplished its mission, and taken on board an ambassador from the king to the cubo-sama, or emperor, was returning towards Japan, when calms and contrary winds forced it into the port of Macao. Here, with that contempt of time common to all Orientals, its crew determined to pass the winter. Other junks, filled with their own countrymen, arriving shortly after, they began to be encouraged, by seeing themselves in great force, to commit excesses, and treat the Portuguese inhabitants with contempt and violence. Some even go so far as to suppose that they had formed the design of seizing on the place, though whether with the view of delivering it up to their government or of establishing themselves there in wild independence is not stated. Probably the idea was never entertained, though there were circumstances, it must be acknowledged, which at the time at least appeared to favour the suspicion.

Brawls, scuffles, and severe contests had frequently taken place in the streets, when at length matters assumed one day so serious an aspect that Andras Pessoa, the governor, was under the necessity of employing a large body of troops against the foreigners. The Japanese fought with great bravery, but being at length overcome by numbers, they separated into two bodies, and retreating leisurely, took refuge in two large houses, where they barricaded themselves, and exhibited a disposition to fight to the last extremity. Summoned again and again to surrender, they resolutely refused, till the governor, finding all other means unavailing, threatened to set fire to the houses. Upon this numbers threw down their arms and were made prisoners. Among these it happened, unfortunately, that there was one individual who during the disturbances was said to have been guilty of robbery. This man having been conducted to prison, was there strangled; and the fact coming to the knowledge of the besieged, determined them to hold out to the last. Pessoa now resolved to put his menace into execution, and set on fire one of the houses, upon which the Japanese, endeavouring to make their escape, were shot down to a man. In this way twenty-seven persons perished. The party that had taken refuge in the other house now surrendered at discretion, and Macao was restored to tranquillity.

It may serve to throw some light on the ideas which prevailed among the men of those times, to describe the course immediately afterwards pursued by the governor of Macao. Drawing up a statement of what had taken place — coloured, it may be presumed, to suit his own views, but supported by the testimony of the Japanese then at Macao—he forwarded it to Nangasaki, evidently in the full belief that it would prove satisfactory at the court of Yedo. But the Japanese who had survived the massacre at Macao held one language while in the hands of their captors and another when they reached home. They entirely contradicted Pessoa's statement, and made it appear to the emperor that the Portuguese had throughout been the delinquents. That they also exaggerated and misrepresented the affair there can be no doubt; but their narrative would appear to approach much nearer the truth than that of their adversaries.

Nothing daunted by what had occurred, Pessoa next year conducted to Nangasaki the large galleon which the Portuguese were in the habit of despatching annually from Macao. During the two preceding years fear of the Dutch, whom they regarded as pirates, had interrupted their commerce with Japan, which rendered the present adventure trebly valuable. On his arrival, Pessoa presented a copy of his statement to the governor of Nangasaki, and wished likewise to forward another to the imperial court, but from taking this step he unfortunately suffered himself to be dissuaded. Misunderstandings very soon arose on the subject of trade—partly perhaps owing to the overreaching character of the Portuguese, but partly also, no doubt, on account of the massacre at Macao, the memory of which could not fail to rankle in the minds of the Japanese.

It would now be impossible to decide by what motives the governor of Nangasaki was induced to adopt suddenly a different course of policy from that which he at first appeared inclined to pursue. The probability is, that learning it was Pessoa's intention to proceed to the emperor's court at once to exculpate his nation from the charge of treachery and to prefer

complaints against himself, he was changed by this ingratitude from a friend into an enemy. Certain it is that he incited the king of Arima, one of the petty princes of the empire, to employ his utmost influence with the government for the purpose of bringing about Pessoa's destruction. At first the cubo-sama displayed considerable irresolution. He may possibly have been reluctant to cut off a stranger who, confiding in his justice and generosity, had voluntarily placed himself at his mercy; or he may not have been altogether without apprehensions that the Portuguese, of whose real power he was ignorant, might in revenge invade and desolate his country. Ultimately, whatever his scruples may have been, they gave way, and the king of Arima was despatched to take vengeance on Pessoa.

We are apt in all things, small or great, to imagine the presence of a Nemesis in human affairs, which sometimes hurries men into rashness and recklessness, sometimes betrays them into inexplicable delays, which involve them in calamity and ruin. Historians have accounted in this way for the annihilation of the Athenian army and fleet before Syracuse, where respect for the superstition of the times detained the generals until departure had become impossible. On a small scale, circumstances somewhat analogous prevented the escape of the Portuguese from Nangasaki. The idolatry in this case was that of gold, out of reverence for which numbers of Pessoa's countrymen remained on shore till the last moment, eager to carry away with them the greatest possible amount of wealth. In other conjunctures the commander had proved himself a man of energy and decision; but on this occasion, instead of prudently providing for his own safety and that of his friends, he lingered hour after hour to afford the worshippers of gain an opportunity of gratifying their passion before repairing finally on board. Meanwhile the wind had died away, and the ship lay like a log immovable upon the waters.

It was now the month of January 1610, when the king of Arima, with thirty small junks, arrived at Nangasaki to avenge on the Portuguese the massacre of Macao. He selected the night for his attack, and approaching the galleon, opened upon it, while yet at a considerable distance, a smart fire of musketry. As if no way concerned in this hubbub, the Portuguese remained quiet, neither mustering on the deck nor answering the fire of the enemy, who became emboldened to approach nearer. Pessoa now ordered five guns to be discharged, every one of which telling with tremendous effect upon the junks, immediately put the whole fleet to the right-about, and sent it scudding pell-mell towards the shore. A courier was immediately despatched to Surunga, where the court then was, to announce the defeat of the king of Arima, and the escape of Pessoa, which so enraged the emperor that he issued an order to massacre every Portuguese in the country, including the missionaries and the bishops. How far this decree was executed does not appear, but it was based on false intelligence; as, though the king of Arima had undoubtedly been repulsed, the Portuguese ship, through lack of wind, still remained within the reach of vengeance.

Fear perhaps makes as many heroes as courage. Knowing that he would have, in case of failure, to rip open his own bowels, the king of Arima judged it more agreeable to practise on those of Pessoa and his comrades. A slight breeze having sprung up, which seemed to promise them a chance of escape, they had hoisted all sail, and endeavoured to put

out to sea, but were soon becalmed again, and this time, as ill-luck would have it, in a narrow strait, where in various ways the enemy would have the advantage over them. The reader who happens to be familiar with the wars of the Macedonians and Romans will remember the strange apparatus of floating and moving towers made use of in those days for the destruction of human kind. The king of Arima, without being a student of ancient tactics, hit nevertheless upon a device practised frequently by antiquity. Uniting two strong boats by a platform, he erected on it a lofty wooden tower, protected on all sides by the skins of animals freshly slain, and furnished at the top with battlements, from behind which his troops could keep up a perpetual fire against the Portuguese. This he pushed towards Pessoa's ship, now immovable, as we have said, in a narrow channel. The slaughter was prodigious, yet Pessoa and his remaining crew continued to fight gallantly, till they discovered the stern of their ship to be on fire; then ordering the powder-magazine to be exploded, and taking a crucifix in his hand, he leaped into the sea, inviting all his followers to do the same. The galleon, which was laden with enormous riches, soon afterwards went down, to the extreme disgust of the Japanese, who now shot without mercy all who were endeavouring to effect their escape by swimming, till every man had been destroyed.

After this it would be reasonable to expect that all intercourse between the Portuguese and the people of Japan would have been at an end. But commercial nations do not easily relinquish any great source of gain. The merchants and Jesuits at Macao, uniting with those still remaining in the islands—for the edict of extermination had never of course been carried out—easily pacified the court of Surunga. The Portuguese indeed pretend that the cubo-sama himself, greatly regretting what he had done, despatched a missive to the Jesuits, entreating them to deprecate the anger of Portugal. But this seems to be one of the myths invented by the good fathers on behalf of their own reputation, which suffered very greatly in Japan as well as in China. The truth appears to be, that the Portuguese humbly sought and obtained permission to proceed with the Japanese trade as if nothing had happened.

But when the seeds of mutual hatred and distrust have been sown between two nations, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to prevent their growing and bearing fruit. All real confidence had now been destroyed. Each party felt itself as if stained with the blood of the other, and the spirit of revenge, though outwardly disclaimed, operated only the more powerfully within. Opportunities of retaliation were diligently sought, though from the commencement it ought to have been very clear in what way the struggle must terminate. The Portuguese, though they had largely intermarried with the natives, were not sufficiently numerous or powerful in the country to hope for decisive victory in the open field, and therefore, it cannot be doubted, betook themselves, in conjunction with the native Christians, to the way of plots and conspiracies, dangerous in all countries, but doubly so in those in which religious differences inspire political antagonists with the zeal and perseverance of martyrs.

Such was the situation of the Portuguese when, at the invitation of William Adams, the Dutch made their appearance in Japan. That their

advent was accompanied by intriguing and meanness, as affirmed by the Catholic historians, we are not prepared to deny, as especially the whole of their subsequent career in Japan has been marked by the same vices. We cannot feel greatly surprised, therefore, that their coming should not have satisfied Adams, who addressed a second letter to the English merchants in the East, entreating them to repair to Japan, and promising them a favourable reception by the emperor.

It happened, in the year 1608, that an Englishman named John Saris resided as the chief of our factory at Bantam. Whether or not Adams's first letter fell into his hands we have now no means of ascertaining; but on his return, during the following year, to England, he induced several British merchants to send out a ship to Japan, and by way of authorisation, obtained letters from James I. to the emperor. We can now scarcely comprehend the slowness of navigators in those days; but Saris did not reach the Archipelago till 1612, when he got possession of Adams's second letter, and determined on proceeding directly to Firando. Nangasaki, the capabilities of which as a port had been discovered by the genius of the Portuguese, seems to have been then given up entirely to the trade with that nation, which, in spite of its countless crimes of ambition, displayed everywhere in the East the most extraordinary aptitude for trade, enterprise, and civilisation. When the English arrived at the heels of the Dutch in Japan, it would have been impossible for the most far-seeing individual to predict what would be the fortunes of the two nations in that and the neighbouring parts of Asia. Our countrymen were well received; Saris paid a visit to the emperor's court; a factory was established at Firando, of which Captain Richard Cocks became the principal director, while the second place only, apparently with a small salary, was given to William Adams.

It may seem at first sight rather difficult to comprehend how a man who had been promoted to high honour among the nobles of the country could consent to accept so humble a position. But when we consider the great object he had in view—namely, that of effecting his escape, and returning to his wife and children at Gillingham—we at once discover a key to his proceedings. He evidently hoped to get so mixed up with the directors and concerns of the factory that he would by degrees be lost sight of by the court, which might likewise accustom itself to do without him, and in the end contrive to get on board some English vessel, and make his way home. This cherished project of his life Adams was never able to accomplish. Once he appeared, poor fellow, to be on the eve of complete success, for having been sent in command of a large ship to Siam, the probability presented itself of escaping from the crew. But they having received orders to bring him back alive or dead, and believing that if they suffered him to elude their vigilance they might have to pay the penalty with their heads, or rather with their bowels, watched his movements far too closely to render it practicable for him to effect his purpose. In Japan, therefore, he lived, and in Japan he died, a sort of humble Ulysses, longing perpetually to behold the smoke ascending from his own hearth. The slight memorials we have left us of him interest us much in his fate, and it is greatly to be regretted that the idea did not occur to him of how interesting it would be to the world to obtain a complete account of his captivity.

When Captain Saris reached Firando, whither he sailed direct from the Moluccas, he sent a messenger to apprise Adams of his arrival, and to entreat him to repair to that port for the purpose of affording him his assistance in the arrangements he desired to make. He was meanwhile received with great distinction by the principal chiefs of the place, on whom the writers of those times bestowed the name of kings. One of these, somewhat advanced in life, had four wives, whom he brought along with him on board the English ship, where they appeared unveiled without the least reluctance. The complexion of these women was greatly wanting in colour, which led Saris to believe that this was the case generally among the Japanese. But Dr Ainslie, who accompanied the expedition sent out 200 years after by Sir Stamford Raffles, was led to adopt the contrary conclusion, since he observed that the Japanese women have generally a complexion more blooming than that of Europeans. His testimony, however, is not supported by that of other travellers, who, upon the whole, agree with Saris in his idea of female attractions among the Japanese.

Adams, as might have been expected, was not slow in accepting the invitation of Captain Saris, but hastened with all speed to Firando, where we must imagine the satisfaction with which these adventurous navigators met each other. To shew his respect for Adams's countrymen the king of Firando lent them one of his own ships, in which they proceeded to Surunga, where, immediately obtaining an audience of the cubo-sama, they secured for the trade of Great Britain all the advantages that could be desired. Permission was granted to erect a factory at Firando, and, in the warmth of his friendship, the emperor granted to all Englishmen the fullest permission possible to trade with all ports of his dominions. These privileges he set forth in letters addressed to James I., the originals of which we have not been able to discover.

While Saris and Adams were still at court, a Spanish captain named Sebastian arrived, ostensibly for the purpose of defending the act of surveying the coast of Quanto, as it is stated, without the permission of the emperor. His proceedings led to no result. The star of Spain was obviously setting in that part of the world, and simple leave even to take away the Spaniards who remained in Japan, and remove them to New Spain, was refused, while he had the mortification to behold the English succeed in all their demands. There is no good reason to doubt that the credit of our countrymen was at that time so great in Japan that the Dutch were feign to pass for Englishmen in order to succeed in their designs. What we regard as far more curious is the fact, that the Japanese used then to amuse themselves by the performance of comedies, in which the various foreigners who visited their country were exhibited as engaged in contests with each other; and it is probable that some Shakspeare of Surunga, without perhaps being acquainted with 'Love's Labour Lost,' invented a second Don Armado, buffeted and overcome by a sturdy John Bull, to the great amusement of the fashionable audiences of the capital. The Jesuits are unwilling to lend credence to these circumstances; but as there was gaiety in Japan in those days, we can discover no improbability whatever in the matter.

These reverend fathers display extreme ingenuity in the account they have transmitted to us of William Adams, whose influence with the emperor they are constrained to admit, though they are careful to

insinuate that when a man aims only at mischief he seldom encounters great difficulties, especially among kings. As was extremely natural, Adams used all the credit he possessed in favour of his own countrymen. Having been consulted by the cubo-sama as to whether it was permitted in Europe for strangers to sound the harbours of foreign countries, he replied that there it was always regarded as an act of hostility, and that in all likelihood the Spaniards had formed some designs upon Japan, which led them to study the best means of entering the country. He further added, that the Portuguese and Spaniards being united under one prince, it was necessary to hold them both equally in suspicion. He then enlarged on the ambition of Spain, which led it to extend its dominions in all parts, and spoke of its missionaries as so many spies and emissaries sent forth to debauch the people from the allegiance of their native princes. For this reason, he said, the king of England, the princes of Germany, the kings of Sweden and Denmark, and the republic of Holland, had expelled the religious orders from their dominions, being persuaded that peace and tranquillity would be impossible so long as these stirrers-up of discord were tolerated. This speech of Adams harmonised so well with the confession of the Spanish navigator, which we have already quoted, that it produced a powerful effect on the mind of the emperor, who discovered in it the principles of a sound policy.

At the same time, however, it suggested the suspicion, that as all Europeans were substantially of the same religion, the same reasons existed for clearing his empire of them all. This idea he imparted to Adams, who replied: 'It is true we are at bottom of the same religion as the Spaniards; but while we have preserved our faith in its purity, they have corrupted theirs on so many points that they can now scarcely be said to agree with us at all. Besides, we never convert our religion into a pretext for invading the dominions of princes who differ from us in matters of belief.' He added much more to the same purpose, and succeeded ultimately in persuading the emperor to adopt those maxims of policy which were most favourable to the interests of his countrymen.

Should our government determine to send out a commercial mission to Yedo, it will of course be necessary to recall to the recollection of the Japanese court the instruments by which in former ages the cubo-sama awarded privileges to the English. It may be useful also to familiarise the mind of the country with these documents, especially as nothing to the contrary was ever issued. Our forefathers were not expelled from Japan, but only through their own negligence suffered our intercourse with that country to die away. Of this the authorities at Nangasaki reminded Sir Edward Belcher in 1845, and there is therefore good reason to believe that, with a people singularly attached to the maxims of their ancestors, the exhibition of the primitive articles of arrangement would be productive of much advantage. The reply of the emperor to the letter sent by James I. ran as follows:—

'To the King of Great Britain.—Your majesty's kind letter, brought me by your servant Captain John Saris—who is the first I have known to arrive in any part of my dominions—I heartily embrace, being not a little glad to hear of your great wisdom and power, as having three rich and mighty kingdoms under your powerful commands. I acknowledge your

majesty's great bounty in sending me so undeserved a present of many rich things, such as neither my land affordeth nor have I ever before seen; which I receive not as from a stranger, but as from your majesty, whom I esteem as myself, desiring continuance of friendship with your highness, and that it may stand with your good liking to send your subjects to any part or parts of my dominions, where they shall be most heartily welcome, applauding much their worthiness in the admirable knowledge of navigation, they having with much facility discovered a country so remote, being no whit deterred by the extent of so mighty a gulf, or greatness of such infinite clouds and storms, from prosecuting honourable enterprises of discoveries and merchandising, wherein they shall find me to further them according to their desires. I return unto your majesty a small token of my affection, desiring you to accept thereof as from him who much rejoiceth in your friendship. And whereas your majesty's subjects have desired certain privileges for trade and settling of a factory in my dominions, I have not only granted what they demanded, but have confirmed the same unto them under my broad seal for better establishing thereof.

'From my castle in Surunga, the fourth of the ninth month, in the eighteenth year of our day, according to our computation. Resting your majesty's friend, the highest commander of the kingdom of Japan.

(*Subscribed*) MINNA MOUTTANO YEI YE YEAS.'

To this letter let us add the instrument conceding to the English the privilege of trading with Japan. It runs thus:—

'Privileges granted by the Emperor of Japan to the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Smith and others, the honourable and worshipful adventurers to the East Indies:—

'*Imprimis*—We give free leave to the subjects of the King of Great Britain—namely, Sir Thomas Smith, governor, and Company of the East Indian merchants and adventurers—for ever safely to come unto any of our ports of our empire of Japan with their ships and merchandises without any hinderance to them or their goods; and to reside, buy, sell, and barter according to their own manner with all nations, to continue there so long as they think fit, and to depart at their leisure.

'*Item*—We grant unto them freedom of custom for all such merchandises as they have now brought or hereafter shall bring into our kingdoms, or shall from hence transport unto any foreign port; and do authorise those ships which shall hereafter arrive from England to proceed to free sale of their commodities without further coming or sending up to our court.

'*Item*—That if any of their ships shall be in danger of being wrecked, it is our pleasure that our subjects not only assist them, but that such part of ship or goods as shall be saved shall be returned to their captain or Cape-merchants, or their assigns; and that they shall or may build one house or more themselves in any part of our empire where they shall think fittest; and that at their departure they shall have liberty to make sale thereof at their pleasure.

'*Item*—If any of the English merchants or others shall depart this life within our dominions, the goods of the deceased shall remain at the disposal of the Cape-merchant; and that all offences committed by them shall be punished by the said Cape-merchant according to his discretion, and that our laws shall take no hold of their persons or goods.

'*Item*—We charge and command that ye, our subjects, trading with them for any of their commodities, do pay them for the same according to agreement without delay, or return of their wares again.

'*Item*—For such commodities as they have now brought, or hereafter bring, fit and proper for our use and service, our will is, that no arrest be made thereof, but that the price be agreed with the Cape-merchant as they sell to others, and present payment made upon the delivery of the goods.

'*Item*—If in the discovery of other countries for trade, on return of their ships, they shall want men or victuals, our will is that ye, our subjects, sell them for their money as their need shall require.

'*Lastly*—That without any other passport they shall and may set out upon the discovery of Yedzo, or any other port in or about our empire.

'From our castle in Surunga, the first day of the ninth month, in the eighteenth of our reign, according to our computation. Sealed with our broad seal.

(*Under written*) MINNA MOUTTANO YEI YE YEAS.'

Our factory at Firando had scarcely been established ten years when we withdrew from the field, leaving our rivals in full possession of it; but a new system was already on the eve of being introduced, for the Portuguese had so strongly excited the jealousy of the government, that the germ of the idea of the complete exclusion of Europeans that followed seems even then to have been introduced into the Japanese mind. Probably, therefore, what we relinquished voluntarily we might have been deprived of, at least for a time, by circumstances, had we endeavoured to maintain our position. Few social phenomena recorded in the history of the world are more worthy to engross the attention of the philosopher than those exhibited during the next twenty years by society in Japan. A religion which had taken root, and numbered more than a million among its supporters, was extinguished by the civil power. Its professors were exterminated or forced back into paganism. All proper intercourse with the rest of the world was abandoned by a large empire; for the admission of a fixed number of foreigners, who consent for gain to live in close imprisonment on an artificial island, or in an entirely isolated quarter of a provincial city, can scarcely deserve to be called by such a name.

It by no means enters into the plan of the present Paper to describe these events in detail—partly because it would be impossible to compress such an account within limits so narrow, and partly because they are in many cases of a nature not to be described. Cruelty more ingenious was never exercised; ferocity more ruthless was never exhibited. Hundreds of thousands, whose minds and constitutions would not enable them to endure the pangs of martyrdom, apostatised at once; others yielded to the force of protracted torments; while many hundreds, perhaps thousands, set all forms of suffering at defiance, and perished courageously in the opinions they had embraced. The course adopted by the Jesuits in these troubles was very extraordinary: rather than deny their faith they exposed themselves to the most fearful persecution, and lay in cold and damp dungeons till they were nothing but a framework of bones covered with hard skins. Yet in many instances, when an opportunity for escape seemed to present itself, they stuck at no number or amount of falsehoods, when the question

was, whether they did or did not belong to the monastic orders. With a strange casuistry scarcely intelligible to us, they shew a nice distinction between denying their religion and denying their orders. To do the latter, they regarded as venial or even praiseworthy; to do the former, as the most detestable apostasy. But that they were sincere notwithstanding in their general purpose, is proved by the readiness with which they hazarded or even laid down their lives to gain the great end they had in view. The Japanese government put the monks to death till it grew almost weary of slaughter, imprisoned, pursued, and hunted them down till its resolution nearly gave way; but when there was a chance that toleration would spring up out of the very horrors of intolerance itself, the Christians, both European and native, seeing no hope of improvement in their condition, resolved to try the chances of war; rushed to arms, and intrenched themselves in the strong castle of Simabara. With the alacrity and fury of persecution the government immediately sent a strong force to operate against the insurgents; but not being skilled in the art of assailing strong places, they were compelled to solicit aid of the Dutch, who, little suspecting what would be their ultimate reward, afforded it cheerfully. Expecting no mercy, the besieged Christians displayed the most inflexible courage; and it was not until their walls had been battered down by the Dutch artillery, and the streets of Simabara ran ankle-deep with blood, that they at length yielded, or rather succumbed to irresistible force. The scenes of massacre that ensued it would only sicken our readers to relate. It is sufficient to observe in one word, that Christianity was extinguished in the blood of its followers; that the Buddhists and Sintoists remain in possession of the mind of the Japanese; and that it has thenceforward been found impracticable for a missionary of any kind to introduce himself into the Japanese empire.

The Dutch calculated that for the services they had rendered the government at Simabara, such commercial advantages would be granted them as would reconcile the proceeding to their consciences. Experience soon proved how grossly they had deceived themselves. While they remained comparatively free and flourishing at Firando, the Portuguese little by little lost all their power and influence, until at length they were shut up on the small artificial island of Dezima, in the harbour of Nangasaki, where they were ridiculed and insulted by the Dutch. Nothing, however, is more certain than there is a Nemesis in human affairs which brings about the punishment of those who triumph over others in adversity. The Portuguese having been completely expelled the empire, the Dutch were ordered to evacuate the new factories and all the other buildings they had erected at Firando, to take possession of the prison formerly appropriated to the Portuguese. Reluctantly and with deep humiliation those ruthless and unprincipled traders repaired to their new abode, where, exposed to the unmeasured contempt of the natives, and to the upbraidings of their own consciences, they have remained upwards of 200 years without having made the slightest advance towards emancipation.

After the lapse of half a century, the English, in the reign of Charles II., began to think of recovering the position we had lost in Japan. Ships, therefore, were sent out for the purpose of re-opening friendly relations; but owing to the matrimonial connections of the king, the attempt proved com-

pletely abortive. This fact should be kept carefully in mind: it was not as Englishmen we were refused the privilege of trading with Japan, but as the subjects of a king who had married a Popish princess, and that, too, from among the worst enemies of Japan—the Portuguese. There was now no Adams at court to counteract the machinations of the Dutch, who, dreading the effects of our interference with their petty trade, and imagining, perhaps, that we might consent to replace them in the prison of Dezima, actively propagated all sorts of calumnies against us. Their dishonourable policy was successful: the envoy of Charles II. was dismissed with little show of courtesy, and no strenuous effort can be said to have been made to renew intercourse from that day to the present. Shortly afterwards, our acquisition of an empire on the Indian continent so thoroughly satisfied our ambition as well as our thirst of gain that we may be said to have forgotten altogether the existence of Japan. Besides, the East India Company—whose efforts have generally been regulated by capricious maxims—would not permit private adventurers to direct the tide of enterprise towards the China seas. With a narrow and sordid jealousy, it interfered to paralyse all their attempts, and for many ages met with invariable success. Thus in the kingdom of Siam, where, in the seventeenth century, independent merchants had contrived to create a trade which had promised to become important, the East India Company employed an agent to blast their prospects and procure their expulsion from the country. This it did also without making any attempt to erect a commercial edifice on the ruins of that which it had destroyed. Content with accomplishing mischief and paralysing the energies of others, it operated as a complete bar to the extension of British commerce in the further East.

Much the same remarks will apply to the rest of Europe, which from time to time obtained dim glimpses of the Japanese group, without, however, doing anything towards profiting by its knowledge. Hakluyt and Purchas had published accounts, brief and inaccurate, of the curiosities of the group; Maffei had likewise done something towards directing public attention to it; and the historian of Captain Saris's voyage contributed his share towards enlightening the public mind; but the principal contribution towards a general knowledge of Japan was supplied by Engelbert Kæmpfer in his 'Amœnitates Exoticæ'—an elaborate history of the country. This latter work, though quaint, and abounding in proofs of prejudice and credulity, is still perhaps the most complete we possess. Its author, a physician and a naturalist, had been a great traveller before he found himself in Japan, which he searched with earnestness, perseverance, and success. A protracted residence at Nangasaki, and two visits to Yedo, afforded him a considerable insight into the manners of the people, while it enabled him to speak from ocular observation of the productions and appearances of several provinces of the empire.

While our knowledge increased, however, our apathy appeared to increase along with it. In China we occupied a position little less degrading than that of the Dutch in Japan. If not in a state of absolute captivity, we were the next thing to it; but as a large amount of gain accrued to us from this humiliation, we endured it with stoical indifference, and should still, in all likelihood, have persevered in that contemptible

policy, had not the Chinese, encouraged, by our pusillanimity, pushed their insolence and arrogance to lengths intolerable even to us. At the same time we were in India giving proofs of the most indomitable courage, accompanied by insatiable ambition. Throne after throne fell before us—dynasties were swept away—whole races of men disappeared from the scene, either exterminated in battle or lost by merging in the neighbouring populations. Nothing appeared too great for us to attempt, nothing too arduous for us to achieve. Yet a few miles further eastward we, the conquerors of the Mogul empire, the haughty masters of India from the Himalaya Mountains to the sea, cringed submissively to a sensual, sordid, pig-tailed, oblique-visioned race, themselves slaves to a handful of Tartars, who had issued at no remote period from the same country with the Moguls.

Moral phenomena like these, though susceptible no doubt of explanation, are still perplexing both to the historian and the philosopher. Our neglect of Japan belongs to the same category. After the death of Captain Cook, the ships which had once been under the command of that great navigator passed down the eastern coast of Japan. Captain Colnet, in 1791, sailed along the opposite coast of the group, which was visited by Captain Broughton in 1796, and by the ship *Frederic* from Calcutta in 1803, but without the slightest perceptible result, commercial or political.

In 1808 an incident occurred which threatened to engage us in hostilities with Japan. The *Phœton* frigate, under the command of Captain Pelew, entered the harbour of Nangasaki in quest of fresh water and provisions. This at least was the ostensible reason; but the whole transaction lies involved in so much mystery that it seems scarcely possible to throw any satisfactory light upon it. The Dutch, always our rivals, had then, by their alliance with France, become our most deadly enemies, and through their long-established influence were enabled to prejudice the natives against us. On the other hand, an unparalleled career of naval victories has probably rendered our officers somewhat overbearing. In whatever way we account for it, a serious misunderstanding took place between the British commander and the governor of Nangasaki, the former requiring a supply of provisions for his ship, the latter peremptorily refusing it. As might have been expected, the Gordian-knot was cut by the landing of a number of English seamen, who seized by force on the cattle and on whatever other supplies they required, and conveyed them on board, after which the *Phœton* sailed away, leaving the Japanese in extreme astonishment at their audacity. But the affair did not terminate there. For reasons which have been differently stated, the court of Yedo inflicted condign punishment on the governor of Nangasaki, who, according to some accounts, was speared to death, though the probability is that, in conformity with the custom of the country, he ripped open his own bowels. At present the Japanese authorities seek to give a courteous interpretation to this tragedy, affirming that the governor was punished for his inhospitable behaviour towards the English. It would not, however, be too Jesuitical to infer from the whole circumstances of the case, that chastisement was inflicted on him for not having cut off Captain Pelew and the force under his command, instead of submitting, as he had done, without offering the slightest resistance to what the cubo-sama could not look upon otherwise than as a deadly affront.

Three years later, our Indian government seemed to have placed itself in a position to demand admittance into Japan; for in the year 1811 we took forcible possession of Java, Sumatra, the Moluccas, and all the Dutch possessions in the East. Sir Stamford Raffles, whose active and intelligent mind then gave the true direction to our policy in that part of the world, in the year 1813 caused two ships to be fitted out for Nangasaki, with the design of succeeding to the Dutch trade as part of our political inheritance. Had the means at his disposal been equal to the greatness of his views, no doubt can be entertained that Japan would have been then once for all thrown open to the intercourse of the civilised world. But the plans of our government were timid, their ideas contracted, and all their maxims impressed with the character of incurable mediocrity. The flimsy rhetoric afterwards made use of in parliament to intimidate the nation from asserting its rights in China was then employed to ward off a collision with Japan. Instead of commanding, we petitioned, and encountered the merited fate of all such negotiators: we were craftily received; our merchandise was purchased, but on terms which offered but little encouragement to repeat the attempt. With the modesty which belongs to distinguished abilities, Sir Stamford Raffles persuaded himself that the comparatively slight success of the enterprise was to be attributed to the ill assortment of the cargo, whereas it in truth traced its origin to the intrigues of Doeffs, chief of the Dutch factory in Dezima. Some slight efforts seem to have been made towards unkennelling this gentleman and his colleagues, in which we ought to have made a point of succeeding at all hazards. But with characteristic phlegm and pertinacity he maintained his ground, rendered our renewed attempts abortive in the following year, and was then suffered to remain quietly in possession of the ground until the peace of 1815 restored to the Dutch their possessions and undeserved supremacy in the China seas.

Too little attention is paid by the public to the history of those transactions to enable it to appreciate the proceedings of our statesmen of that period, whose ignorance and indifference alone prevented our retaining possession of Java with a fair participation in the trade of the Moluccas. The treaties with Holland, concluded in 1817 and 1824, can only be looked upon as monuments of the incapacity of those who negotiated them on the part of England. Nothing is laid down with clearness or precision; the loosest possible phraseology is made use of; and stipulations and arrangements are entered into which, if interpreted literally and fully acted up to, would not only deprive us of our acquisitions in the Indian Archipelago, but likewise of Australia and New Zealand; for it is there stated that Great Britain for ever relinquished her claim to all islands lying south of Singapore—a portentous relinquishment! By the phrase, however, nothing was in reality signified but that, having agreed to restore to the Dutch their possessions in Sumatra, we would forbear making settlements on the little chain of islets extending south from Singapore along its eastern coast. Still the Dutch from that day to the present have persisted in interpreting the language of the treaty after their own fashion; or, in other words, have maintained that we have by that convention excluded ourselves from taking possession of any island, port, or province lying south of the latitude of Singapore.

There is seldom much gratitude in political communities, especially

when animated by the spirit of commercial rivalry; otherwise we might very fairly have reckoned on being received throughout the whole extent of Netherlands-India not only on the footing of the most favoured nation, but with privileges and advantages peculiar to ourselves. No doubt our diplomatists were at that period wanting in commanding abilities; but taking into account the position of Great Britain, with her riches and her maritime power, it is impossible to doubt that we might at the Congress of Vienna have appropriated to ourselves nearly as much as we pleased of the eastern possessions of Holland. With a generosity which may almost be confounded with recklessness, we restored everything; not reserving to ourselves the slightest advantages in repayment of the improvements we had made and the sacrifices we were then making. The Dutch appeared, however, to be touched with a spark of enthusiasm. Having been raised from the depths of political degradation and weakness to a situation more enviable than had ever belonged to them, they seemed eager to heap upon us by spontaneous concessions every possible mark and token of their gratitude for our self-denial.

The subsequent history of the relations of the two countries in the East affords a painful illustration of how little reliance is to be placed on the feelings or sympathies of trading communities. Beginning from the moment of their restoration, the Dutch unceasingly exerted themselves to thrust us altogether out of the Indian Archipelago, which our unreflecting diplomatists had laid prostrate at their feet. It is consequently no wonder that in their miserable monopoly of Japan they would not willingly permit the least possible interference on our part. On the contrary, nothing can be more evident than that their unalterable policy has been to exasperate the jealousy of the Japanese against us, in order that no opening might be made for the re-establishment of those friendly relations which once subsisted between us and the Japanese.

A few years ago, the writer of the present Paper having bestowed some consideration on the subject, conceived it might be possible, by exciting the interest of the public in the question, to prevail on government to send out a mission to Yedo for the purpose of re-opening commercial relations with Japan. He commenced the agitation of the subject in the 'Morning Chronicle;' the 'Times' and other influential journals daily and weekly lent their active co-operation, and the whole of these islands were soon penetrated by the persuasion that the course of policy sketched out by the 'Morning Chronicle' was perfectly practicable. Several French journals now entered the field, and with an honourable freedom from national jealousy, assisted in stimulating the British government to act as the grand pioneer in breaking through the dam of ignorance and prejudice which excluded the whole civilised world from intercourse with Japan. They at the same time displayed an enlarged acquaintance with the history, manners, and customs of the Japanese, and marshalled all the arguments of a liberal philosophy to extort from the Netherlands government a voluntary acquiescence in the demands of Great Britain and France.

But the course pursued by Holland on that occasion exhibited the most complete consistency with her former career. The leading journals in the interest of government, instead of responding in a liberal spirit to the calls de upon them by the press of France and England, indulged in outbreaks

of virulence and invective such as could only be inspired by a deep consciousness of injustice. Journalism is seldom remarkable for its patience in any country. Being assailed without reason, the English papers replied with a lofty contempt and derision, reminding the Netherlanders that they enjoyed their monopoly by sufferance, and that a single move on the part of the British government would suffice to dissipate it to the winds. They asserted, and illustrated by facts, the inability of Holland to protect her own flag from insult in the China seas; and maintained that but for the presence of the English squadron, it was doubtful whether the annual ship from Batavia would ever be able to reach Nangasaki in safety.

At this stage of the discussion the German journals lent their assistance, maintaining we believe without exception the positions laid down by those of England. Then came the journals of the United States, particularly of New York; after which, as might of course have been foreseen, our countrymen in the East Indies, Ceylon, Singapore, Canton, and Hong-Kong, threw themselves into the arena; in some cases bringing forward arguments, in others adducing facts, to demonstrate the justice and expediency of subduing the obduracy of the Japanese by the display, or, if necessary, even by the application of overwhelming force.

That the British government was not led by all this excitement to take the necessary steps for satisfying the public mind is not to be attributed exclusively to its apathy. Several other causes united to arrest its activity; among which were the almost simultaneous efforts of France and the United States to accomplish the task which we seemed inclined to relinquish to them. The Americans, under Commodore Biddle, and the French, under Rear-Admiral Cecil, made an experiment on the court of Yedo, but for reasons which we shall presently explain they both encountered a repulse. This double defeat unfortunately took place just at the moment when England was meditating the sending out of a well-organised mission. Not to wound the susceptibility of our friends and allies, the design was dropped for the moment; and as the pressure from without ceased nearly at the same time, the plan has never since been resumed.

One of the characteristics of Asiatic governments is an exaggerated idea of their own importance, which colours and modifies the policy they pursue, and often leads them to sacrifice their permanent interests to the gratification of a momentary pride. This weakness, which we must admit while we lament it, is not to be lost sight of by foreign states in their dealings with those governments. Not being able to infuse our theories and ideas into them, we should resolve, as often as we have a point to gain, to accommodate ourselves to their notions; at least where this can be done without any sacrifice of real dignity or honour. Now in negotiations with the Japanese it is certain that we may gratify their wishes without any loss of self-respect. All required of us is the expenditure of a certain sum of money in pomp and magnificence, that we may dazzle their imaginations, and afford them a reasonable pretext for laying aside the maxims of their forefathers out of deference to us. To make concessions to a weak, negligent, or contemptuous government, they would regard as an act of dishonour; but they will yield to a little gentle violence, or rather to a judicious display of force, calculated to suggest the idea that we might constrain them if we would. Civilised governments might perhaps construe this into an insult; but it is

otherwise with barbarians, especially when they long to be delivered from the inconveniences of an immemorial practice, and are prepared to reckon among their best friends the authors of their emancipation.

The citizens of the United States—with ideas of simplicity entirely suitable to their form of government, and congenial indeed to freedom in all its modifications—proceeded to Japan as they would have gone from one state of the Union to another, without the slightest affectation of display. Admiral Cecil, though not then representing a republic, followed pretty much the same policy. Regarding these proceedings from the platform of their own idiosyncrasies, the Japanese imagined themselves to be slighted; and firmly, though with as much show of politeness as they could command, refused the concessions demanded of them by the strangers. A civilised government, familiar with the grandeur and resources of the great American republic and the French monarchy, would have laid comparatively little stress on the size of the ships in which the negotiators were conveyed: yet we do not find, even in the most refined communities, anything like a philosophical indifference to the rank, character, and appointments of ambassadors. On the contrary, these things are allowed to have great weight; and if such be the case among nations that pique themselves in bestowing more consideration upon realities than appearances, can we wonder that a people still barbarous, and rendered doubly prejudiced by its isolation from human intercourse, should suffer itself to be influenced by the pomps and vanities of diplomacy?

If it be supposed that when the Japanese government determined to exclude all Europeans from its dominions it was able completely to accomplish this purpose, no notion can be more erroneous—the accidents of the ocean, storms, calms, currents, want of fresh water or provisions, and even the passions and caprice of navigators, would suffice to defeat such a project. Accordingly, it has constantly happened that the intercourse so fiercely prohibited is still carried on; that foreign ships do put into Japanese ports; that strangers from Europe and America do actually land from time to time on the coast, procure refreshments and merchandise by exchanging presents with the natives, and that the inhabitants of the secluded empire are able to furnish irrefragable proofs that they desire nothing so earnestly as to be restored to their rights as members of the great human family. The visits of the American ships *Morrison* and *Himmahleh*, and of the English frigate *Samarang*, under Captain Belcher in 1845, brought out into strong relief the sympathy of the natives with the rest of mankind.

In the case of the last-mentioned ship, it may perhaps be said that its commander slightly misunderstood the feelings and intentions of the authorities; that they may have been less friendly than they appeared; and that the slightest attempt to transgress the limits established by diplomatic etiquette would have produced a conflict between the *Samarang* and the forces assembled at Nangasaki. From the details of his own narrative we think it extremely probable that Sir Edward Belcher drew many inferences not at all authorised by facts; that he interpreted too literally expressions of mere politeness and civility; that he persuaded himself to believe what he wished to be true; and that, had he remained, as he was invited, fourteen days, the answer brought from court might have been as unfavourable as that vouchsafed to Commodore Biddle and Admiral Cecil.

But this proves nothing, because Captain Belcher proceeded unauthorised to Japan, and was of course therefore not the bearer of any letters or presents from the British government. It must have been clear to people much less acute than the Japanese that his was a mere chance visit, and that any civilities they might shew him must be set down to their innate sense of hospitality, or to their respect for the British nation in general. Nevertheless they permitted him to enter the roads of Nangasaki, and would not have objected to his casting anchor in their harbour itself; suffered him to land and make observations by night, and winked at his sounding the harbour; for that the persons employed on this service eluded their vigilance is not to be credited. Without interpreting too strictly the language of compliment, we may believe that the great officers of government in Japan, who boldly attributed their own feelings to the emperor, do really regret that the English should have ever interrupted their intercourse with that country, and that they would heartily rejoice to see an end put to a state of things which cannot by any possibility be either agreeable or profitable to them.

Other circumstances had long ago rendered it unquestionable that the Japanese people earnestly desire the renewal of their intercourse with Europeans. Many ships engaged in the South-Sea trade, by accident or otherwise touching at Japan, have generally met with a hearty welcome. According to the old-established laws of the empire, trade with strangers is prohibited: whatever they need must be furnished them gratis, and they are to be desired at their departure not to return. But the officers intrusted with the execution of these laws, not at all comprehending the utility of them, but rather believing them to be extremely pernicious, are little disposed to act in conformity with their spirit. Commerce is an indestructible want of humanity. It is a law of our nature that we should delight in buying and selling, in exchanging the commodities we possess, and of which we have a surplus, for those in the possession of others, and in cultivating friendly relations with strangers and foreigners, who approach us with the olive-branch in their hands.

The mandarins on the coast, therefore, with an ingenuity which does them great credit, generally instruct their visitors in the course proper to be pursued, compromising themselves as little as possible. Captain Jones is strictly cautioned against coming back, and it is also intimated that the *Marianne* of Hull or Sunderland must no more be seen in those parts; but if Captain Jones should think proper to transform himself into Captain Morgan, and if the *Marianne* should present herself as the *Good Endeavour*, how is any mandarin to be able to pierce through these disguises and confusion of names? By a little management the same captain and the same ship might return annually for ten or twenty years without any infraction of the laws, or any danger of bowel-ripping to the authorities. No exact record is indeed kept of these irregular transactions, but in various ways we discover that they take place. Besides, when at wide intervals foreign ships put into the harbour of Nangasaki, nothing can repress the disposition on the part of the people to make known their desire for ar- course with the strangers: they crowd in innumerable boats about adventurous interlopers; and though chased and driven back by v may denominate the imperial coast-guard, they incessantly return,

chance or hope of effecting their purpose is removed by the departure of the vessels.

Occasionally, in other parts of the empire, the mandarins under court-influence affect a dread of punishment which they evidently do not feel. Europeans, therefore, who have any object to accomplish by transgressing the ancient laws of the empire, are beginning to treat their fears as groundless; and there can scarcely be a doubt that the unavoidable accidents of commerce will of themselves force the Japanese to abandon their inhospitable system. Humboldt is of opinion that this will only take place when the Isthmus of Panama shall have been cut through. Unquestionably, as this will bring us 6000 or 7000 miles nearer to Japan, the difficulties of preserving its isolation will be greatly multiplied; but it will be a mere wanton sacrifice of commercial advantages to abandon the enterprise to the fortuitous course of events. Policy should take the matter out of the hands of accident. That the Japanese are brave we admit, and that their government might exhibit some little obstinacy we allow to be probable; but if Great Britain were to signify in an intelligible manner its wish for the renewal of our ancient intercourse, the court of Yedo would give way.

Some may perhaps infer, from the circumstances attending one of the very last visits of a British ship to any part of the group, that hostile feelings are still cherished towards Europeans. Our readers shall themselves judge. In the year 1849 the commander-in-chief in the China seas ordered Commander Mathison, in the *Mariner*, to visit the coast of Japan. He accordingly proceeded and anchored off the town of Oragawa, twenty-five miles from the capital of the empire, and three miles farther than any other vessel of a foreign nation had been allowed to proceed. The *Mariner* sounded all the way across and along the shores. 'The Japanese interpreter on board having informed the authorities of the object of my visit, I sent my card, written in Chinese, ashore to the governor, requesting him to receive my visit; to which he replied, that out of courtesy to me, and curiosity to himself, he would have been delighted to have paid me a visit, and also entertain me ashore, but that it was contrary to the laws of the country for any foreigner to land, and that he, the governor, would lose his life if he permitted me to proceed any farther up the bay. When about eight miles from Cape Misaki, which forms the south-west end of the bay, ten boats, manned with twenty armed men and five mandarins in each, came alongside. I allowed the mandarins to come on board, when they presented me a paper written in French and Dutch, directing me not to anchor or cruise about the bay. Finding, however, I was determined to proceed, they offered, when within two miles of the anchorage, to tow me up, which I accordingly accepted. Several boats were stationed around us during the night, forts were lighted up, and several hundred boats were collected along the shore, all fully manned and armed. In return I had my guns loaded, and requested their boats to keep at a respectful distance during the night. Othosan, the interpreter, was in great dread, saying that in case we landed the Japanese would murder us all, and as for himself, he would be reserved for a lingering death by torture. Oragawa appears to be the key of the capital, and contains 20,000 inhabitants. All the junks going and returning to Yedo must pass the custom-house

here: and with a moderate force the whole trade of the capital might be stopped. With an armed steamer the passage up to Yedo might be surveyed; and I was informed that a ship could approach within five miles of the city. Between the capital and the port an excellent road exists. The mandarins here appear to be of an inferior class, treated us civilly, and were anxious to gain any information from us, but would give none in return. They took sketches of different parts of the ship, sent us some water, vegetables, and eggs, and then were continually inquiring when I intended to depart. Mr Halloran, the master, having made a survey of the anchorage, I weighed and proceeded to Semodi Bay, of which an accurate survey was made. I landed at this place, but the mandarins immediately followed, entreating me to return on board. They supplied us with plenty of fish, and sent fifty boats to tow us out. The governor of the province came on board at this place; he lives at a town called Miomaki, thirteen miles off, and was evidently a man of high rank from the respect shewn him by his suite. The Dutch interpreter from Oragawa likewise came on board with two mandarins to watch our proceedings. They were, however, doubtless acting as spies on each other.'

It results, we think, from all that has been said, that it would be extremely practicable, by the application of a little gentle violence, to withdraw the Japanese from their isolation, and restore to commerce the advantages it might derive from free intercourse with them. On the morality of the question we have no doubts whatever. Itinerant agitators, who substitute a sickly sentimentality for logic — not because they themselves possess sentiment, but because they find it palatable to their audiences — may affect to cast upon our views the charge of Machiavelism. But the nature of justice is not to be altered by declamation. It is always possible to go back to the original principles of society, and to prove by invincible arguments, whatever dealers in romance may advance to the contrary, that no community has a right to segregate itself from the rest of mankind, to avoid intercourse with them, to deny them the advantages to be derived from the use of the surplus commodities produced by their country, and thus to initiate a process which, if carried out rigorously by the entire species, would reduce the whole world to a den of wild beasts. For what is lawful for one country is lawful for all countries, for all provinces, for all individuals. And let the anti-social principle be applied universally, would it not, we ask, be a total subversion of the laws of nature which ordain the free intercourse of man with man, and of nation with nation?

To comprehend the full force of this reasoning we must perhaps bring it home to ourselves. Let us, then, imagine the existence in England of a district adapted to the rearing of bees, and that all the rest of the country was unsuited to them, so that they could not live in it. The favoured district would abound in wax and honey in such plenty that the inhabitants could not profitably make use of their whole stock. Let us, however, suppose the existence of some law acting like a wall of circumvallation round the district, preventing the people carrying forth their wax and honey, and exchanging them for wheat, for beef and mutton, for calico and woollen cloths, hats, boots, and other necessaries to be found in the surrounding districts. Let us imagine further, that the inhabitants of the neighbouring counties and parishes stood in great need of honey

and wax, which they could not possibly obtain from any other part of the world. Would they not feel and exclaim against the injustice and folly of the regulation preventing intercourse between the interdicted district and the rest of the country? And would they not forthwith, on the strength of this conviction, insist on the abrogation of the law? They would say, and with good reason, nature intended, when the owners of the wax and honey had used what was required for their own purposes, that they should accommodate their neighbours with the surplus; first, because it would otherwise be wasted and lost to the world; and, second, that in order, by promoting intercourse, men should learn to feel their relationship to each other, and become more considerate, tolerant, and humane. This was evidently the design of nature in bestowing on every country commodities peculiar to itself, that the human race, being but one family, might perceive that they stand in want of each other, and be thus by degrees united in a vast fraternal union.

If, consequently, there be a people who, through sullenness or caprice, resolve to isolate themselves, and thus defeat the beneficent intentions of nature, it is perfectly lawful for the rest of mankind to compel them to abandon their misanthropical design. No nation has a right to stand apart, since by so doing it would be commencing that process, the completion of which would be the absolute destruction of human society. We altogether disregard the sophistry of those writers or speakers who seek to direct the prejudices of the community against our doctrine. We take up our stand on the eternal principles of right and justice, not to be overthrown by the arbitrary theories or capricious practices of diplomacy. The world has been long enough the slave of routine. It is now at length time to adopt some better rule of proceeding, and perhaps the wisest of all courses would be to render our opinions and actions conformable to the original laws of our nature. It is very possible, no doubt, for fluent speakers, surrounded by unreflecting audiences, to elicit applause by a superficial show of humanity. In all ages and countries rhetoric has on such arenas been more than a match for truth. But when the aid of reflection is called in, when we examine, and ponder, and meditate—in other words, when we educate ourselves, and oppose solid instruction to voluble ignorance—we are forced back by the way we came, and constrained to content ourselves with simple truth and unsophisticated nature.

But admitting, it may be said, that the states enjoying the benefits of civilisation have a right to employ force, if necessary, to extort from the Japanese government the right to trade with its subjects, are the resources of the empire such as to justify this course of policy on the grounds of expedience? From various causes we are kept very much in the dark on several questions connected with the internal condition of Japan. No census was probably ever taken, so that we are ignorant of the exact amount of its population, which, however, has been roughly estimated at about 40,000,000. It may be more, or it may be less; but it is impossible to possess the slightest acquaintance with the country without being persuaded that it is considerable. Supposing, therefore, the whole group freely thrown open to commerce, it is difficult to exaggerate the advantages which must necessarily accrue to the industry of Europe. China possesses a long coast-line and many ports, but the great mass of its population is

thrown back inland, and may easily be cut off, by custom-house regulations, from a free intercourse with foreigners; but Japan consists of a number of islands, and is indented and intersected on all sides by innumerable bays, creeks, inlets, roadsteads, ports, harbours, and channels, which would enable trade to touch almost everywhere the heart of the population. Another circumstance highly favourable to our views is the enterprising character of the people, which would at once lead them, if set free by their government, to avail themselves to the full of the advantages of intercourse with Europeans.

Nor are the products of the islands few or insignificant. In the great island of Niphon there are mines of gold which were once thought to be no less productive than those of California. During the existence of the Portuguese trade immense quantities of this precious metal were exported annually to Macao, which, as we have already said, was erected as if by magic with resources drawn entirely from Japan. Afterwards the working of the gold mines was stopped by imperial ordinance, from the fear, as some believe, that the supply would be otherwise speedily exhausted, though many are of opinion that the reason of the decree is to be sought for in the apprehension that, if some measure were not put to the search after the ore, the relative value of gold and silver would be destroyed, which, according to the theories and fashion at Yedo, might prove a serious misfortune to the human race.

Silver mines are said likewise to be plentiful, though it is for its copper that Japan is now chiefly celebrated among the Netherlanders. This metal is said to be of so rare a fineness and beauty, that it may be used in the most delicate watch-work, and in various ways in which no other copper in the world would be of the least service. Pearls of a red colour are found on the coast; the rice cultivated in the marsh-lands is the most excellent in Asia; and there are extensive coal-fields, which, when steam-navigation shall be introduced, will be considered invaluable. Silk of extraordinary beauty is manufactured in several provinces; while the tea is in many respects superior to the best imported from China. The quantity of this last article at present grown is very considerable, because it is in general use among the people. But supposing the trade with Europe to be open, the amount would probably be increased tenfold.

On a mountain near Meaco a particular sort of tea is cultivated, for the exclusive use, it is said, of the imperial court. The accounts transmitted to us of this branch of Japanese industry are no doubt distorted and extravagant; but making due allowance for the exaggeration of travellers, and for the prejudices or fancies of those who supplied them with information, enough of what is really extraordinary will remain. The trees, it is said, are planted at a due distance from each other, and form long avenues, stretching up to the summit of the mountain, and then again leading on the other side down to its base. From the whole area the turf has been pared away: no plant, not even a blade of grass, is permitted to grow; and the entire space is kept so carefully swept, that not a fallen leaf remains many hours on the ground. When in spring the time for gathering the young tea has arrived, persons with gloves on their hands and respirators on their mouths are employed in picking, so that the delicacy of the princes and grandees may not be offended by the [illegible]

even breathed on this costly article of luxury. Several specimens of Japanese tea—though not, it is to be presumed, of the imperial kind—were a few years ago brought to England, and sold at the India House, where, probably on account of their rarity, they fetched three guineas a pound. This is the To-kay of the tea-table; and its cups, which cheer but not inebriate, would scarcely make less inroads on a man's fortune than Esterhazy's vintage.

But the great consideration is not what we could obtain from Japan, but what in the way of merchandise we might supply to it. In former times it received from Europeans damask, satin, velvet, and cloth of gold, pepper, broadcloth, and ivory. The Chinese brought whole junks laden with sugar; and among the other imports were Brazil-wood, tin, Bantam pepper, cast-iron, gunpowder, soccatrine aloes, fowling-pieces, calico and chintzes, Chinese silks, benzoin, and silks from Cochin-China. In order to interest the Hudson Bay Company in throwing open the trade of Japan, we may observe that nearly throughout the empire, but especially in the northern and more mountainous provinces, great quantities of fur are worn. Red felt is imported from China; and it can scarcely be doubted that the more expensive sorts of carpets would meet there with a ready sale, together with all sorts of rich stuffs and muslins of bright patterns.

We have already related briefly the steps by which the Dutch came to be confined on the island of Dezima, in the harbour of Nangasaki. Their trade, which at first brought them in large profits, is now reduced to a small compass, and is carried on in one ship despatched annually from Batavia, in the island of Java. As might naturally be expected, the Dutch, despised for their meanness and avarice, which make them submit to the most degrading conditions, are regarded with extreme contempt by the Japanese, who heap upon them all kinds of affronts and insults, well knowing that for gain they will cheerfully submit to them all. When, after a voyage of about five or six weeks, the eager idolaters of mammon approach their destination, they immediately obtain a foretaste of what they are afterwards to endure: a boat is sent out with orders for them to cast anchor on pain of being treated as enemies, and to demand such explanations as the authorities may deem requisite. While they are waiting permission to proceed to their prison, the employment in which they are engaged proves them to be in the dominions of victorious heathenism. They put their religion, together with all possible insignia of it—such as Bibles, prayer-books, pictures or prints representing sacred subjects—in a chest, and make up their minds willingly enough in most cases to conform to the laws of their new existence. To put it out of their power to be rebellious, the Japanese at the same time take possession of their guns, ammunition, and arms of all kinds, and convey them, together with the religious chest, ashore, where they are kept during their stay.

Now commences a struggle between the cunning of the Dutch and the watchfulness of the natives. But a superior police-officer is stationed on Dezima, to superintend the landing of the cargo as well as the personal examination of the whole crew, which is conducted in the most offensive manner—partly to ascertain that there are no women disguised among them, and partly to prevent smuggling, to which, it is well known, the islanders are immoderately addicted. Some years ago the most ludicrous means

were resorted to for eluding the vigilance of the Nangasaki custom-house officers. Taking advantage of their reputation for physical development, and not caring how queer they looked provided they could cheat the emperor, all the ships' crew, both officers and men, used to put on a suit of wadded clothes, which gave them the appearance of so many Sileni. When about to go on shore the wadding was taken out, and its place supplied by such merchandise as they desired to smuggle into the country; after this the wadding was again assumed, and worn till their departure, notwithstanding the sweltering heat and all the inconveniences it occasioned them. Then, again, the wadding made way for contraband goods; after which the heavy Netherlanders collapsed to their natural dimensions, and returned shrunken and shrivelled to Batavia.

It is not to be imagined that this astute device really imposed upon the custom-house officers of Nangasaki, who doubtless winked at the strange *travestie* for a handsome consideration. At length, however, the Dutchmen became too fat, and the stratagem exploded. Whether or not the transgressors of the law were punished or mulcted we forget, but from that time to the present the Mynheers have been constrained to submit to a strict humiliating search, from which the chief of the factory is alone exempt. The island of Dezima, on which the Dutch have vegetated for more than 200 years, is in reality a sort of pier or breakwater, 600 feet long by 240 broad, built on the waves at a short distance from the shore. Its whole surface is covered with houses and warehouses, and it is connected with Nangasaki by a narrow causeway, terminating in a guard-house at the end. The commercial prisoners are eleven in number—the chief of the factory, a warehouse-master, a book-keeper, a physician, five clerks, and two warehousemen. European servants they have none; but they are attended during the day by Japanese domestics, who enter the island at sunrise and quit it regularly at sunset.

But the Netherlanders are not left entirely to their own devices during the hours of darkness. Japan abounds with courtezans, and of these any number would appear to receive permission from the government to reside with the Dutch in Dezima as servants. Without their aid, as one of their writers pathetically expresses it, the unhappy captives would not be able to boil their tea-kettles or support confinement during the dreary years they are condemned to pass at a distance from their homes. The children born of these women, in conformity with the provisions of the Roman law, belong to the country of their mothers, who are not suffered to bring them into the world in Dezima. When the interesting period approaches, they are hurried across the causeway into Nangasaki, in order that the future citizens of the empire may not inhale with their first breath the degrading servitude of their fathers. When the women are sufficiently recovered to return, they are nevertheless permitted to take their children along with them; so that the little semi-Dutchmen can almost fancy themselves in Amsterdam. But when the period for education arrives, it is of no use for any of the captives of Dezima to have a heart, for, like it or dislike it, his children are torn from him to be trained, disciplined, instructed, or debauched, as it may seem fit to the authorities of Nangasaki. What becomes of the daughters is not stated. In all likelihood they are permitted to belong to the class of their mothers; while the sons are provided for by

being placed at the fathers' expense in some low office under government. Much may no doubt be said in defence of these Netherlanders, but there are in the world many persons who would rather dispense altogether with wives and children than submit to such infamous and insulting regulations.

If to be born in Dezima be a crime for a Japanese, to die there is no less so. As soon as any woman or child, therefore, is seized with any complaint likely to prove mortal, she or he is hurried away to some place where, according to the language of the country, they may lawfully die. But even in Dezima death is sometimes extremely unceremonious, making as light of Japanese laws as of the passions and desires of Dutchmen. When this is the case, the Buddhists of the empire have a contrivance for saving their honour; which is to take the dead body over the causeway, and swear it is alive, which satisfies both the magistrates and the laws. Truth is a joke in Japan, especially where imperial edicts are concerned; and therefore it is fearlessly affirmed that no Japanese ever died or was born in Dezima.

To complete the humiliations of the Dutch we must not omit to mention the ceremony said to have taken place annually, of trampling on a picture with the Virgin and Child which the Japanese would have regarded as a denial of Christianity, while to the Dutch themselves it would probably appear to have been a harmless stratagem. Not being Papists, they would not think it necessary to feel or to affect any reverence for the Virgin even with the infant Saviour on her lap. But many, if not all of the Dutch writers, deny that they were ever called upon to insult in this manner the mute symbols of Christianity, or at least of a very large section of it; while the Roman Catholic authors, especially the Jesuits, who have treated of Japan, are almost unanimous in the assertion of the fact. For various reasons we are inclined to accept their testimony, though it cannot be doubted that they display on all occasions a disposition to disparage the Netherlanders. In the first place, the conduct of the latter has generally been such as to give a strong colour to the belief. They stick at no means to prejudice the heathenism of Japan against their Christian rivals—not only the Roman Catholic Spaniards and Portuguese, but likewise the Protestant English; and then in the rebellion of Simabara, which, say what they will, was an insurrection of the Christians against their pagan oppressors, the Dutch lent their assistance in extirpating the professors of their own creed under no other pretext whatsoever than that of procuring commercial advantages for their nation.

And what now, after all, is the amount of their trade? The value of the merchandise shipped annually from Java to Japan does not exceed £75,000 sterling; that is to say, less by one-half than what the Chinese are suffered to import. The legal exports are almost exclusively confined to camphor and copper, though the islands abound in inexhaustible materials for commerce, which the Japanese are restrained by their ignorance from disposing of to strangers.

Of the life led by the eleven Dutchmen who conduct this miserable trade we have already given some idea as far as relates to the island of Dezima. But as perpetual confinement to the surface of that diminutive breakwater will really be too tedious even for them, they have solicited and obtained permission to make occasional excursions in the vicinity of Nangasaki.

The way in which these rare relaxations are enjoyed is singularly characteristic and comic. When the despised captives desire to take a walk, they forward an intimation of the fact to the authorities, who, after due deliberation, consent to allow them this indulgence. It might, however, be thought derogatory to the imperial dignity if these foreign vagabonds were suffered to amuse themselves without restraint. Accordingly, it has been decreed that in their rural rambles they are always to be accompanied and watched by a host of natives, guards, interpreters, with a rabble of relatives and connections, whom the unlucky Dutchmen are condemned to entertain at their own expense; so that it becomes a more costly luxury to take a stroll than for us to enjoy a steam-voyage to Constantinople.

Still, as fresh air is a pleasant thing, and since every semblance of liberty is dear to prisoners, the Mynheers of Dezima cheerfully consent to be mulcted in order to enjoy a prospect of the country, to climb breezy hills, to recline in delicious valleys, to enter tea-houses and tea-gardens, and sip the fragrant beverage in the midst of a noisy multitude of natives, all enjoying themselves after their own way. Besides, in Japan, as everywhere else, 'a great deal may be bought for fifty louis.' Mammon makes an impression on interpreters and guards; so that it is not absolutely impossible for a member of the Dezima factory to taste occasionally a few moments of delightful solitude. The views from the mountains above Nangasaki are vast and varied—over shores, bays, promontories smiling with cultivation or clothed with woods; while the blue sea, which everywhere indents the coast, is studded with sails scudding hither and thither before the breeze.

From an excursion amidst such scenery the gentlemen of the factory return well pleased to their homes and temporary wives, and phlegmatically toil on in the pursuit of gain, till weariness or the accumulation of cash induces them once more to seek the solace of the breathing fields.

Enough, we think, has been said to give our readers some idea of the relations of Europe with Japan, as well as to shew the practicability of multiplying those relations to any extent we please. The Dutch, contented with their humiliating and degraded position, will unquestionably take no step towards throwing open the commerce of the empire to the rest of the world. Exclusion and monopoly are among the chief elements of their existence; wherever they have obtained a footing, whether in the East or in the West, their constant aim has been to shut out all others: they would rather enjoy the fewest and smallest advantages by themselves than the greatest in conjunction with their neighbours. The truth of this they have demonstrated in Sumatra, Borneo, Java, and the Moluccas. On their co-operation, therefore, we can place no reliance, but on the contrary must expect from them the steadiest and most persevering hostility.

Great Britain, however, is perfectly able to dispense with the aid of Holland, or of any other community, and has only to shew herself in a proper attitude on the shores of Japan to restore that empire to intercourse with the rest of the world. There is not the slightest probability that such an undertaking would lead to war; but should that unfortunately prove the case, we have in our power the means of bringing it to a speedy conclusion. The domestic trade of Japan is immense, and carried on chiefly by sea; so that with a few war-steamers we could put a stop at once

to all internal movement in the empire, and thus compel the government to concede to civilisation its reasonable demands.

That this plan will be denounced by the itinerant orators and agitators we take for granted, because they find it impossible to enlarge their minds so as to take in considerations of general policy. But their censure is synonymous with praise, since what they condemn all unsophisticated friends of humanity will approve. For we once more repeat, that the population of Japan, whether consisting of 30,000,000 or 40,000,000, is, with the exception of a few pedantic officials, as deeply interested in doing away with the present system of exclusion as the merchants and manufacturers of the West can be. Even should conquest follow commerce, which is by no means probable, their condition would thereby only be improved, the poverty and distress of the humbler classes in the empire being indescribable, through the interference of politics with labour, while the middle classes would be raised to a higher level than they have ever occupied. This remark, however, we only throw out by the way. In all likelihood, intercourse with Europe and America would have no other effect than to stimulate industry and better the condition of the people, which, in the end, moreover, might lead to the improvement of their social and political institutions: at all events, the advocates of education can scarcely deny that the natives of Japan would profit by the introduction of European knowledge among them; for though they cannot be regarded as mere savages, they have certainly not advanced beyond the period of barbarism, which often unites within itself all the evils and imperfections incident to human society.

THE HALF-CASTE;

AN OLD GOVERNESS'S TALE,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

'WE know what we are, but we know not what we may be,' as my quaintly-clever niece and namechild, Cassia, would say. And truly who could have thought that I, a plain governess, should in my old age have become writer. Yet, for the life of me, I cannot invent a plot—I must write nothing but truth. Here I pause, recollecting painfully that in my first sentence I have sinned against truth by entitling Cassia 'my niece and namechild,' when, strictly speaking, she is neither the one nor the other. She is no blood-relation at all, and my own name happens to be Cassandra. I always disliked it heartily until Mr Sutherland called me—— But I forget that I must explain a little.—Mr Sutherland was—no, thank Heaven!—*is*, a very good man; a friend of my late father, and of the same business—an Indian merchant. When in my twenty-fifth year, my dear father died, and we were ruined—a quiet way of expressing this, but in time one learns to speak so quietly of every pang: Mr Sutherland was very kind to my mother and to me. I remember, as though it were yesterday, one day when he sat with us in our little parlour, and hearing my mother calling me 'Cassie,' said laughingly that I always put him in mind of a certain Indian spice. 'In fact,' he added, looking affectionately at my dear, gentle, little mother, and approvingly—yes, it was approvingly, at me—'in fact, I think we three sitting thus, with myself in the centre, might be likened to myrrh, aloes, and cassia.' One similitude was untrue; for he was not bitter, but 'sweet as summer.' However, from that time he always called me Cassia. I rather like the name; and latterly it was very kind of him to—— There, I am forestalling my history again!

When I was twenty-five, as I said, I first went out as a governess. This plan was the result of many consultations between my mother and myself. A hard thing was my leaving home; but I found I could thereby earn a larger and more regular salary, part of which being put by, would some time enable me to live altogether with my mother. Such were her plannings and hopes for the future. As for my own——

But it is idle to dwell upon things so long past. God knew best, and it all comes to the same at the end of life. It was through Mr Sutherland that I got my first situation. He wrote my mother a hurried letter, saying he had arranged for me to enter a family, concerning whom he would explain before my departure. But something hindered his coming: it was a public meeting, I remember; for though still a young man, he was held in much honour among the city merchants, and knew the affairs of India well from early residence there. Of course, having these duties to fulfil, it was natural he should not recollect my departure; so I started without seeing him, and without knowing more of my future abode than its name, and that of my employer. It was a Yorkshire village, and the gentleman whose family I was going to was a Mr Le Poer. My long journey was dreary—God knows how dreary! in youth one suffers so much; and parting from my mother was any time a sufficient grief. In those days railways were not numerous, and I had to journey a good way by coach. About eleven at night I found myself at my destination. At the door a maid-servant appeared; no one else: it was scarcely to be expected by 'the governess.' This was a new and sad 'coming home' to me. I was shewn to my bedroom, hearing, as I passed the landing, much rustling of dresses and 'squittling' away of little feet.—(I ought to apologise for that odd expression, which, I think, I learned when I was quite a child, and used to go angling with my father and Mr Sutherland. It means a scampering off in all directions, as a shoal of minnows do when you throw a pebble among them.)—I asked if the family were gone to bed, and was informed, 'No;' so I arranged my dress and went down stairs, unconsciously reassured by the fact, that the house was neither so large nor so aristocratic as my very liberal salary had at first inclined me to expect.

'Who shall I say, miss?' asked the rather untidy servant, meeting me in the lobby, and staring with open eyes, as if a stranger were some rare sight. 'Miss Pryor,' I said, thinking regretfully that I should be henceforth that, and not 'Cassia;' and seeing the maid still stared, I added with an effort: 'I am the new governess.' So under that double announcement I appeared at the parlour-door. The room was rather dark: there were two candles; but one had been extinguished, and was being hurriedly relighted as I entered. At first I saw nothing clearly; then I perceived a little pale lady sitting at one end of the table, and two half-grown-up girls, dressed in 'going-out-to-tea' costume, seated primly together on the sofa. There was a third; but she vanished out of the door as I entered it.

'Miss Pryor, I believe?' said a timid voice—so timid that I could hardly believe that it was a lady addressing her governess. I glanced at her: she was a little woman, with pale hair, and light eyes—frightened-looking eyes—that just rose, and fell in a minute. I said 'I was Miss Pryor, and concluded I addressed Mrs Le Poer.' She answered: 'Yes, yes;' and held out hesitatingly a thin, cold, bird-like hand, which I took rather warmly than otherwise; for I felt really sorry for her evident nervousness. It seemed so strange for anybody to be afraid of *me*. 'My daughters, Miss Pryor,' she then said in a louder tone. Whereupon the two girls rose, courtesied, blushed—seemingly more from awkwardness than modesty—and sat down again. I shook hands with both, trying to take the initiative, and make

myself sociable and at home—a difficult matter, my position feeling much like that of a fly in an ice-house.

'These are my pupils then?' said I cheerfully. 'Which is Miss Zillah?' —for I remembered Mr Sutherland had mentioned that name in his letter, and its peculiarity naturally struck me.

The mother and daughters looked rather blankly at each other, and the former said: 'This is Miss Le Poer and Miss Matilda: Zillah is not in the room at present.'

'Oh, a third sister?' I observed.

'No, ma'am,' rather pertly answered Miss Le Poer; 'Zill is not our sister at all, but only a sort of a distant relation of Pa's, whom he is very kind to and keeps at his expense, and who mends our stockings and brushes our hair of nights, and whom we are very kind to also.'

'Oh, indeed!' was all I said in reply to this running stream of very provincially-spoken and unpunctuated English. I was rather puzzled too; for if my memory was correct—and I generally remembered Mr Sutherland's letters very clearly, probably because they were themselves so clear —he had particularly mentioned my future pupil Zillah Le Poer, and no Miss Le Poer besides. I waited with some curiosity for the girl's reappearance; at last I ventured to say: 'I should like to see Miss Zillah. I understood'—here I hesitated, but thought afterwards that plain speech was best—'I understood from Mr Sutherland that she was to be my pupil.'

'Of course, of course,' hastily said the lady, and I fancied she coloured slightly. 'Caroline, fetch your cousin.'

Caroline sulkily went out, and shortly returned followed by a girl older than herself, though clad in childish, or rather servant fashion, with short petticoats, short sleeves, and a big brown-holland pinafore. 'Zill wouldn't stay to be dressed,' explained Caroline in a loud whisper to her mother; at which Mrs Le Poer looked more nervous and uncomfortable than ever. Meanwhile I observed my pupil. I had fancied the Zillah so carefully intrusted to my care by Mr Sutherland to be a grown young lady, who only wanted 'finishing.' I even thought she might be a beauty. With some surprise I found her a half-caste girl—with an olive complexion, full Hindoo lips, and eyes very black and bright. She was untidily dressed; which looked the worse, since she was almost a woman; though her dull, heavy face had the stupidity of an ultra-stupid child. I saw all this; for somehow—probably because I had heard of her before— I examined the girl more than I did the two other Misses Le Poer. Zillah herself stared at me much as if I had been a wild animal, and then put her finger in her mouth with a babyish air. 'How do you do, my dear?' said I desperately, feeling that all four pair of family-eyes were upon me. 'I hope we shall be good friends soon.' And I put out my hand. At first the girl seemed not to understand that I meant to shake hands with her. Then she irresolutely poked out her brown fingers, having first taken the precaution to wipe them on her pinafore. I made another remark or two about my being her governess, and her studying with her cousins; at which she opened her large eyes with a dull amaze, but I never heard the sound of her voice.

It must have been now near twelve o'clock. I thought it odd the girls should be kept up so late; and began at last to speculate whether I was to

see Mr Le Poer. My conjectures were soon set at rest by a loud pull at the door-bell, which made Mrs Le Poer spring up from her chair, and Zillah vanish like lightning. The two others sat cowed, with their hands before them; and I myself felt none of the bravest. So upon this frightened group the master of the house walked in.

'Hollo, Mrs Le Poer! Cary! Zill, you fool! Confound it, where's the supper?' (*I* might have asked that too, being very hungry.) 'What the deuce are you all about?'

'My dear!' whispered the wife beseechingly, as she met him at the door, and seemed pointing to me.

Certainly I could not have believed that the voice just heard belonged to the gentleman who now entered. The *gentleman*, I repeat; for I never saw one who more thoroughly looked the character. He was about fifty, very handsome, very well dressed—his whole mien bespeaking that stately, gracious courtliness which now, except in rare instances, belongs to a past age. Bowing, he examined me curiously, with a look that somehow or other made me uncomfortable. He seemed viewing over my feminine attractions as a horse-dealer does the points of a new bargain. But soon the interest of the look died away. I knew he considered me as all others did—a very plain and shy young woman, perhaps lady-like (I believe I was that, for I heard of some one saying so), but nothing more. 'I have the pleasure of meeting Miss Pryor?' said he in an ultra-bland tone, which after his first coarse manner would have positively startled me, had I not always noticed that the two are often combined in the same individual. (I always distrust a man who speaks in a very mild, measured, womanish voice.) I mentioned the name of his friend Mr Sutherland. 'Oh, I recollect,' said he stiffly: 'Mr Sutherland informed you that—that'—— He evidently wished to find out exactly what I knew of himself and his family. Now, it being always my habit to speak the plain truth, I saw no reason why I should not gratify him; so I stated the simple facts of our friend's letter to my mother—that he had found for me a situation in the family of a Mr Le Poer, and had particularly charged me with completing the education of Miss Zillah Le Poer. 'Oh!' said Mr Le Poer abruptly; 'were those all your instructions, my dear Miss Pryor?' he added insinuatingly. I answered that I knew no more, having missed seeing Mr Sutherland before I came away. 'Then you come quite a stranger into my family? I hope you have received the hearty welcome a stranger should receive, and I trust you will soon cease to merit that name.' So saying, he graciously touched the tips of my fingers, and in mellifluous tones ordered supper, gently reproaching his wife for having delayed that meal. 'You know, my dear, it was needless to wait for me; and Miss Pryor must be needing refreshment.'

Indeed I was so, being literally famished. The meal was ordinary enough—mere bread, butter, and cheese; but Mr Le Poer did the honours with most gentlemanly courtesy. I thought, never did a poor governess meet with such attention. The girls did not sup with us: they had taken the earliest opportunity of disappearing; nor was the half-caste cousin again visible. We had soon done eating—that is, Mrs Le Poer and I; for the gentleman seemed so indifferent to the very moderate attractions of his

table, that from this fact, and from a certain redness of his eyes, I could not help suspecting he had well supped before. Still, that did not prevent his asking for wine; and having politely drank with me, he composed himself to have a little confidential talk while he finished the decanter.

'Miss Pryor, do you correspond with Mr Sutherland?'

The abruptness of his question startled me. I felt my cheeks tingling as I answered most truthfully: 'No.'

'Still you are a dear and valued friend of his, he tells me.'

I felt glad, so glad that I forgot to make the due answer about Mr Sutherland's being 'very kind.'

My host had probably gained the information he wanted, and became communicative on his part. 'I ought, my dear young lady, to explain a few things concerning your pupils, which have been thus accidentally omitted by my friend Mr Sutherland, who could not better have acceded to my request than by sending a lady like yourself to instruct my family.' Here he bowed and I bowed. We did a great deal in that way of dumb civility, as it saved him trouble and me words. 'My daughters you have seen. They are, I believe, tolerably well-informed for such mere children.' I wondered if I had rightly judged them at thirteen and fourteen. 'My only trouble, Miss Pryor, is concerning my niece.' Here I looked surprised, not suspecting Zillah to be so near a relative. 'I call her niece through habit, and for the sake of her father, my poor deceased brother,' continued Mr Le Poer, with a lengthened and martyr-like visage; 'but in truth she has no real claim to belong to my family. My brother—sad fellow always—Indian life not overscrupulous—ties between natives and Europeans: in fact, my dear Miss Pryor, Zillah's mother—— You understand?' Ignorant as I was, I did dimly understand, coloured deeply, and was silent. In the unpleasant pause which ensued I noticed that Mrs Le Poer had let her knitting fall, and sat gazing on her husband with a blank, horrified look, until he called her to order by an impressive 'A little more wine, my dear?' Her head sunk with an alarmed gesture, and her lord and master continued addressing me. 'Of course this explanation is in strict confidence. Regard for my brother's memory induces me to keep the secret, and to bring up this girl exactly as my own—except,' he added, recollecting himself, 'with a slight, indeed a necessary difference. Therefore you will educate them all alike; at least so far as Zillah's small capacity allows. I believe'—and he smiled sarcastically—'her modicum of intellect is not greater than generally belongs to her mother's race. She would make an excellent *ayah*, and that is all.'

'Poor thing!' I thought, not inclined to despise her even after this information; how could I, when—— Now that fairly nonplussed me: what made the girl an object of interest to Mr Sutherland? and why did he mention her as Miss Zillah Le Poer when she could legally have no right to the name? I should, in my straightforward way, have asked the question, but Mr Le Poer's manner shewed that he wished no more conversation. He hinted something about my fatigue, and the advisability of retiring; nay, even lighted my candle for me, and dismissed his wife and myself with an air so pleasant and gracious, that I thought I had scarcely ever seen such a perfect gentleman.

Mrs Le Poer preceded me up stairs to my room, bade me good-night, asked timidly, but kindly, if all was to my liking, and if I would take anything more—seemed half-inclined to say something else, and then, hearing her husband's voice, instantaneously disappeared.

I was at last alone. I sat thinking over this strange evening—so strange, that it kept my thoughts from immediately flying where I had supposed they were sure to fly. During my cogitations there came a knock to the door, and on my answering it, a voice spoke without, in a dull, sullen tone, and an accent slightly foreign and broken: 'Please, do you want to be called to-morrow, and will you have any hot water?' I opened the door at once to Zillah. 'Is it you, my dear? Come in and say good-night to me.' The girl entered with the air and manner of a servant, except for a certain desperate sullenness. I took her hand, and thanked her for coming to see after my comforts. She looked thoroughly astonished; but still, as I went on talking, began to watch me with more interest. Once she even smiled, which threw a soft expression over her mouth. I cannot tell what reason I had—whether from a mere impulse of kindness, with which my own state of desolation had something to do, or whether I compelled myself from a sense of duty to take all means of making a good first impression on the girl's feelings—but when I bade Zillah good-night, I leaned forward and just touched her brown cheek with mine—French fashion; for I could not really *kiss* anybody except for love. I never saw a creature so utterly amazed! She might have never received that token of affection since her birth. She muttered a few unintelligible words—I fancy they were in Hindostanee—flung herself before me, Eastern fashion, and my poor hand was kissed passionately, weepingly, as the beloved ladies' hands are in novels and romances.—But mine was never kissed save by this poor child! All passed in a moment, and I had hardly recovered my first surprise when Zillah was gone. I sat a little while, feeling as strange as if I had suddenly become the heroine of a fairy tale; then caught a vision of my own known self, with my pale, tired face, and sad-coloured gown. It soon brought me back to the realities of life, and to the fact that I was now 200 miles away from my mother and from—London.

I had not been three weeks resident in the Le Poer family, before I discovered that if out of the domestic mysteries into which I became gradually initiated I could create any fairy tale, it would certainly be that of 'Cinderella;' but my poor Cinderella had all the troubles of her prototype without any of the graces either of mind or person. It is a great mistake to suppose that every victim of tyranny must of necessity be an angel. On most qualities of mind oppression has exactly the opposite effect. It dulls the faculties, stupifies the instinctive sense of right, and makes the most awful havoc among the natural affections. I was often forced to doubt whether Mr Le Poer was very far wrong when he called Zillah by his favourite name of the 'ugly little devil.' There was something quite demoniac in her black eyes at times. She was lazy too—full of the languor of her native clime. Neither threats nor punishments could rouse her into the slightest activity. The only person to whom she paid the least attention was Mrs Le Poer, who alone never ill-used her. Poor lady! she was too broken-spirited to ill-use anybody; but she never praised. I do not think Zillah had heard the common civility, 'Thank

you,' until I came into the house; since, when I uttered it, she seemed scarcely to believe her ears. When she first joined us in the school-room I found the girl was very ignorant. Her youngest cousin was far before her even in the commonest knowledge; and, as in all cases of deadened intellect, it cost her incalculable trouble to learn the simplest things. I took infinite pains with her, ay, and felt in her a strong interest too—ten times stronger than in the other two; yet for weeks she seemed scarcely to have advanced at all. To be sure it must be taken into account that she was rarely suffered to remain with me half the school-hours without being summoned to some menial duty or other; and the one maid-servant bestowed on me many black looks, as being the cause why she herself had sometimes to do a morning's household work alone. Often I puzzled myself in seeing how strangely incompatible was Zillah's position with Mr Sutherland's expressed desire concerning her. Sometimes I thought I would write and explain all to him; but I did not like. Nor did I tell my mother half the *désagréments* and odd things belonging to this family—considering that such reticence even towards her nearest kindred is every governess's duty. In all domestic circles there must be a little Eleusinia, the secrets of which chance observers should strictly keep.

More than once I determined to take advantage of the very polite and sociable terms which Mr Le Poer and myself were on, to speak to him on the subject, and argue that his benevolence in adopting his brother's unfortunate child might not suffer by being testified in a more complete and gracious form. But he was so little at home—and no wonder; for the miserably dull, secluded, and painfully-economical way in which they lived could have little charms for a man of fashion and talent, or at least the relics of such, which he evidently was. And so agreeable as he could be! His conversation at meals — the only time I ever saw him — was a positive relief from the dull blank, broken only by the girls' squabbles and their mother's faint remonstrances and complaints. But whenever, by dint of great courage, I contrived to bring Zillah's name on the tapis, he always so adroitly crept out of the subject, without pointedly changing it, that afterwards I used to wonder how I had contrived to forget my purpose, and leave matters as they were. The next scheme I tried was one which, in many family jars and family bitternesses among which my calling has placed me, I have found to answer amazingly well. It is my maxim that 'a wrong is seldom a one-sided wrong;' and when you cannot amend one party, the next best thing is to try the other. I always had a doctrine likewise, that it is only those who have the instinct and the sins of servitude who will hopelessly remain oppressed. I determined to try if there was anything in Zillah's mind or disposition that could be awakened, so as to render her worthy of a higher position than that she held. And as my firm belief is, that everything and everybody in time rise or sink to their own proper level, so I felt convinced that if there were any superiority in Zillah's character all the tyranny in the world would not keep her the pitiable Cinderella of such ordinary people as the Le Poers. I began my system by teaching her, not in public, where she was exposed to the silent but not less apparent contempt of her cousins, but at night in my own room after all the house had retired. I made this hour as little like lessons as possible, by

her sit and work with me, or brush my hair, teaching her orally the while. As much as her reserve permitted, I lured her into conversation on every indifferent subject. All I wanted was to get at the girl's heart. One day I was lecturing her in a quiet way on the subject concerning which she was the first young woman I ever knew that needed lecturing—care over her personal appearance. She certainly was the most slovenly girl I ever saw. Poor thing! she had many excuses; for though the whole family dressed shabbily, and, worse—tawdrily, her clothes were the worst of all. Still, nothing but positive rags can excuse a woman for neglecting womanly neatness. I often urged despairingly upon poor Zillah that the meanest frock was no apology for untidy hair: that the most unpleasant work did not exclude the possibility of making face and hands clean after it was over. 'Look at yours, my dear,' said I once, taking the reluctant fingers and spreading them out on mine. Then I saw what I have often noticed in the Hindoo race, how delicate her hands were naturally, even despite her hard servant's-work. I told her so; for in a creature so crushed there was little fear of vanity, and I made it a point to praise her every good quality, personal and mental.

Zillah looked pleased. 'My hands are like my mother's, who was very handsome, and a Parsee.'

'Do you remember her?'

'A little, not much; and chiefly her hands, which were covered with rings. One, a great diamond, was worth ever so many hundred rupees. It was lost once, and my mother cried. I saw it, a good while after, on my father's finger when he was dying,' continued she carelessly; and afterwards added mysteriously: 'I think he stole it.'

'Hush, child! hush! It is wrong to speak so of a dead father,' cried I, much shocked.

'Is it? Well, I'll not do it if it vexes you, Miss Pryor.'

This seemed her only consciousness of right and wrong—pleasing or displeasing me. At all events it argued well for my influence over her and her power of being guided by the affections. I asked again about her father; somehow, with a feminine prejudice, natural though scarcely right, I felt a delicacy in mentioning the mother. But she was the only parent of whom Zillah would speak. 'I hardly know,' 'I can't remember,' 'I don't care,' were all the answers my questions won. 'You saw your father when he was dying?' I persisted: 'an awful sight it must have been.' Zillah shuddered at the recollection. 'What did he say to you?'

'I don't remember, except that I was like my mother. All the rest was swearing, as uncle swears at me. But uncle did not do it then.'

'So Mr Le Poer was present?'

'Yes; and the ugly, horrible-looking man they said was my father talked to him in whispers, and uncle took me on his knee, and called me "My dear." He never did it afterwards.'

I asked her one question more—'How long was this ago?' and she said, 'Several years; she did not recollect how many.'

I talked to her no more that night, but bade her go to rest. In fact my mind was so full of her that I was glad to get her visible self out of the way. She went, lazily and stupidly as ever. Only at the door she paused. 'You won't tell what I have been saying, Miss Pryor?—You'll

not mention my mother before them? I did once, and they laughed and made game of her, uncle and all. They did—they'—— She stopped, literally foaming at the mouth with rage.

'Come in again; do, my poor child,' said I, gently approaching. But she shut the door hurriedly, and ran down stairs to the kitchen, where she slept with her dire enemy, yet sole companion, the servant-maid.

Six months after my coming to the Le Poers I began heartily to wish for some of my salary; not that I had any doubt of it—Mr Sutherland had said it was sure—but I wanted some replenishment of my wardrobe, and besides it was near my mother's birthday, when I always took care she had some nice useful gift. It quite puzzled me to think what little luxury she wanted, for she wrote me word Mr Sutherland brought her so many.—'He was just like a son to her,' she said.—Ah me!—One day, when disconsolately examining my last pair of boots—the 'wee boots,' that for a foolish reason I had, were one of my few feminine vanities—I took courage to go down stairs and ask Mr Le Poer 'if he could make it convenient,' &c. &c. 'My dear Miss Pryor,' said he with most gentlemanly *empressement*, 'if I had thought—indeed you should have asked me before. Let me see, you have been here six months, and our stipulated sum was'—— I thought he hesitated on account of the delicacy some gentlemen feel in business-dealings with a lady; indeed I supposed it was from that cause he had never spoken to me about money-matters. However, I felt no such delicacy, but answered plainly: 'My salary, Mr Sutherland said, was to be 100 guineas a year.' 'Exactly so; and payable yearly, I believe?' Mr Le Poer added carelessly. Now, I had not remembered that, but of course he knew. However, I looked and felt disappointed. At last, as Mr Le Poer spoke with the kindest politeness, I confessed the fact that I wanted the money for habiliments. 'Oh, is that all? Then pray, my excellent young lady, go with Caroline to H—— at once. Order anything you like of my trades-people. Bid them put all to my account: we can settle afterwards. No excuses; indeed you must.' He bowed me away with the air of a benefactor disdaining gratitude, and set off immediately on one of his frequent jaunts. There was no help for it; so I accepted his plan, and went to H—— with Caroline and Matilda.

It seemed a long time since I had been in any town, and the girls might never have been there in their lives, so eagerly did they linger at shop-windows, admiring and longing after finery. The younger consoled the elder, saying that they would have all these sort of grand things some time. 'It's only four years,' whispered she—'just four years, and then that stupid Zill'—— Here Caroline pushed her back with an angry 'hush!' and walked up to my side with a prim smile. I thought it strange, but took no notice, always disliking to play the governess out of school-hours.

Another odd thing happened the same week. There came a letter to Mr Le Poer from Mr Sutherland. I could not help noticing this, as it lay on the mantel-shelf two days before the former returned, and I used to see it always when I sat at meals. His—Mr Sutherland's I mean—was a fair large hand, too, which would have caught any one's eye: it was like old times to see it again. I happened to be by when Mr Le Poer opened the letter. He was so anxious over it that he did not notice my presence.

Perhaps it was wrong of me to glance toward him, but yet natural, considering it was a friend's letter. I saw a little note enclosed, the address of which, I was almost sure, bore my own name. I waited, thinking he would give it me. I even made some slight movement to attract his attention. He looked up—he actually started—but next moment smiled as only Mr Le Poer could smile. 'News from our friend, you see!' said he, shewing me the outside envelope. 'He is quite well, and—let me consider'—glancing over his own letter—'he sends his kindest remembrances to you. A most worthy man is Mr Sutherland.' So saying he folded the epistle, and placed it in his desk. The little note, which he had turned seal uppermost, he quietly put, unopened, into his pocket. It must have been my own delusion then.—Not the first, nor yet the last!

At the expiration of my first year as a governess, just as I was looking with untold eagerness to my midsummer holidays, when I was at length to go home to my mother—for the journey to London was too expensive to admit of that happiness more than once a year—there happened a great disaster to the Le Poer family: no less than that terrible scourge, typhus fever. Matilda took it first, then Caroline, then the mother. These three were scarcely convalescent when Zillah caught the fever in her turn, and had it more dangerously than any of the rest. Her life was in danger for many days, during which I had the sole anxiety and responsibility; for Mr Le Poer, on the first tidings of the fever, had taken flight, and been visible at home no more. True, he wrote every other day most touching letters, and I in return kept him constantly informed as to the progress of his wife and children. When Zillah was taken ill, however, I did not think it necessary to send him word concerning her, feeling that the poor orphan's life was precious to no one. I never was more surprised than when on Mr Le Poer's venturing back and finding Zillah in the crisis of her disease, his terror and anxiety appeared uncontrollable. 'Good God!' he cried, 'Zillah ill? Zillah going to die? Impossible! Why was I not informed before? Confound you, madam'—and he turned furiously to his still ailing wife—'did you not think?—Are you mad—quite mad?'

I declare I thought *he* was. Mrs Le Poer only sobbed in silence. Meanwhile the outcries of the delirious girl were heard in the very parlour. I had given her my room; I thought, poor soul, she should not die in her damp kitchen-closet.

Mr Le Poer turned absolutely white with terror—he, who had expressed only mild concern when his wife and daughters were in peril. 'Miss Pryor,' said he hoarsely, 'something must be done. That girl *must* be saved; I'd snatch her from the very fiend himself! Send for advice, physicians, nurses; send to Leeds, Liverpool—to London even. Only, by ——, she must not die!'

Poor Zillah did not die. She was saved for Heaven's strange purposes; though I, in my then blindness, often and often, while sitting by her bedside, thought it would be better did she slip quietly out of the bitter world in which she seemed to be only an unsightly and trampled weed. Mr Le Poer's unwonted anxiety did not end with her convalescence, which was very slow. 'She may die yet!' I heard him muttering to himself the first day after he saw his niece. 'Miss Pryor, my wife is a foo—— I

mean, a rather undecided person. Tell me what *you* think ought to be done for Zillah's recovery?' I prescribed, but with little hope that my advice would be followed—immediate change to sea air. 'It shall be done!' at once said he. 'Mrs Le Poer and the girls can take care of her; or stay—she likes you best. Miss Pryor, are you willing to go?'

This question perfectly confounded me. I had been so longingly anticipating my going home—delayed, as in common charity I could not but delay it, on account of the fever. Now this trouble was over I had quite counted on my departure. That very week I had been preparing my small wardrobe, so as to look as nice as possible in my mother's eyes. She had given me a hint to do so, since she and I were to spend the vacation together at Mr Sutherland's country-house, and old Mrs Sutherland was so very particular.—'Why do you hesitate?' said Mr Le Poer rather sharply. 'Are you thinking of the money? You shall have any additional salary—£50 more if you choose. Upon my soul, madam, you shall! only I entreat you to go.' I would not have minded his entreaties, but I was touched by those of Zillah, who seemed terrified at the idea of going to a strange place without me. Then, too, the additional money, not unneeded; for Mr Sutherland, so kindly generous in other things, had the still rarer generosity never to offer us *that*. I determined to write and tell my mother the position of affairs. Her good judgment would decide, or if hers failed, she would be sure to appeal to her trusty and only adviser since my father died; and I was content to abide by *his* decision. He did decide. He told my mother that it was his earnest wish I should stay a little longer with Zillah Le Poer, whom he called 'his ward.' Her history, he said, he would inform me of when we met, which must be ere-long, as he was contemplating returning to India for some years.

Mr Sutherland returning to India! And before his departure he must see me—*me!* It was a very simple and natural thing, as I felt afterwards, but not then. I did what he desired—as indeed I had long been in the habit of doing—and accompanied Zillah.

I had supposed that we should go to some near watering-place, or at all events to the Liverpool shore. Indeed I had pointedly recommended Tranmere, where, as I stated to Mr Le Poer, there was living an aunt of Mr Sutherland's, who would have taken lodgings or done anything in her power for her nephew's ward. To my surprise he gently objected to this plan. After staying a night in Liverpool, instead of crossing to the opposite shore, as I expected, he put us all — that is, Zillah, the two other girls, and myself—on board the Belfast boat, and there we found ourselves floating across the Irish Channel! The two Misses Le Poer were considerably frightened; Zillah looked most happy. She said it reminded her of her voyage to England when she was a little child. She had never seen the sea since. Long after we got out of sight of land she and I sat together on the deck in the calm summer evening, talking of this Indian voyage, and what it was like, and what people did during the long four months from land to land. She gave me much information, to which I listened with strange interest. I well ember, fool that I was! sitting on the deck of that Belfast boat, with the dipping into the sea before us, and the moon r nd thinking what it would be to f nd ship, alone,

or else in companionship that might make the word still correct, according to its original reading—*all one:* an etymological notion worthy of a governess!

The only remarkable event of our voyage was my sudden introduction by Mr Le Poer to a personage whom I had not thought existed. 'My son, Miss Pryor; my eldest and only son, Lieutenant Augustus Le Poer.' I was very considerably surprised, as I had never heard of the young gentleman. I could only hurriedly conjecture, what I afterwards found to be the truth, that this was the son of a former marriage, and that there had been some family quarrel, lately healed. The lieutenant bowed to me, and I to him. Zillah, who sat by me, had no share in the introduction, until the young man, sticking his glass into his eye, stared at her energetically, muttering to his father some question, in which I just detected the words, 'odd fish.' 'Only Zillah,' answered Mr Le Poer carelessly. 'Child, this is your cousin Augustus, lately returned from foreign service. Shake hands with him.' Zillah listlessly obeyed; but her 'cousin' seemed not at all to relish the title. He cast his eyes superciliously over her. I must confess my poor child's appearance was not very attractive. I did not wonder that Lieutenant Augustus merely nodded his head, twirled his moustache, and walked away. Zillah just looked lazily after him, and then her eyes declined upon the beautiful expanse of sea.

For my part I watched our new friend with some curiosity and amusement, especially when Caroline and Matilda appeared, trying to do the agreeable. The lieutenant was to them evidently the *beau-ideal* of a brother. For myself, I did not admire him at all. Unluckily, if I have three positive aversions in the world, it is for dandies, men with moustaches, and soldiers—and he was a compound of all three. Also, he was a small man; and I, like most little women, have a great reverence for height in the other sex—not universally, for some of my truest friends have been diminutive men—excellent, worthy, admirable Zaccheuses. Still, from an ancient prejudice, acquired—no matter how—my first impression, of any man is usually in proportion to his inches: therefore Lieutenant Le Poer did not stand very high in my estimation.

Little notice did he condescend to take of us, which was rather a satisfaction than otherwise; but he soon became very fraternal and confidential with his two sisters. I saw them all chattering together until it grew dusk; and long after that, the night being fine, I watched their dark figures walking up and down the other side of the deck. More than once I heard their laughter, and detected in their talk the name of Zillah; so I supposed the girls were ridiculing her to their brother. Poor child! she was fast asleep, with her head on my shoulder, wrapped closely up, so that the mild night could do her no harm. She looked almost pretty —the light of the August moon so spiritualised her face. I felt thankful she had not died, but that, under Heaven, my care had saved her—for what? Ay, for what? If, as I kissed the child, I had then known—— But no, I should have kissed her still!

Our brief voyage ended, we reached Belfast and proceeded to Holywood —a small sea-bathing village a few miles down the coast. To this day I have never found out why Mr Le Poer took the trouble to bring us all over the water and settle us there; where, to all intents and purposes,

we might as well have been buried in the solitudes of the Desert of Sahara. But perhaps that was exactly what he wanted.

I think that never in her life, at least since childhood, could Zillah have been so happy as she was during the first week or two of our sojourn at Holywood. To me, who in my youth, when we were rich and could travel, had seen much beautiful scenery, the place was rather uninteresting; to her it was perfection! As she grew stronger life seemed to return to her again under quite a new aspect. To be sure, it was a great change in her existence to have no one over her but me—for her uncle and cousin Augustus had of course speedily vanished from this quiet spot—to be able to do just what she liked, which was usually nothing at all. She certainly was not made for activity; she would lie whole days on the beach, or on the grassy walk which came down to the very edge of high-water-mark—covering her eyes with her poke-bonnet, or gazing sleepily from under her black lashes at the smooth Lough, and the wavy line of hills on the opposite shore. Matilda and Caroline ran very wild too: since we had no lessons I found it hard work to make them obey me at all; indeed it was always a great pain for a quiet soul like me to have to assume authority. I should have got on better even with Mrs Le Poer to assist me; but she, poor little woman, terrified at change, had preferred staying quietly at home in Yorkshire. I was not quite sure but that she had the best of it after all.

In the course of a week, my cares were somewhat lightened. The lieutenant reappeared, and from that time forward I had very little of the girls' company. He was certainly a kind brother; I could not but acknowledge that. He took them about a great deal, or else stayed at Holywood, leaving us by the late evening train, as he said, to go to his lodgings at Belfast. I, the temporary mistress of the establishment, was of course quite polite to my pupils' brother, and he was really very civil to me, though he treated me with the distance due to an ancient duenna. This amused me sometimes, seeing I was only twenty-six—probably his own age; but I was always used to be regarded as an old-maid. Of Zillah the lieutenant hardly ever took any notice at all, and she seemed to keep out of his way as much as possible. When he left us in the evening—and there was always a tolerable confusion at that time, his two sisters wanting to see him off by the train, which he never by any chance allowed—then came the quietest and pleasantest half-hour of the day. The Misses Le Poer disliked twilight rambles, so Zillah and I always set off together. Though oftentimes we parted company, and I was left sitting on the beach, while she strolled on to a pleasant walk she said she had found—a deserted house, whose grounds sloped down to the very shore. But I, not very strong then, and weighed down by many anxious thoughts, loved better to sit and stupify myself with the murmur of the sea—a habit not good for me, but pleasant. No fear had I of Zillah's losing herself, or coming to any harm; and the girl seemed so happy in her solitary rambles that I had not the desire to stop them, knowing how a habit of self-dependence is the greatest comfort to a woman, especially to one in her desolate position. But though, as her nature woke up, and her dulness was melting away, Zillah seemed more *self-c* so to speak; more reserved, and relying on her own thoughts for a usement,

still she had never been so attentive or affectionate to me. It was a curious and interesting study—this young mind's unfolding, though I shame to say that just then I did not think about Zillah as much as I ought to have done. Often I reproached myself for this afterwards; but, as things turned out, I now feel, with a quiet self-compassion, that my error was pardonable.

I mind one evening—now *I mind* is not quite English, but I learned it, with other Scottish phrases, in my young days, so let it stand!—I mind one evening, that, being not quite in a mood to keep my own company, I went out walking with Zillah; somehow the noise of the sea wearied me, and unconsciously I turned through the village and along the highroad—almost like an English road, so beautiful with overhanging trees. I did not talk much, and Zillah walked quite silently, which indeed was nothing new. I think I see her now, floating along with her thin but lithe figure, and limp, clinging dress—the very antipodes of fashion—nothing about her that would really be called beautiful except her great eyes, that were perfect oceans of light. When we came to a gateway—which, like most things in poor Ireland, seemed either broken down or left half-finished—she looked round rather anxiously.

'Do you know this, my dear?'

'It is an old mansion—a place I often like to stroll in.'

'What! have you been there alone?'

'Of course I have,' said she quickly, and slightly colouring. 'You knew it: or I thought you did.'

She appeared apprehensive of reproof, which struck me as odd in so inoffensive a matter, especially as I was anything but a cross governess. To please and reassure her I said: 'Well, never mind, my dear; you shall shew me your pet paradise. It will be quite a treat.'

'I don't think so, Miss Pryor. It's all weeds and disorder, and you can't endure that. And the ground is very wet here and there. I am sure you 'll not like it at all.'

'Oh, but I will, if only to please you, Zillah,' said I, determined to be at once firm and pacific—for I saw a trace of her old sullen look troubling my pupil's face, as if she did not like her haunts to be intruded upon even by me. However she made no more open opposition, and we entered the grounds, which were almost English in their aspect, except in one thing—their entire desolation. The house might not have been inhabited, or the grounds cultivated, for twenty years. The rose-beds grew wild—great patches of white clover overspread the lawn and flower-garden, and all the underwood was one mass of tall fern.

I had not gone far in and out of the tangled walks of the shrubbery when I found that Zillah had slipped away. I saw her at a distance standing under a tall Portugal laurel seemingly doing nothing but meditate—a new occupation for her; so I left her to it, and penetrated deeper in what my old French governess would have called the *bocage*. My feet sunk deep in fern, amidst which I plunged, trying to gather a great armful of that and of wild-flowers; for I had, and have still, the babyish propensity of wishing to pluck everything I see, and never can conquer the delight I feel in losing myself in a wilderness of vegetation. In that oblivion of childlike content I was happy—happier than I had been for a long time. The ferns nearly hid me, when I heard a stirring in the

bushes behind, which I took for some harmless animal that I had disturbed. However, hares, foxes, or even squirrels, do not usually give a loud 'Ahem!' in the perfectly human tone which followed. At first I had terrors of some stray keeper, who might possibly shoot me for a rabbit or a poacher, till I recollected that I was not in England but in Ireland, where unjust landlords are regarded as the more convenient game.

'Ahem!' reiterated the mysterious voice—'ahem! Is it you, my angel?' Never could any poor governess be more thoroughly dumbfounded. Of course the adjective was not meant for me. Impossible! Still it was unpleasant to come into such near contact with a case of philandering. Mere philandering it must be, for this was no village-tryste, the man's accent being refined and quite English. Besides, little as I knew of love-making, it struck me that in any serious attachment people would never address one another by the silly title of 'my angel.' It must be some idle flirtation going on among the strolling visitants whom we occasionally met on the beach, and who had probably wandered up through the gate which led to these grounds. To put an end to any more confidential disclosures from this unseen gentleman, I likewise said 'Ahem!' as loud as I could, and immediately called out for Zillah. Whereupon there was a hasty rustling in the bushes, which, however, soon subsided, and the place became quite still again, without my ever having caught sight of the very complimentary individual who had in this extempore manner addressed me as his 'angel.' 'Certainly,' I thought, 'I must have been as invisible to him as he to me, or he never would have done it.'

Zillah joined me quickly. She looked half-frightened, and said she feared something was the matter: had I seen anything?' At first I was on the point of telling her all, but somehow it now appeared a rather ridiculous position for a governess to be placed in—to have shouted for assistance on being addressed by mistake by an unknown admirer, and besides I did not wish to put any love-notions into the girl's head: they come quite soon enough of their own accord. So I merely said I had been startled by hearing voices in the bushes—that perhaps we were intruders on the domain, and had better not stay longer. 'Yet the place seems quite retired and desolate,' said I to Zillah as we walked down the tangled walk that led to the beach, she evidently rather unwilling to go home. 'Do you ever meet any strangers about here?'

She answered briefly: 'No.'

'Did you see any one to-night?'

'Yes'—given with a slight hesitation.

'Who was it?'

'A man, I think—at a distance.'

'Did he speak to you?'

'No.'

I give these questions and answers verbatim, to shew—what I believed then, and believe now—that, so far as I questioned, Zillah answered truthfully. I should be very sorry to think that either at that time or any other she had told me a wilful lie. But this adventure left an uncomfortable sensation on my mind—not from any doubt of Zillah herself, now I thought her still too much of a child, and, in plain words, too

and unattractive to fear her engaging in love-affairs, clandestine or otherwise, for some time to come. Nevertheless, after this evening, I always contrived that we should take our twilight strolls in company, and that I should never lose sight of her for more than a few minutes together. Yet even with this precaution I proved to be a very simple and short-sighted governess after all.

We had been at Holywood a whole month, and I began to wonder when we should return home, as Zillah was quite well, indeed more blooming than I had ever seen her. Mr Le Poer made himself visible once or twice, at rare intervals: he had always 'business in Dublin,' or 'country visits to pay.' His son acted as regent in his absence—I always supposed by his desire; nevertheless I often noticed that these two lights of the family never shone together, and the father's expected arrival was the signal of Mr Augustus's non-appearance for some days. Nor did the girls ever allude to their brother. I thought family quarrels might perhaps have lessoned them in this, and so was not surprised. It was certainly a relief to all when the head of the family again departed. We usually kept his letters for him, he not being very anxious about them, for which indifference, as I afterwards comprehended, he might have good reasons. Once there came a letter—I knew from whom—marked in the corner, '*If absent, to be opened by Miss Pryor.*' Greatly surprised was I to find it contained a bank-note, apparently hurriedly enclosed, with this brief line: 'If Zillah requires more, let me know at once. She must have every luxury needful for her health.—A. S.' The initials meant certainly his name—Andrew Sutherland—nor could I be mistaken in the hand. Yet it seemed very odd, as I had no idea that he held over her more than a nominal guardianship, just undertaken out of charity to the orphan, and from his having slightly known her father. At least so Mr Le Poer told me. The only solution I could find was the simple one of this being a gift springing from the generosity of a heart whose goodness I knew but too well. However, to be quite sure, I called Caroline into counsel, thinking, silly as she was, she might know something of the matter. But she only tittered, looked mysteriously important, and would speak clearly on nothing, except that we had a perfect right to use the money—Pa always did; and that she wanted a new bonnet very badly indeed. A day or two after, Mr Le Poer, returning unexpectedly, took the note into his own possession, saying smilingly, 'That it was all right;' and I heard no more. But if I had not been the very simplest woman in the world I should have certainly suspected that things were not 'all right.' Nevertheless, I do not now wonder at my blindness. How could I think otherwise than well of a man whom I innocently supposed to be a friend of Mr Sutherland?

'Zillah, my dear, do not look so disappointed. There is no help for it. Your uncle told me before he left us that we must go home next week.' So said I, trying to say it gently, and not marvelling that the girl was unhappy at the near prospect of returning to her old miserable life. It was a future so bitter that I almost blamed myself for not having urged our longer stay. Still, human nature is weak, and I did so thirst for home—my own home. But it was hard that my pleasure should be the poor child's pain. 'Don't cry, my love,' I went on, seeing her eyes brimming, and the colour coming and going in her face—strange changes which latterly, on the

most trifling occasions, had disturbed the apparent stolidity of her manner. 'Don't be unhappy: things may be smoother now; and I am sure your cousins behave better and kinder to you than they did; even the lieutenant is very civil to you.' A sparkle, which was either pleasure or pride, flashed from the girl's eyes, and then they drooped, unable to meet mine. 'Be content, dear child; all may be happier than you expect. You must write to me regularly—you can write pretty well now, you know: you must tell me all that happens to you, and remember that in everything you can trust me entirely.' Here I was astonished by Zillah's casting herself at my knees as I sat, and bursting into a storm of tears. Anxiously I asked her what was the matter.

'Nothing—everything! I am so happy—so wretched! Ah! what must I do?'

These words bubbled up brokenly from her lips, but just at that unlucky moment her three cousins came in. She sprang up like a frightened deer, and was off to her own room. I did not see her again all the afternoon, for Lieutenant Augustus kept me in the parlour on one excuse or another until I was heartily vexed at him and myself. When I went up stairs to put on my bonnet—we were all going to walk that evening—Zillah slipped away almost as soon as I appeared. I noticed that she was quite composed now, and had resumed her usual manner. I called after her to tell the two other girls to get ready, thinking it wisest to make no remarks concerning her excitement of the morning.

I never take long in dressing, and soon went down, rather quietly perhaps; for I was meditating with pain on how much this passionate child might yet have to suffer in the world. I believe I have rather a light step; at all events I was once told so. Certainly I did not intend to come into the parlour stealthily or pryingly; in fact, I never thought of its occupants at all. On entering, what was my amazement to see standing at the window—Lieutenant Augustus and—my Zillah! He was embracing—in plain English, kissing her. Now, I am no prude; I have sometimes known a harmless father-like or brother-like embrace pass between two, who, quite certain of each other's feelings, gave and received the same in all frankness and simplicity. But generally I am very particular, more so than most women. I often used to think that, were I a man, I would wish, in the sweet day of my betrothal, to know for certain that mine was the first *lover's* kiss ever pressed on the dear lips which I then sealed as wholly my own. But in this case, at one glance, even if I had not caught the silly phrase, 'My angel!'—the same I heard in the wood (ah, that wood!)—I or any one would have detected the truth. It came upon me like a thunderbolt; but knowing Zillah's disposition, I had just wit enough to glide back unseen, and re-enter, talking loudly at the door. Upon which I found the lieutenant tapping his boots carelessly, and Zillah shrinking into a corner like a frightened hare. He went off very soon—he said, to an engagement at Belfast; and we started for our ramble. I noticed that Zillah walked alongside of Caroline, as if she could not approach or look at me.

I know not whether I was most shocked at her, or puzzled to think what possible attraction this young man could find in such a mere child—so plain and awkward-looking too. That he could be 'in love' with her, e

in the lowest sense of that phrase, seemed all but an impossibility; and if not in love, what possible purpose could he have in wooing or wanting to marry her?—for I was simple enough to suppose that all wooing must necessarily be in earnest.

Half-bewildered with conjectures, fears, and doubts as to what course I must pursue, did I walk on beside Matilda, who, having quarrelled with her sister, kept close to me. She went chattering on about some misdoings of Caroline. At last my attention was caught by Zillah's name.

'I won't bear it always,' said the angry child: 'I'll only bear it till Zillah comes of age.'

'Bear what?'

'Why, that Carry should always have two new frocks to my one. It's a shame!'

'But what has that to say to Zillah's coming of age?'

'Don't you know, Miss Pryor?—oh, of course you don't, for Carry wouldn't let me tell you: but I will!' she added maliciously.

I hardly knew whether I was right or wrong in not stopping the girl's tongue, but I could not do it.

'Do you know,' she added in a sly whisper, 'Carry says we shall all be very rich when Zillah comes of age. Pa and ma kept it very secret; but Carry found it out, and told it to Brother Augustus and to me.'

'Told what?' said I, forgetful that I was prying into a family secret, and stung into curiosity by the mention of Augustus.

'That Zillah will then be very rich, as her father left her all he had; and Uncle Henry was a great nabob, because he married an Indian princess, and got all her money. Now, you see,' she continued with a cunning smile, shocking on that young face, 'we must be very civil to Zillah, and of course she will give us all her money. Eh, you understand?'

I stood aghast. In a moment all came clear upon me: the secret of Mr Sutherland's guardianship—of his letter to me intercepted—of the money lately sent—of Mr Le Poer's anxiety concerning his niece's life—of his desire to keep her hidden from the world, lest she might wake to a knowledge of her position. The whole was a tissue of crimes. And, deepest crime of all! I now guessed why Lieutenant Augustus wished, unknown to his father, to entrap her still childish affections, marry her, and secure all to himself. I never knew much of the world and its wickedness: I believed all men were like my father or Mr Sutherland. This discovery for the time quite dizzied my faculties. I have not the slightest recollection of anything more that passed on that sea-side walk, except that, coming in at the door of the cottage, I heard Zillah say in anxious tones: 'What ails Miss Pryor, I wonder?' I had wisdom enough to answer: 'Nothing, my dears!' and send them all to bed.

'Shall you be long after us?' asked Zillah, who, as I said, was my chamber-companion. 'An hour or two,' I replied, turning away. I went and sat alone in the little parlour, trying to collect my thoughts. To any governess the discovery of a clandestine and unworthy love-affair among her pupils would be most painful, but my discoveries were all horror together. The more I thought it over, the more my agonised pity for Zillah overcame my grief at her deceitfulness. Love is always so weak, and girlish love at fifteen such a fascinating dream. Whatever I

thought of the young lieutenant, he was very attractive to most people. He was, besides, the first man Zillah had ever known, and the first human being except myself who had treated her with kindness. He had done that from the first; but what other opportunities could they have had to become lovers? I recollected Zillah's wanderings, evening after evening, in the grounds of the deserted estate. She must have met him there. Poor girl! I could well imagine what it must be to be wooed under the glamour of summer twilight and beautiful solitude. No wonder Zillah's heart was stolen away! Thinking of this now, I feel I am wrong in saying 'heart' of what at best could have been mere 'fancy.' Women's natures are different; but some natures I have known were gravely, mournfully, fatally in earnest, even at sixteen.

However, in earnest or not, she must be snatched from this marriage at all risks. There could be no doubt of that. But to whom should I apply for aid? Not to Mr Le Poer certainly. The poor orphan seemed trembling between the grasp of either villain, father and son. Whatever must be done for her I must do myself, of my own judgment, and on my own responsibility. It was a very hard strait for me. In my necessity I instinctively turned to my best friend in the world, and, as I suddenly remembered, Zillah's too: I determined to write and explain all to Mr Sutherland. How well I remember that time! The little parlour quite still and quiet, except for the faint sound of the waves rolling in; for it was rather a wild night, and our small one-storeyed cottage stood by itself in a solitary part of the beach. How well I remember myself! sitting with the pen in my hand, uncertain how to begin; for I felt awkward, never having written to him since I was a child. At first I almost forgot what I had to write about. While musing, I was startled by a noise like the opening of a window. Now, as I explained, our house was all on one flat, and we could easily step from any window to the beach. Shuddering with alarm, I hurried into Zillah's room. There, by the dim night-light, I saw her bed was empty. She had apparently dressed herself—for I saw none of her clothes—and crept out at the window. Terrified inexpressibly, I was about to follow her, when I saw the flutter of a shawl outside, and heard her speaking.

'No, cousin—no, dear cousin! Don't ask me. I can't go away with you to-night. It would be very wrong when Miss Pryor knows nothing about it. If she had found us out, or threatened, and we were obliged to go'—— (Immediately I saw that with a girl of Zillah's fierce obstinacy discovery would be most dangerous. I put out the light and kept quite still.)

'I can't, indeed I can't,' pursued Zillah's voice, in answer to some urging which was inaudible; adding with a childish laugh: 'You know, Cousin Augustus, it would never do for me to go and be married in a cotton dressing-gown; and Miss Pryor keeps all my best clothes. Dear Miss Pryor! I would much rather have told her, only you say she would be so much the more surprised and pleased when I came back married. And you are quite sure that she shall always live with us, and never return to Yorkshire again!'

Her words, so childish, so unconscious of the wrong she [illegible] perfectly startled me. All my notions of girlish devotion fol

wild will were put to flight. Here was a mere child led away by the dazzle of a new toy to the brink of a precipice. She evidently knew no more of love and marriage than a baby. For a little time longer, the wicked—lover I cannot call him—suitor urged his suit, playing with her simplicity in a manner that he must have inwardly laughed at all the time. He lured her to matrimony by puerile pet names, such as 'My angel'—by idle rhapsodies, and pictures of fine houses and clothes. 'I don't mind these things at all,' said poor Zillah innocently; 'only you say that when I am married I shall have nothing to do, and you will never scold me, and I shall have Miss Pryor always with me. Promise!' Here was a pause, until the child's simple voice was heard again: 'I don't like that, cousin. I won't kiss you. Miss Pryor once said we ought never to kiss anybody unless we love them very much.'

'And don't you love me, my adorable creature?'

'I—I'm not quite sure: sometimes I love you, and sometimes not; but I suppose I shall always when we are married.'

'That must be very soon,' said the lieutenant, and I thought I heard him trying to suppress a yawn. 'Let us settle it at once, my dear, for it is late. If you will not come to-night, let me have the happiness, the entire felicity, of fetching you to-morrow.'

'No, no,' Zillah answered; 'Miss Pryor will want me to help her to pack. We leave this day-week: let me stay till the night before that; then come for me, and I'll have my best frock on, and we can be married in time to meet them all before the boat sails next day.'

In any other circumstances I should have smiled at this child's idea of marriage: but now the crisis was far too real and awful; and the more her ignorance lightened her own error, the more it increased the crime of that bad man who was about to ruin her peace for ever. A little he tried to reverse her plan and make the marriage earlier; but Zillah was too steady. In the obstinacy of her character—in the little influence which, lover as he was, he seemed to have over her—I read her safeguard, past and present. It would just allow me time to save her in the only way she could be saved. I listened till I heard her say good-by to her cousin, creep back into the dark room through the open window, and fasten it securely as before. Then I stole away to the parlour, and, supported by the strong excitement of the moment, wrote my letter to Mr Sutherland. There would be in the six days just time for the arrival of an answer, or—himself. I left everything to him, merely stating the facts, knowing he would do right. At midnight I went to bed. Zillah was fast asleep. As I lay awake, hour after hour, I thanked Heaven that the poor child, deluded as she had been, knew nothing of what love was in its reality. She was at least spared that sorrow.

During all the week I contrived to keep Zillah as near me as was possible consistent with the necessity of not awaking her suspicions. This was the more practicable, as she seemed to cling to me with an unwonted and even painful tenderness. The other girls grumbled sadly at our departure; but luckily all had been definitively arranged by their father, who had even, strange to say, given me money for the journey. He had likewise gracefully apologised for being obliged to let us travel alone, as he had himself some business-engagements, while his son had lately

rejoined his regiment. I really think the deceiving and deceived father fully credited the latter fact. Certainly they were a pretty pair! I made all my plans secure, and screwed up my courage as well as I could; but I own on the evening previous to our journey—the evening which, from several attesting proofs, I knew was still fixed for the elopement—I began to feel a good deal alarmed. Of Mr Sutherland was no tidings. At twilight I saw plainly that the sole hope must lie in my own presence of mind, my influence over Zillah, and my appeal to her sense of honour and affection. I sent the children early to bed, saying I had letters to write, and prepared myself for whatever was to happen. Now many may think me foolish, and at times I thought myself so likewise, for not going at once to Zillah and telling her all I had discovered; but I knew her character better than that. The idea of being betrayed, waylaid, controlled, would drive her fierce Eastern nature into the very commission of the madness she contemplated. In everything I must trust to the impulse of the moment, and to the result of her suddenly discovering her own position and the villainous plans laid against her.

Never in my life do I remember a more anxious hour than that I spent sitting in the dark by the parlour-window, whence, myself unseen, I could see all that passed without the house; for it was a lovely night: the moon high up over the Lough and making visible the Antrim hills. I think in all moments of great peril one grows quiet: so did I. At eleven there was a sound of wheels on the beach, and the shadow of a man passed the window. I looked out. It was the most unromantic and commonplace elopement with an heiress: he was merely going to take her away on an outside car. There was no one with him but the carman, who was left whistling contentedly on the shore. The moment had come; with the energy of desperation, I put off the shawl in which I had wrapped myself in case I had to follow the child; for follow her I had determined to do were it necessary. Quietly, and with as ordinary a manner as I could assume, I walked into Zillah's room. She was just stepping from the window. She had on her best frock and shawl, poor innocent! with her favourite white bonnet, that I had lately trimmed for her, carefully tied up in a kerchief. I touched her shoulder. 'Zillah, where are you going?' She started and screamed. 'Tell me: I must know,' I repeated, holding her fast by the arm, while Augustus rather roughly pulled her by the other.

'Cousin, you hurt me!' she cried, and instinctively drew back. Then for the first time the lieutenant saw me.

I have often noticed that cunning and deceitful people—small villains, not great ones—are always cowards. Mr Augustus drew back as if he had been shot. I took no notice of him, but still appealed to Zillah.

'Tell me, my child, the plain truth, as you always do: where were you going?'

She stammered out: 'I was going to—to Belfast—to be married.'

'To your cousin?'

She hung her head and murmured: 'Yes.'

At this frank confession the bridegroom interposed. He perhaps was the braver for reflecting that he had only women to deal with. He leaped in at the chamber-window, and angrily asked me by what right I interfered. 'I will tell you,' said I, 'if you have enough gentlemanly feeling to leave

my apartment, and will speak with me in the open air.' He retreated, I bolted the window, and still keeping a firm hold on the trembling girl, met him outside the front-door. It certainly was the oddest place for such a scene; but I did not wish to let him inside the house.

'Now, Miss Pryor,' said he imperatively, but still politely—a Le Poer could not be otherwise—' will you be so kind as to let go that young lady, who has put herself under my protection, and intends honouring me with her hand?'

'Is that true, Zillah? Do you love this man, and voluntarily intend to marry him?'

'Yes, if you will let me, Miss Pryor. He told me you would be so pleased. He promises always to be kind to me, and never let me work. Please don't be angry with me, dear Miss Pryor: O do let me marry my cousin!'

'Listen to me a few minutes, Zillah,' said I, 'and you shall choose.' And then I told her, in as few words as I could, what her position was—how that it had been concealed from her that she was an heiress, and how, by marrying her, her cousin Augustus would be master over all her wealth. So unworldly was she, that I think the girl herself hardly understood me; but the lieutenant was furious.

'It is all a lie—an infamous cheat!' he cried. 'Don't believe it, Zillah. Don't be frightened, little fool! I promised to marry you, and, by Heaven! marry you I will!'

'Lieutenant Le Poer,' said I very quietly, 'that may not be quite so easy as you think. However, *I* do not prevent you, as indeed I have no right; I only ask my dear child Zillah here to grant me one favour, as for the sake of my love for her'—(Here Zillah sobbed)—'I doubt not she will: that she should do as every other young woman of common-sense and delicacy would do, and wait until to-morrow, to ask the consent of one who will then probably be here, if he is not already arrived—her guardian, Mr Andrew Sutherland.'

Lieutenant Augustus burst out with an oath, probably mild in the mess-room, but very shocking here to two women's ears. Zillah crept farther from him and nearer to me.

'I'll not be cheated so!' stormed he. 'Come, child, you'll trust your cousin? you'll come away to-night?'—and he tried to lift her on the car, which had approached—the Irish driver evidently much enjoying the scene.

'No, cousin; not to-night,' said the girl resisting. 'I'd rather wait and have Miss Pryor with me, and proper bridesmaids, and all that—that is, if I marry you at all, which I won't unless Miss Pryor thinks you will be kind to me. So good-by till to-morrow, cousin.' He was so enraged by this time that he tried forcibly to drag her on the car. But I wound my arms round my dear child's waist, and shrieked for help.

'Faith, sir,' said the sturdy Irishman, interfering half in amusement, half in indignation, 'ye'd betther lave the women alone. I'd raythe not meddle with an abduction.'

So Zillah was set free from the lieutenant's grasp, for, as I said before, a scoundrel is often a great coward. I drew the trembling and terrified girl into the house—he following with a storm of oaths and threatenings.

At last I forcibly shut the door upon him, and bolted him out. Whether this indignity was too much for the valorous soldier, or whether he felt sure that all chance was over, I know not; but when I looked out ten minutes after, the coast was clear. I took my erring, wronged, yet still more wronged than erring, child into my bosom, and thanked Heaven that she was saved. The next morning Mr Sutherland arrived.

After this night's events I have little to say, or else had rather say but little of what passed during the remainder of that summer. We all travelled to England together, going round by Yorkshire to leave Mr Le Poer's daughters at their own home. This was Mr Sutherland's plan, in order that the two girls should be kept in ignorance of the whole affair, and especially of their father's ill-deeds. What they suspected I know not: they were merely told that it was the desire of Zillah's guardian to take her and her governess home with him. So we parted at Halifax, and I never saw any of the family again. I had no scruples about thus quitting them, as I found out from Mr Sutherland that I had been engaged solely as governess to his ward, and that he had himself paid my salary in advance, the whole of which, in some way or other, had been intercepted by Mr Le Poer. The money of course was gone; but he had written to me with each remittance, and thus I had lost his letters. That was hard! I also found out, with great joy and comfort, that my Zillah was truly Zillah Le Poer—her father's legitimate heiress. All I had been led to believe was a cruel and wicked lie. The whole history of her father and mother was one of those family tragedies, only too frequent, which, the actors in them being dead, are best forgotten. I shall not revive the tale.

In late autumn Mr Sutherland sailed for India. Before he quitted England, he made me sole guardian in his stead over Zillah Le Poer, assigning for her a handsome maintenance. He said he hoped we should all live happily together—she, my mother, and I—until he came back. He spent a short time with us all at his country-seat—a time which, looking back upon, seems in its eight days like eight separate years.

I ought to speak of Zillah, the unmoved centre of so many convolving fates. She remained still and silent as ever—dull, grieved, humiliated. I told her gradually and gently the whole truth, and explained from how much she had been saved. She seemed grateful and penitent: her heart had never been touched by love; she was yet a mere child. The only evidence of womanly shame she gave was in keeping entirely out of her guardian's way: nor did he take much notice of her except in reproaching himself to me with being neglectful of his charge; but he had so thoroughly trusted in the girl's uncle as being her best protector. The only remark he ever made on Zillah's personal self was that she had beautiful eyes, adding, with a half-sigh, 'that he liked dark Oriental eyes.' One day his mother told me something which explained this. She said he had been engaged to a young lady in India, who on the eve of their marriage had died. He had never cared much for women's society since, and his mother thought would probably never marry. After his departure she told me the whole story. My heart bled over every pang that he had suffered: he was so good and noble a man. And when I knew about his indifference to all women, I felt the more gratefully

what trust he shewed in me by making me Zillah's guardian in his absence, and wishing me to write to him regularly of her welfare. The last words he said were to ask me to go and see his mother often; and then he bade God bless me, and called me 'his dear friend.' He was very kind always!

We had a quiet winter, for my health was not good—I being often delicate in winter-time. My mother and Zillah took care of me, and I was very grateful for their love. I got well at last, as the spring-time began, and went on in my old ways.

There are sometimes long pauses in one's life—deep rests or sleeps of years—in which month after month, and season after season, float on each the same; during which the soul lies either quiet or torpid, as may be. Thus, without any trouble, joy, or change, we lived for several years—my mother, Zillah Le Poer, and I. One morning I found with a curious surprise, but without any of the horror which most women are supposed to feel at that fact, that I was thirty years old! We discovered by the same reckoning that Zillah was just nineteen. I remember she put her laughing face beside mine in the glass. There was a great difference truly. I do not mean the difference in her from me, for I never compared that, but in her from her former self. She had grown up into a woman, and, as that glass told her, and my own eyes told me, a very striking woman too. I was little of a judge in beauty myself; still, I knew well that everybody we met thought her handsome. Likewise, she had grown up beautiful in mind as well as in body. I was very proud of my dear child. I well remember this day, when she was nineteen and I thirty. I remember it, I say, because our kind friend in India had remembered it likewise, and sent us each a magnificent shawl; far too magnificent it was for a little body like me, but it became Zillah splendidly. She tucked me under her arm as if I had been a little girl, and walked me up and down the room; for she was of a cheerful, gay temper now—just the one to make an old heart young again, to flash upon a worn spirit with the brightness of its own long-past morning. I recollect thinking this at the time—I wish I had thought so oftener! But it matters little: I only chronicle this day, as being the first when Zillah unconsciously put herself on a level with me, becoming thenceforward my equal—no longer a mere pet and a child.

About this time—I may as well just state the fact to comfort other maidens of thirty years' standing—I received an offer of marriage, the first I ever had. He who asked me was a gentleman of my own age, an old acquaintance, though never a very intimate friend. I examined myself well, with great humility and regret, for he was an excellent man; but I found I could not marry him. It was very strange that he should ask me, I thought. My mother, proud and pleased—first, because I had had the honour of a proposal; secondly, that it was refused, and she kept her child still—would have it that the circumstance was not strange at all. She said many women were handsomer and more attractive at thirty than they had ever been in their lives. My poor, fond, deluded and deluding mother, in whose sight even I was fair! That night I was foolish enough to look long into the glass, at my quiet little face, and my pale, gray-blue eyes—not dark, like Zillah's—foolish enough to count narrowly the white

threads that were coming one by one into my hair. This trouble—I mean the offer of marriage—I did not quite get over for many weeks, even months.

The following year of my life there befell me a great pang. Of this—a grief never to be forgotten, a loss never to be restored—I cannot even now say more than is implied in three words—*my mother died!* After that Zillah and I lived together alone for twelve months or more.

There are some scenes in our life—landscape scenes, I mean—that we remember very clearly: one strikes me now. A quiet, soft May-day; the hedges just in their first green, the horse-chestnuts white with flowers: the long, silent country-lanes swept through by a travelling-carriage, in the which two women, equally silent, sat—Zillah Le Poer and I. It was the month before her coming of age, and she was going to meet her guardian, who had just returned from India. Mrs Sutherland had received a letter from Southampton, and immediately sent for us into the country to meet her son, her 'beloved Andrew.' I merely repeat the words as I remember Zillah's doing so, and laughing at the ugly name. I never thought it ugly. When we had really started, however, Zillah ceased laughing, and became grave, probably at the recollection of that humiliating circumstance which first brought her acquainted with her guardian. But despite this ill-omened beginning, her youth had blossomed into great perfection. As she sat there before me, fair in person, well-cultured in mind, and pure and virgin in heart—for I had so kept her out of harm's way that, though nearly twenty-one, I knew she had never been 'in love' with any man—as she sat thus, I felt proud and glad in her, feeling sure that Mr Sutherland would say I had well fulfilled the charge he gave.

We drove to the lodge-gates. An English country-house is always fair to see: this was very beautiful—I remembered it seven years ago, only then it was autumn, and now spring. Zillah remembered it likewise: she drew back, and I heard her whisper uneasily: 'Now we shall soon see Mr Sutherland.' I did not answer her a word. We rolled up the avenue under the large chestnut-trees. I saw some one standing at the portico; then I think the motion of the carriage must have made me dizzy, for all grew indistinct, except a firm, kind hand holding me as I stepped down, and the words, 'Take care, my dear Cassia!' It was Mr Sutherland! He scarcely observed Zillah, till in the hall I introduced her to him. He seemed surprised, startled, pleased. Talking of her to me that evening he said he had not thought she would have grown up thus; and I noticed him look at her at times with a pensive kindness. Mrs Sutherland whispered me that the lady he had been engaged to was a half-caste like Zillah, which accounted for it. His mother had been right: he had come back as he went out—unmarried.

When Zillah went to bed she was full of admiration for her guardian. He was so tall, so stately. Then his thick, curling, fair hair—just like a young man's, with scarcely a shadow of gray. She would not believe that he was over forty—ten years older than myself—until by some pertinacity I had impressed this fact upon her. And then she said it did not signify, as she liked such 'dear old souls' as him and me much better than any young people. Her fervour of admiration made me smile; but after this night I observed that the expression of it gradually ceased.

Though I was not so demonstrative as Zillah, it will not be supposed but that I was truly glad to see my old friend Mr Sutherland. He was very kind, talked to me long of past things, and as he cast a glance on my black dress, I saw his lips quiver: he took my hand and pressed it like a brother. God bless him for that! But one thing struck me—a thing I had not calculated on—the alteration seven years had made in us both. When he took me down to dinner, I accidentally caught sight of our two figures in the large pier-glass. Age tells so differently on man and woman: I remembered the time when he was a grown man and I a mere girl; now he looked a stately gentleman in the prime of life, and I a middle-aged, old-maidish woman. Perhaps something more than years had done this; yet it was quite natural, only I had never thought of it before. So, when that first-meeting was over, with the excitement, pleasurable or otherwise, that it brought as a matter of course to us all—when we had severally bade each other good-night, and Mr Sutherland had said smiling that he was glad it was only good-night, not good-by—when the whole house was quiet and asleep, I, to use the Psalmist's solemn words: '*At night on my bed I communed with my own heart in my chamber, and was still.*'

'Cassia, I want to speak to you particularly,' said Mr Sutherland to me one morning as after breakfast he was about to go into his study. Zillah placed herself in the doorway with the pretty obstinacy, half-womanish, half-girlish, that she sometimes used with her guardian—much to my surprise. Zillah was on excellent terms with him, considering their brief acquaintance of three weeks. In that time she had treated him as I in my whole lifetime had never ventured to do—wilfully, jestingly, even crossly, yet he seemed to like it. They were very social and merry, for his disposition had apparently grown more cheerful as he advanced in life. Their relation was scarcely like guardian and ward, but that of perfect equality—pleasant and confidential, which somewhat surprised me, until I recollected what opportunities they had of intercourse, and what strong friendships are sometimes formed even in a single week or fortnight when people are shut up together, in a rather lonely country-house. This was the state of things among us all on the morning when Mr Sutherland called me to his study. Zillah wanted to go likewise. 'Not to-day,' he answered her, very gently and smilingly. 'I have business to talk over with Miss Pryor.' (I knew he said 'Miss Pryor' out of respect, yet it hurt me—I had been 'Cassia' with him so many years. Perhaps he thought I was outgrowing my baby-name now.)

The business he wished to speak of was about Zillah's coming of age next week, and what was to be done on the occasion. 'Should he, ought he, to give a ball, a dinner, anything of that sort? Would Zillah like it?'

This was a great concession, for in old times he always disliked society. I answered that I did not think such display necessary, but I would try to find out Zillah's mind. I did so. It was an innocent, girlish mind, keenly alive to pleasure, and new to everything. The consequences were natural—the ball must be. A little she hesitated when I hinted at her guardian's peculiarities, and offered cheerfully to renounce her delight. But he, his eyes beaming with a deeper delight still, would not consent. So the thing was settled. It was a very brilliant affair, for Mr Sutherland

spared no expense. He seemed to take a restless eagerness in providing for his young favourite everything she could desire. Nay, in answer to her wayward entreaties, he even consented to open the ball with her, though saying, 'he was sure he should make an old idiot of himself.' That was not likely! I watched them walk down the room together, and heard many people say with a smile what a handsome pair they were, notwithstanding the considerable difference of age. It was a very quiet evening to me. Being strange to almost every one there, I sat near old Mrs Sutherland in a corner. Mr Sutherland asked me to dance once, but I did not feel strong, and indeed for the last few years I had almost given up dancing. He laughed, and said merrily: 'It was not fair for him to be beginning life just when I ended it.'—A true word spoken in jest. But I only smiled.

The ball produced results not unlikely, when it was meant for the introduction into society of a young woman, handsome, attractive, and an heiress. A week or two after Zillah's birthday Mr Sutherland called me once more into his study. I noticed he looked rather paler and less composed than usual. He forgot even to ask me to sit down, and we stood together by the fireplace, which I remember was filled with a great vase of lilacs that Zillah had insisted on placing there. It filled the room with a strong, rich scent, which now I never perceive without its calling back to mind that room and that day. He said: 'I have had a letter to-day on which I wish to consult with you before shewing it to Miss Le Poer.' I was rather startled by the formal word, since he usually said 'Zillah,' as was natural. 'It is a letter—scarcely surprising—in fact to be expected after what I noticed at the dinner-party yesterday; in fact—— But you had better read it yourself.' He took the letter from his desk, and gave it to me. It was an earnest and apparently sincere application for the hand of his ward. The suitor was of good family and moderate prospects. I had noticed he was very attentive to Zillah at the ball, and on some occasions since; still I was a good deal surprised, more so even than Mr Sutherland, who had evidently watched her closer than I. I gave him back the letter in silence, and avoided looking at his face.

'Well, Cassia,' he said after a pause, and with an appearance of gaiety, 'what is to be done? You women are the best counsellors in these matters. I smiled, but both he and I very soon became grave once more. 'It is a thing to be expected,' continued he in a voice rather formal and hard. 'With Zillah's personal attractions and large fortune she was sure to receive many offers. Still it is early to begin these affairs.' I reminded him that she was twenty-one. 'True, true. She might, under other circumstances, have been married long before this. Do you think that she'—— I suppose he was going to ask me whether she was likely to accept Mr French, or whether she had hitherto formed any attachment. But probably delicacy withheld him, for he suddenly stopped and omitted the question. Soon he went on in the same steady tone: 'I think Zillah ought to be made acquainted with this circumstance. Mr French states that this letter to me is the first confession of his feelings. That was honourable on his part. He is a gentleman of good standing, though far her inferior in fortune. People might say that he wanted her property to patch up the decayed estate at Weston-Brook.' This was spoken bitterly, very bitterly

for a man of such kind nature as Andrew Sutherland. He seemed conscious of it, and added: 'I may wrong him, and if so I regret it. But do you not think, Cassia, that of all things it must be most despicable, most mean, most galling to a man of any pride or honest feeling, the thought of the world's saying that he married his wife for money, as a prop to his falling fortunes, or a shield to his crumbling honour? I would die a thousand deaths first!'

In the passion of the moment the red colour rushed violently to his cheek, and then he became more pallid than ever. I beheld him: my eyes were opened now. I held fast by the marble chimney-piece, so that I could stand quite upright, firm, and quiet. He walked hurriedly to the window, and flung it open, saying the scent of the lilacs was too strong. When he came back, we were both ready to talk again. I believe I spoke first—to save him the pain of doing so. 'I have no idea,' said I, and I said truly, 'what answer Zillah will give to this letter. Hitherto I have known all her feelings, and am confident that while she stayed with me her heart was untouched.' Here I waited for him to speak, but he did not. I went on: 'Mr French is very agreeable, and she seems to like him; but a girl's heart, if of any value at all, is rarely won in three meetings. I think, however, that Zillah ought to be made acquainted with this letter. Will you tell her, or shall I?'

'Go you and do it—a woman can best deal with a woman in these cases. And,' he added, rising slowly and looking down upon me from his majestic height with that grave and self-possessed smile which was likewise as sweet as any woman's, 'tell Zillah from me, that though I wish her to marry in her own rank and with near equality of fortune, to save her from all those dangers of mercenary offers to which an heiress is so cruelly exposed; still, both now and at all times, I leave her to the dictates of her own affections, and her happiness will ever be my chief consideration in life.' He spoke with formal serenity until the latter words, when his voice sank a little. Then he led me to the door, and I went out.—Zillah lay on a sofa reading a love-story. Her crisped black hair was tossed about the crimson cushions, and her whole figure was that of rich Eastern luxuriance. She had always rather a fantastic way of dress, and now she looked almost like a princess out of the Arabian Nights. Even though her skin was that of a half-caste, and her little hands were not white, but brown, there was no denying that she was a very beautiful woman. I felt it—saw it—knew it! After a minute's pause I went to her side; she jumped up and kissed me, as she was rather fond of doing. Her kisses were very strange to me just then. I came as quickly as possible to my errand, and gave her the letter to read. As she glanced through it her cheeks flushed, and her lips began to curl. She threw the letter on my lap, and said abruptly: 'Well, and what of that?' I began a few necessary explanations. Zillah stopped me.

'Oh, I heard something of the sort from Mr French last night. I did not believe him, nor do I now. He is only making a jest of me.'

I answered that this was impossible. In my own mind I was surprised at Zillah's having known the matter before, and having kept it so quietly. Mr French's statement about his honourable reticence towards the lady of his devotions must have been untrue. Still this was not so remarkable as

Zillah's own secrecy on the subject. 'Why did you not tell me, my dear?' said I: 'you know your happiness is of the first importance to me as well as to your guardian.' And, rather hesitating, I repeated word by word, as near as I could, Mr Sutherland's message. Zillah half-hid her face within the cushions, and then drew it out burning red.

'He thinks I am going to accept the creature then? He would have me marry a conceited, chattering, mean-looking, foolish boy!' (Now Mr French was certainly twenty-five.) 'One, too, that only wants me for my fortune, and nothing else. It is very wrong and cruel and unkind of him, and you may go and tell him so.'

'Tell who?' said I, bewildered by this outburst of indignation, and great confusion of personal pronouns.

'Mr Sutherland, of course! Who else would I tell? Whose opinion else do I care for? Go and say to him—— No,' she added abruptly: 'no, you needn't trouble him with anything about such a foolish girl as I. Just say, I shall not marry Mr French, and will he be so kind as to give him his answer, and bid him let me alone?' Here, quite exhausted with her wrath, Zillah sank back and took to her book, turning her head from me. But I saw that she did not read one line, that her motionless eyes were fixed and full of a strange deep expression. I began to cease wondering what the future would bring. Very soon afterwards I went back to Mr Sutherland, and told him all that had passed: just the plain facts without any comments of my own. He apparently required none. I found him sitting composedly with some papers before him—he had for the last few days been immersed in business which seemed rather to trouble him: he started a little as I entered, but immediately came forward and listened with a quiet aspect to the message I had to bring. I could not tell whether it made him happy or the contrary: his countenance could be at times so totally impassive that no friend, dearest or nearest, could ever find out from it anything he did not wish to betray.

'The matter is settled then,' said he gravely: 'I will write to Mr French to-day, and perhaps it would be as well if we never alluded to what has passed. I, at least, shall not do it: tell Zillah so. But, in the future, say that I entreat she keeps no secret back from you. Remember this, my dear Cassia: watch over her as you love her—and you do love her?' continued he, grasping my hand. I answered that I did, and, God knows, even then I told no lie. She was a very dear child to me always! Mr Sutherland seemed quite satisfied and at rest. He bade me a cheerful good-by, which I knew meant that I should go away, so accordingly I went. Passing the drawing-room door I saw Zillah lying in her old position on the sofa; so I would not disturb her, but went and walked for an hour under a clump of fir-trees in the garden. They made a shadow dark and grave and still; it was pleasanter than being on the lawn, among the flowers, the sunshine, and the bees. I did not come in until dinner-time. There were only ourselves, just a family party—Mr Sutherland did not join us until we reached the dining-room door. I noticed that Zillah's colour changed as he approached, and that all dinner-time she hardly spoke to him; but he behaved to her as usual. He was rather thoughtful, for, as he told me privately, he had some trifling business-anxieties burdening him just then; otherwise he seemed the same. Nevertheless, whether it was

his fault or Zillah's, in a few days the fact grew apparent to me that they were not quite such good friends as heretofore. A restraint, a discomfort, a shadow scarcely tangible, yet still there, was felt between them. Such a cloud often rises—a mist that comes just before the day-dawn; or, as happens sometimes, before the night.

For many days—how many I do not recollect, since about this time all in the house and in the world without seemed to go on so strangely—for many days afterwards nothing happened of any consequence, except that one Sunday afternoon I made a faint struggle of politeness in some remark about 'going home' and 'encroaching on their hospitality,' which was met with such evident pain and alarm by all parties, that I was silent; so we stayed yet longer. One morning—it was high summer now—we were sitting at breakfast: we three only, as Mrs Sutherland never rose early. I was making tea, Zillah near me, and Mr Sutherland at the foot of the table. He looked anxious, and did not talk much, though I remember he rose up once to throw a handful of crumbs to a half-tame thrush who had built on the lawn—he was always so kind to every living thing. 'There, my fine bird, take some home to your wife and weans!' said he pleasantly; but at the words became grave, even sad, once more. He had his letters beside him, and opened them successively until he came to *one*—a momentous one, I knew; for though he never moved, but read quietly on, every ray of colour went out of his face. He dropped his head upon his hand, and sat so long in that attitude that we were both frightened.

'Is anything the matter?' I said gently, for Zillah was dumb.

'Did you speak?' he answered with a bewildered stare. 'Forgive me; I—I have had bad news'—and he tried to resume the duties of the meal; but it was impossible: he was evidently crushed, as even the strongest and bravest men will be, for the moment, under some great and unexpected shock. We said to him—I repeat *we*, because, though Zillah spoke not, her look was enough, had he seen it—we said to him those few soothing things that women can, and ought to say, in such a time. 'Ay,' he answered, quite unmanned—'ay, you are very kind. I think—if I could speak to some one—Cassia, will you come?' He rose slowly, and held out his hand to me. *To me!* That proof of his confidence, his tenderness, his friendship, I have always remembered, and thought, with thankful heart, that, though not made to give him happiness, I have sometimes done him a little good when he was in trouble.

We walked together from the room. I heard a low sob behind us, but had no power to stay; besides, a momentary pang mattered little; the sobs would be hushed erelong.—Standing behind the chair where he sat, I heard the story of Mr Sutherland's misfortunes — misfortunes neither strange nor rare in the mercantile world. In one brief word, he was ruined; that is, so far as a man can be considered ruined who has enough left to pay all his creditors, and start in the world afresh as a penniless honest man. He told me this—an everyday story; nay, it had been my own father's—told it me with great composure, and I listened with the same. I was acquainted with all these kind of business-matters of old. It was very strange, but I felt no grief, no pity for his losses; I only felt, on my own account, a burning, avaricious thirst for

gold; a frantic envy—a mad longing to have for a single day, a single hour, wealth in millions.

'Yes, it must be so,' said he, when, after talking to me a little more, I saw the hard muscles of his face relax, and he grew patient, ready to bear his troubles like a man—like Andrew Sutherland. 'Yes, I must give up this house, and all my pleasant life here; but I can do it, since I shall be alone.' And then he added in a low tone: 'I am glad, Cassia, very glad of two things: my mother's safe settlement, and the winding-up last month of all my affairs with—Miss Le Poer.'

'When,' said I, after a pause—'when do you intend to tell Zillah what has happened?' I felt feverishly anxious that she should know all, and that I should learn how she would act.

'Tell Zillah? Ay,' he repeated, 'tell her at once—tell her at once.' And then he sunk back into his chair, muttering something about 'its signifying little now.'

I left him, and with my heart nerved as it were to anything, went back to the room where Zillah was. Her eyes met me with a bitter, fierce, jealous look—jealous of me, the foolish child!—until I told her what had happened to our friend. Then she wept, but only for a moment, until a light broke upon her. 'What does it signify?' cried she, echoing, curiously enough, his own words. 'I am of age—I can do just what I like: so I will give my guardian all my money. Go back and tell him so!' I hesitated. 'I tell you I will: all I have in the world is not too good for him. Everything belonging to me is his, and'—— Here she stopped, and catching my fixed look, became covered with confusion. Still the generous heart did not waver. 'And—when he has my fortune, you and I will go and live together, and be governesses.' I felt the girl was in earnest, nor wished to deceive me; and though I let her deceive herself a little longer, it was with joy—ay, with joy, that in the heart I clasped to mine was such unselfishness, such true nobility, not unworthy even of what it was about to win. I went once more through the hall—the long, cool, silent hall, which I trod so dizzily, daring not to pause—unto Mr Sutherland's presence. 'Well!' he said, looking up.

I told—in what words I cannot remember now; but solemnly, faithfully, as if I were answering my account before Heaven—the truth, and the whole truth. He listened, pressing his hands on his eyes, and then gave vent to one heavy sigh like a woman's sob. At last he rose and walked feebly to the door. There he paused, as though to account for his going. 'I ought to thank her, you know. It must not be—not by any means: still I ought to go and thank her—the—dear—child!' His voice ceased, broken by emotion. Once more he held out his hand: I grasped it, and said: 'Go!' At the parlour-door he stopped, apparently for me to precede him in entering there; but, as if accidentally, I passed on and let him enter alone. Whether he knew it or not, I knew clear as light what would happen then and there. The door shut—they two being within, and I, without. In an hour I came back towards the house. I had been wandering somewhere I think under the fir-wood. It was broad noon, but I felt very cold; it was always cold under those trees. I had no way to pass but near the parlour-window; and some insane attraction made me look up as I went by. They were standing—they two—close together, as

lovers stand. His arm folded her close; his face, all radiant, yet trembling with tenderness, was pressed upon hers—O my God!

I am half-inclined to blot out the last sentence, as it seems so foolish to dilate on the love-makings of people now twelve years married; and besides, growing older, one feels the more how rarely and how solemnly the Holy Name ought to be mingled with any mere burst of human emotion. But I think the All-Merciful One would pardon it then. Of course no reader will marvel at my shewing emotion over the union of these my two dearest objects on earth.

From that union I can now truly say I have derived the greatest comforts of my life. They were married quickly, as I urged, Mr Sutherland settling his wife's whole property upon herself. This was the only balm his manly pride could know; and no greater proof could he give of his passionate love for her, than that he humbled himself to marry an heiress. As to what the world thought, no one could ever suspect the shadow of mercenary feeling in Andrew Sutherland. All was as it should be—and so best.

After Zillah's marriage, I took a situation abroad. Mr Sutherland was very angry when he knew; but I told them I longed for the soft Italian air, and could not live an idle life on any account. So they let me go, knowing, as he smiling said, 'That Cassia could be obstinate when she had a mind—that her will, like her heart, was as firm as a rock.' Ah me!

When I came back, it was to a calm, contented, and cheerful middle-age; to the home of a dear brother and sister; to the love of a new generation; to a life filled with peace of heart and thankfulness towards God; to——

Hey-day! writing is this moment become quite impossible; for there peeps a face in at my bedroom-door, and, while I live, not for worlds shall my young folk know that Aunt Cassia is an authoress. Therefore good-by, pen!—And now come in, my namesake, my darling, my fair-haired Cassia, with her mother's smile, and her father's eyes and brow—I may kiss both now. Ah, God in heaven bless thee, my dear, dear child!

THE PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

THE invention of printing and the discovery of America signalised with the character of epochs the middle and close of the fifteenth century; while the dawn of the sixteenth was brilliantly ushered in by the rising light of the Reformation. Three such almost synchronal events, each of which exercised a considerable influence upon the progress of the Western World, must not be disregarded in an inquiry like the present, relating to the rapid growth of America in population, wealth, and power.

If we glance back over the history of that region, and recur to a period little more than three centuries ago, we find that those two vast continents which stretch from the Northern to the Antarctic Oceans were but recently discovered: the tribes of aborigines who inhabited their vast uncultivated tracts were all, with the exception of Mexico and Peru, sunk in gross barbarism, living in a state of degenerate nature, and addicted to the most cruel customs of savage life: industry was despised amongst them; commerce, the soul of civilisation, was misplaced by rapine and predatory incursions; whilst war distributed to a bloodthirsty people those honours which should have encouraged agriculture and the arts of peace. We turn to the present condition of America, and see substituted a strange people, spreading far and wide, and carrying with them principles for the advancement and amelioration of mankind. Instead of issuing forth with implacable enmity against hostile tribes, shouting the wild war-cry, and wielding the knife of destruction, they offer the right hand of fellowship, and invite their neighbour population to enjoy with them those blessings which are the offspring of labour and ingenuity. The abuses of tyrannical government have been in some countries restrained, in others, entirely abolished: republics have sprung up, based on the broadest principles of equity, and acquiring every year increased order and stability: a firm sense of honour, of justice, and of freedom abounds, and the sincere desire to adjust national differences by amicable arrangement must lend another feature to the contrast. Favourable, however, as the picture is which we have here depicted, we cannot forbear observing at once that it refers more particularly to Canada and the United States, and that a vast disparity exists between the northern and southern hemispheres in their social and political developments, the true causes of which we shall endeavour to point out.

America, it is well known, was discovered in 1492 by Christopher Columbus. San Salvador, one of the Bahama Isles, was the first land seen

by Europeans; and on its shore the Genoese navigator, having debarked, erected the standard of Spain, and claimed it as an appendage to the crown and sovereignty of that kingdom. Hayti, Cuba, and Jamaica, the principal of those innumerable islands lying at the entrance of the Mexican Gulf, next graced the triumphant enterprise of this intrepid naval hero. As he sailed up the channels of the Caribbean Archipelago scenes of exquisite beauty opened before him. All was bathed in luxuriant light. Nature, profuse in the wild foliage of a thousand years, brilliant in the variegated dyes of unnumbered flowers, prodigal in fruits of luscious quality, and spreading around seas that sparkled ,like waters of living emerald, presented to his fond imagination the idea of a fabulous region, or the blissful valley of paradise; but he knew not the extent of his discoveries, nor dreamed that while feasting his eyes on the delights of the Western Indies, he was about to lay open another world to the knowledge and enterprise of the old.

America, which is upwards of 8000 miles in length, enjoys two summers and a double winter. It possesses all the variety of climate which the earth affords, and on either side roll two vast oceans, ready to bear its merchandise or its people to any portion of the world: it contains the most magnificent lakes, the mightiest rivers, the widest plains, and the loftiest mountains: it offers every facility for internal intercourse, and yields in abundance, not only every necessary and every luxury for the support of life and the indulgence of mankind, but is rich in the most valuable metals and rarest gems.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE COLONIES.

The West Indies, with the coast which extends from the furthest point of East Florida to the Gulf of Paria, in Colombia, were the first countries explored by the Spaniards. The curiosity which had been excited by the strange appearance of the natives and their rude and barbaric manners was quickly converted into insatiable avarice by the sight of the gold which adorned the persons of the simple islanders. The acquisition of that precious metal became a most powerful incentive to discovery and conquest. Mexico, Peru, and Chili were subdued by the indefatigable exertions of Cortez, Pizarro, and Almagro—men whose cruelty to the conquered has left their memories odious to mankind—and Brazil shortly afterwards fell subject to the king of Portugal. The dark superstitions of the times disallowed the claims of the native Americans; the inherent right of occupancy, which perhaps thousands of years had given them, was disregarded. They were looked upon as outcasts from the care of Heaven, because they were heathen; and the evil avarice of the Spaniards tore them from their homes and liberty, to work in hopeless chains for the benefit of their oppressors.

The territory subjected to Spain by these conquests was immense. In the north she possessed the ancient empire of Mexico, which comprised California, Texas, and the Floridas, together with Yucatan and the Isthmus of Panama. Colombia—which extended from the Pacific on the west to the Atlantic on the east, and as far inland as the river Maranon or Amazon—

Peru, and Chili, were her possessions in the south. Many of the West India islands also became subject to her sway, pouring their riches into her lap; and the resources of these kingdoms, if properly developed, would have been an inexhaustible source of wealth to her people and her government. Mexico, which consists in many places of high table-land stretching into large plains or savannas, is also diversified by ranges of hill, which give a picturesque appearance to the whole scenery. The woods abound with timber of great value, and trees that yield aromatic gums, liquid ambers, balsams, copal, &c. Its pasturages feed innumerable herds of cattle, whose hides are valuable; besides wild animals, which afford the pleasures of hunting to the more adventurous sportsman, and skins and furs to the gain-seeking merchant. The fertility of the soil is such that flowers and fruits of the most delicate kind grow in profusion; and the climate is generally genial and healthy, except in the low lands by the sea, where marsh and swamp, and want of proper drainage, produce malaria and the most deadly fevers. The Andes—giants of the Western World—run from Central America in the north, through Peru and Chili, to the southern confines of Patagonia, and give a great variety to the climate of these countries. The elevated grounds of Peru and Chili enjoy a cool and salubrious air; on the tops of the mountains there abides perpetual snow, while in the valleys fruits of tender growth bloom to perfection.

Instead of fostering their new-formed dependencies, and giving them ample power to legislate according to their necessities, the sovereigns at Madrid intrusted to viceroys an authority as absolute as they themselves possessed for the government of these provinces. The salaries they received were immense, and drawn from the feeble revenues of the colony over which they reigned. These salaries were further augmented by many corrupt and iniquitous courses, of which the sale of public situations and titles is not the least, though the most glaring. An ecclesiastical establishment, to be supported out of the produce of the soil, was another oppressive burden; while the share of gains appropriated to the king, which amounted to a fifth, was sufficient of itself to crush the growth of any state. In fact, the colonial policy of Spain was most selfish and fallacious. She appears to have regarded her colonies as a vast mine from which it was only necessary to dig to be enriched. The idea of an indirect wealth in the healthy current of commerce seems scarcely to have been considered. The evil consequences of this conduct were quickly manifest. The raw material, which might have been grown to great advantage, was allowed to be uncultivated. Agriculture was discouraged, that the colonies might be dependent on the home countries for supplies of provisions, and the commonest necessaries of life could only be procured through the same channel. All commerce was confined to the Spaniards, and the most severe restrictions laid upon any intercourse with foreign nations. The gold that was constantly pouring into Spain from America was supposed to enrich her, but on its arrival it went to discharge old debts, and she was found to be still poor. Many branches of trade decayed, and others disappeared altogether. The contraband system was carried on extensively, and nourished a brave and hardy race, who lived in defiance of the laws of their country and the fear of mankind. By this means the objects of Spain were defeated: the monopoly she wished to create she could not preserve. England and her colonies in

North America, France and Holland, became her rivals; and even the governors of the colonies connived at the admission of prohibited articles, which they could procure at a much reduced price and of better material and manufacture from those countries. This restrictive system was continued to the detriment of Spain and her dependencies until the year 1809, when the ports were by necessity, in consequence of the Peninsular war, thrown open to the foreign trade. Monopoly would no doubt have been resumed in 1814, had not the Spanish commerce and industry been paralysed before that year.

Upon the dissolution of the Spanish sovereignty in America numerous republics sprang into existence. Every important province proclaimed its independence; and even lesser states in alliance with a stronger power, or acquiring strength by union, established a government of their own. No less than fifteen republics are mentioned, which after a bold and violent struggle revolted from and repudiated their allegiance. Mexico took the lead; Guatemala and Colombia sheltered themselves under her mightier shade; Peru and Chili followed the examples of the northern powers: so that from California in the north to Uruguay in the south the revolutionary impulse was fearlessly reciprocated. The boldness with which these countries emancipated themselves from the bondage of oppressive masters and proclaimed their political organisation created hopes which have not yet been realised. It was expected that as liberty was the cause of the struggle, so freedom would have been insured on the establishment of their government, and liberal institutions erected on the ruins of the old; but the long series of oppressions, civil and religious, which the Spanish Americans had endured had dwarfed their understandings, and rendered them incapable of large and comprehensive ideas of improvement. A blind, bigoted superstition, a confiding reverence in the priesthood — who abuse their trust, and are unfit for the office they assume—a narrow and spare education, a restrictive system of commerce, and monopolies in trade, are elements which nullify the good their declaration of independence was expected to produce.

Mexico at this time comprehended a territory of 1,650,000 square miles, and a population of 7,015,509, according to the census taken in 1842. This calculation, both of extent and people, must be understood as exclusive of Texas, which has since joined the more prosperous congress of the North, and become a member of the United States. The information we can obtain from this or the countries of the south is very incomplete, and much of it great part conjecture, though in no case have we indulged in exaggeration, but rather endeavoured to approximate as near as possible to the truth. The products of this beautiful country have already been described in common with the other districts of Spanish America, it remains therefore for us to glance at its present condition and future prospects. For twenty years Mexico has had to struggle against the anarchy of a military despotism and an unformed constitution. This internal disorganisation has made it a scene of desolation, in which the arts of civilised life, and trade and commerce, have considerably retrograded. Its manufactures in woollens, cottons, gold and silver lace, hats, leather, &c. have hitherto been in a state of decay, but it is hoped will shortly be revived. It has paper-factories, which are in an improving condition, and

some glass-houses, where articles in general use are blown. The gold and silver mines of Nueva Espana are productive in those precious metals, and yield an annual income to the government of 23,000,000 dollars. Those near Guanaxuato afforded in seven years—from 1796 to 1803—a total of 40,000,000 dollars. Puebla is considered the principal manufacturing town for cottons, and corresponds to the Manchester of England. Of the commerce of Mexico little can be ascertained with certainty, and that little exhibits it in anything but a favourable light. Vera Cruz, its chief port, is unhealthy, and a bad harbour; so is Tampico. The amount of merchandise imported from the former place in the year 1845 was 30,416 tons, and the quantity exported 31,229 tons, which may be taken for the yearly average; while from the port of Matamoras in 1844 only 2354 tons of merchandise were imported, and 1877 exported. Acapulco, which is situated upon the Pacific, formerly consisted of 400 families—chiefly Chinese, mulattoes, and negroes. Its chief trade was with Manilla; and when the galleons arrived from China, a kind of fair was held at which a brief exchange took place, but as soon as these vessels returned there was no means of maintaining it. It is extremely hot, damp, and unhealthy, and in consequence, though possessed of a fine harbour, unsought, and in a state of decay. The above account of the commerce of Mexico shews sufficiently the paralysed condition of its industry and the poverty of the country. The popular representative system was recognised in 1843 as the basis of government, and upon this principle the administration of affairs is conducted, although it is well known that the will of the army forms the only public opinion in Mexico. Slavery was abolished, and several equitable and liberal institutions proclaimed; but the influence of the ecclesiastical party is so great, that no beneficial reform can be looked for until a radical change in the veneration of the people for the priesthood, in the substance of their knowledge, and the habits they have adopted, has taken place. Of the 7,000,000 inhabitants which it contains, it is asserted that only 700,000 can read or write—that is, one in every seventy; and though there are schools and collegiate establishments, yet the system of education is bad, and vested entirely in the hands of the priests, who teach only the superstitions which favour their interests, and give them a more powerful hold upon the minds of the multitude. The depraved morals of the church are proverbial in Mexico, and there is scarcely a crime perpetrated of which its members are not guilty. The ignorance of the clergy is only surpassed by their bigotry; and these two evils combine to make the country what it is—a theatre of anarchy, oppression, poverty, and crime. The hordes of robbers it nourished during the revolutionary war still continue to annoy its peace; and there is perhaps no country in the world where murder and theft are so prevalent. The public revenue of this extensive country amounts to only 16,500,000 dollars, which is imposed in the most oppressive manner, and impoverishes the people from whom it is collected. The late wars too created a national debt of upwards of 100,000,000 dollars, which presses hard upon the energies and resources of the young republic, and of which 18,000,000 have been raised by loans in the country, and 82,000,000 from foreign states. The navy of Mexico consists of three steam-frigates, two brigs, three schooners, and two gun-boats; while the united and naval forces are estimated at about 40,000 men.

The Mexicans are fond of pleasure and public entertainments. Theatres and balls are crowded by all classes, and the greatest gaiety is kept up throughout the year in the different provinces of the empire. The air is delightfully warm and salubrious, especially in the high table-lands, where the heat of a tropical sun is tempered by the cooling breezes of the Atlantic. Along the line of sea-coast the district is low, marshy, and, as before observed, unhealthy; but the traveller quickly finds the ground rise, and by a gradual, though sharp ascent, he leaves the waters of the ocean far beneath him. To Xalapa, a town situated upon the slope, the inhabitants of Vera Cruz retire during the summer season, making it a place of fashionable resort. But what strikes the observation most is the different garbs which nature assumes. At the foot of the rise the eye is delighted with flowers of the most gorgeous and vivid hues, with trees whose foliage resembles the brilliance of that luminary whose rays it imbibes. As greater elevation is attained, another kind of vegetation presents itself. Trees of a more temperate climate, amongst which may be found the oak, and the pleasant verdure of the spring, please the refreshed sight. Still ascending, all tropical plants are lost, the same herbage is but occasionally visible: firs mingle with the oak, and a colder zone at once announces itself, until, as we proceed higher and higher, the oaks altogether disappear, and forests of waving pines everywhere abound, while nothing but the rugged vegetation of the north can stand the inclemency of those elevated regions.

Of the Valley of the Mexico travellers speak in terms of unmeasured praise. They point to the beautiful plains of Piedmont and the exquisite landscapes of Italy, only to tell how far above them all rise the stupendous and magnificent beauties of Mexican scenery. But in the midst of this paradise they sigh, for soul is wanting. The Valley of the Mexico, though rich in verdure, surrounded with lofty hills, clad with ever-blooming forests, canopied by a cerulean and changeless sky, bathed in an atmosphere of balm, and teeming with well-watered lakes, is silent and desolate. In the midst of this desert-paradise, as approached from the hills, may be seen in the far distance the capital of Mexico rising with majestic beauty from its bed of waters, and relieving the lifeless features of the surrounding prospect. A long line of turrets, domes, and spires, occasionally screened by intervening trees, planted along its numerous avenues, indicates the city; and there we may recognise the spot where the ancient kings of the empire used to hold sway, where Cortez established the sovereignty of Spain in America, and where probably will be fixed at no great distance in futurity the centre of another mighty power.

That vast extent of territory lying along the southern coast of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea was formerly comprehended under the general term of Colombia, but now comprises three important republics—Ecuador, New Granada, and Venezuela. Independent of any other power, they have commenced a career which, by good government and a proper direction of their energies and resources, will place them among the first states in the South American continent, and render them wealthy and prosperous. The conduct of Spain towards her colonies, which has been already reprobated, was felt equally in Colombia; and the struggle that has lately ven these republics their liberty is, we trust, only the first energies of an

awaking mind. It is estimated that they comprise not less than 900,000 square miles, but little of it has been explored, and still less cultivated. The inhabitants consist, as do those of all the countries of this continent, of the descendants of the Spaniards, Mestizoes or half-castes, and Indians; but when it is remembered that this vast region is occupied by only a little more than 3,000,000 of people, with the exception of a few tribes which could not be brought within the calculations of the census, it may easily be imagined how imperfectly its resources are developed, and what a wide field lies open for the labour and enterprise of an aspiring people. Some large and beautiful rivers flow through these countries, among which we may mention the Orinoco and its tributaries. Carthagena contains one of the first harbours in the world, and has a population of 10,000. Cheap cloths and stuffs from England, velvets, ribbons, and paper from France, constitute its chief imports; but the trade is subject to great variation, and, like that of Vera Cruz at present, not of much value. Savanilla exports sugar, cotton, coffee, hides, and corn, and the trade of this city is annually increasing. Venezuela, the capital on the Gulf of Maracaybo, manufactures tanned leather, blankets, refined sugar, cured hides, Indian mats, cotton table-cloths, &c., but the trade of these is principally carried on by foreigners. Cotton, cacao, indigo, cochineal, arnatto-wood for dyeing, &c. are grown in the rural districts, and exported from Caraccas, but its commerce is merely nominal.

The whole of these regions consist of splendid fertile districts, the soil of which is capable of growing the richest and most valuable plants. The ground is very elevated in many parts, and formed of table-land on an extension of the Andes, which diverge along the northern portion of South America parallel with the rivers Maranon and Orinoco. Santa Fe Bogota, the capital of New Granada, is situated 8958 feet above the level of the sea, and possesses a superb cathedral, three colleges, and 40,000 inhabitants. Behind it rises a mountain 2000 feet perpendicular, forming a grand and magnificent background to the city. Quito, the capital of Ecuador, is still more elevated, being 9543 feet above the sea, and from its terraces may be seen one of the most imposing prospects that can be imagined. Situated in the midst of lofty mountains, it commands the view of seven peaks, whose crests are covered with perpetual snow, and present from the distance a spectacle to be equalled in no other portion of the world.

Between Mexico and Ecuador lie two small republics, Yucatan and Guatemala, containing an area of upwards of 170,000 square miles and a population of 2,000,000. These were formerly in federation with Mexico, but owing to internal disputes have since become separate and independent, and it is to be hoped will never be reannexed to a state which has exhibited itself as peculiarly devoid of political wisdom. Yucatan is in a very wild and backward condition, with a hot and unhealthy climate, and vast forests abounding in fierce animals and venomous reptiles. It possesses, however, excellent pasture-land, which feeds fine herds of cattle, and is capable of infinite improvement. Its towns and villages are neat and regular, adorned with spacious cathedrals and elegant churches; but the population is extremely ignorant and superstitious. The trade of this country is small and its manufactures unimportant. Although Yucatan

wears the appearance of a country sadly neglected, yet here and there the *haciendas* of wealthy residents give it an air of life, and the scenery around their dwellings is dotted with limited patches of cultivation.

Merida is the capital, and commands a fine position for commerce with the countries of the two continents, the West India Islands, and Europe; it has a population exceeding 37,000, and there is little doubt that this country, under a good and enlightened government, might become rich and productive — especially as it produces the mahogany and logwood trees, the former of which is considered to be the most magnificent specimen of vegetation in the world, and the trade in which might be made exceedingly valuable. Whatever has been the past history of Guatemala, a new era is bursting upon it. The combined energies of the English and Americans of the United States will give a stimulus to the industry of the country, and introduce a degree of political knowledge unknown on the shores of the Mexican Gulf, save in Texas and Florida, and the kingdoms of South America. The projected railway and canal which are to cross the Isthmus, and unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, cannot but affect these districts for good. The intercommunication with all parts of the world that will thus take place, and the centring the commerce of so many countries into one focus for transit, must quickly create another order of things, and leaven the manners, habits, and knowledge of the people with the benefits of European civilisation. The capital, New Guatemala, is situated on a large and fertile plain, and contains 40,000 inhabitants; and though trade is neglected, the industrious portion of the population exhibits great skill in weaving woollen cloths, making wooden implements, earthenware, &c. and many articles that might be profitably exported. Its mountains, plateaus, valleys, ravines, forests, lakes, rivers, bays, and harbours, bespeak the riches of Guatemala; and there is no doubt that when the projected improvements are completed, this country will rise one of the first among the young republics, and become a powerful commercial nation.

Of the other republics of South America, Peru and Chili hold the chief place. Uruguay and Paraguay are at present of such slight note and importance that the bare mention of their existence may suffice in a paper like the present. Yet no part of the world affords greater facility for internal intercourse and communication with other countries than these states. The rivers which flow through them are exceedingly numerous, broad, and deep, and by their irrigation render the soil rich and fertile.

The Argentine Republic, again, presents a congress of states banded together for their mutual protection, and calculated, when internal wars have ceased and the country become settled, to constitute a powerful confederation. It already sends forth sugar, cinnamon, indigo, cotton, pimento, wax, &c. and receives in exchange Paraguay tea, swan-skins, thread, &c. A large trade, however, is carried on in slaves, which are imported from the African coast. The exports of La Plata and Buenos Ayres, consisting of agricultural produce, gold, and silver, amount to about £3,000,000 annually. The merchants of Buenos Ayres once a year cross the lofty chain of the Andes to St Jago and Valparaiso, to barter their goods and procure fresh supplies of merchandise to sell in their native city. The journey is performed on mules, but attended with many dangers,

not only from the snows of the mountains, but from the tribes of native Indians, who scour the plains between the hills and plunder every company they can overpower.

A military despotism controls the fortunes of Peru. Although possessing liberty and the free institutions of a popular government, they enjoy but the shadow of each. The real power exists in the hands of a few, and not unfrequently is wielded by the will of an individual who has acquired an absolute authority. The appearance of Peru is that of a country in rapid decay, and there is an aspect of desolation about its most populous cities that indicates its real condition. The riches of her mines have led statesmen and governors to neglect the more healthy sources of wealth—the cultivation of the soil and the encouragement of manufactures. A system of monopoly exists which entirely paralyses her energies: labour and industry are impoliticly interfered with; the exports of copper-bars from Lima have been confined to one person; and the valuable fishing-beds on the coast prohibited to foreigners: and as though this were not enough to cripple her, the coin of the country has been tampered with by the government, and even base metal issued from the mint. Owing to the unsettled condition of the country, the position of the people is very wretched. They are much addicted to gambling and gaiety, and spectacles are frequent in their capital; but such is the insecurity of property and life, that no one dares travel alone after dark; and persons who have been visiting at Callao — the seaport of Lima, situated only seven miles distant—form themselves into companies when they wish to return home.

The Peruvians, the ancient inhabitants of the country, form the principal portion of the population, and look forward to a time when they shall sit down under the mild rule of their Incas. The population consists of about 1,500,000, of which Lima contains 70,000. Peru is subject to earthquakes, and the buildings of the cities exhibit the marks of frequent shocks. In order to diminish the mischief, most of the houses are only one storey high, and built of light material. A sixty-gun frigate in the harbour of Callao was once lifted up 150 feet and cast inland to a considerable distance, where a monument was erected and still exists to commemorate the event.

The physical aspect of Peru is mountainous. The Andes entirely occupy its western portion, and rise to a very great elevation. In these mountains, however, lie its principal wealth. Here are found the silver and gold which made the conquest of the country so important an object to Pizarro, and stimulated him to commit the most atrocious cruelties to become master of its precious metals. Its richest mines are near Pasco, in the Plain of San Juan. It is estimated that they formerly produced £1,800,000 annually. A great decrease, however, took place, but from 1825 to 1839 there has been a gradual increase. In the former year there were 228 bars brought to the mint, and in the latter 1210, or an increase of 982 bars, and the value from 56,791 Spanish marcs to 279,260. On the hills around Pasco feed herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and on the margin of the Lake Chinchaicoca the tame llama and shy vecuna are to be found in great numbers. On the eastern side of the Andes Peru stretches out into immense plains, covered with rank herbage and

untrodden forests. The fertility of the soil is very great, and produces every kind of tropical tree and plant in abundance. But the whole is an uncultivated wilderness, traversed by wild beasts, and giving shelter to birds of exquisite plumage. A tribe of Indians may occasionally be seen emerging from its deep recesses, but as they live entirely by hunting, and have no settled habitation, they may be regarded as being part of the same picture, and the scene only wears a more savage character from their presence. The social and political condition of Peru is altogether unsatisfactory; although a period of peace and a vigorous president may do much to alleviate its condition.

We turn, however, with pleasure from Peru to the rising republic of Chili. Not possessing the rich minerals of the former country, she was much neglected by Spain, and regarded as an appendage to the government of Lima; but no sooner did she throw off the yoke of Spain than she set herself vigorously to maintain her independence and strengthen her power. To shew the manner in which she has acquitted herself we turn to Valparaiso, the principal port on the Pacific. In 1707 the township was sold for a little more than £300; in 1819 it consisted of ten or twelve huts, and now it contains 40,000 inhabitants, and individual houses fetch an annual rent of more than £1000. Within the last ten years the town has doubled its size, and no doubt will continue progressing in a rapid ratio for the next ten. The whole of Chili is favoured with a more temperate climate than Peru, and hence its people are more hardy and industrious. They are exceedingly hospitable to strangers, enjoy the moderate pleasures of life, and are much attached to their homes. The administration of public affairs is better conducted than in any other country in South America, the police is more energetic and efficient, and the whole state of the country more settled and peaceful. The system of education introduced into their schools and colleges is superior, and the classes more numerously attended. The religion is Roman Catholic, but it is to be observed that the Chilinos have repudiated the interference of the pope in the appointment of bishops and archbishops. Favoured, however, as this country is in a social point of view, the majority of the people are still defective in that true liberty for which they fought. Universal-suffrage is granted by the laws of the constitution to every one above twenty-five years of age, yet the great holders of land are sure to be returned, and the colonel of a regiment must by no means be opposed at an election. The peasants of the agricultural districts are in reality serfs, the landlords acquiring absolute authority over them.

The silver mines of Chili are not so rich as those of Peru, though, if properly worked, they would yield no inconsiderable income. The three years after 1836 upwards of £1,139,913 worth of silver bars and coins was exported, besides gold and copper, which are procured in abundance. The iron mines are also sources of great wealth, and the miners annually extract vast quantities of the ore. In fact, the mountains of Chili are full of valuable material; and it only requires economical companies, steady enterprise, facilities of conveyance, and a good market, to make this country blest with an affluent, intelligent, and prosperous people.

An incident of rather an accidental character threw into the way of Portugal a kingdom no less than two hundred times as large as itself. Cabral, a celebrated navigator, in order to avoid the calms he had

experienced off the coast of Africa in his voyages to the east, sailed from the Cape Verd Islands in a south-westerly direction, and discovered Brazil. This event occurred in the year 1500, or eight years subsequent to the first voyage of Columbus. Having taken possession of it in the usual manner, he despatched a vessel with the news to Lisbon, and left two felons, whom he had on board, with the natives to learn the language. Some contentions arose between Spain and Portugal about the bounds of the new territory, but it was finally settled by agreement; and the rivers Maranon and La Plata were admitted to be its northern and southern boundaries, whilst its extension in the west remained an undecided question from ignorance of the interior.

Unfortunately Brazil was immediately made a penal settlement: not long after its establishment, however, a circumstance occurred which proved favourable to the progress of the colony. A violent persecution was excited against the Jews in Portugal in the year 1548, which was inflamed to such a heat that their most valuable property was confiscated and themselves banished to Brazil. These unfortunate men were noted for their integrity and prudence, and readily obtained sums of money in loans from the merchants with whom they had transacted business. On their arrival they directed attention towards the cultivation of the soil, which they found rich and grateful; they introduced the sugar-cane from Madeira, and the trade in that article soon became a source of considerable profit to the planters. The whole country felt the benefit of these exertions, and every day became more flourishing. Many settlements were made in different parts; San Salvador, Pernambuco, St Vincent, Porto Seguro, and other cities were built, and formed commercial emporiums of importance.

In the year 1626, however, the Dutch, jealous of the maritime and colonial influence of Portugal in Africa, the East Indies, and America, made a descent upon Brazil, and subdued it. For some time, by the discipline and prudence of Maurice, Prince of Nassau, the government of this new dependency was well managed; but a company having been formed of men every way incompetent to fulfil the arduous duties of their office, for the purpose of administering the affairs of that country in Brazil, a sudden change took place. Their object was to make as much as possible out of the recent conquest, regardless of the future. Unjust exactions were imposed upon the Portuguese planters in the shape of heavy duties. The caprice of these new governors enacted that all payments should be made in specie, brazil-wood, and sugar; and with many other unnecessary and unjust restrictions they offended the pride of the merchants. Violent discontent was accordingly excited throughout the country; the Portuguese inhabitants rose to arms; and by the assistance of the home government, which was only waiting its opportunity, defeated the Dutch, and in the year 1644 expelled them from the country, after they had possessed it and tyrannised over the people eighteen years.

It must here be observed to the honour of the Dutch, that no sooner had the Portuguese commenced colonising Brazil, than they endeavoured to improve the condition of the natives. Instead of extirpating them, as had been the rule of the Spaniards, they treated them with much kindness, and taught them the arts of civilised life. This grand labour of love was effected chiefly by the intrepid zeal and devotedness of the Jesuits, who acted as mis-

sionaries among them, and proved in every respect the friends of the natives. These they found gentle and tractable, though addicted to all the customs of barbaric life, and guilty of some of its most brutalising usages, such as feasting on the bodies of enemies. By patient expostulation, however, many tribes were successfully weaned from their inhuman practices, and better habits and purer knowledge were inculcated.

Brazil continued to flourish and its resources to be improved by the industry of the colonists, until in the year 1699 gold, and again in the year 1730, diamonds were discovered in profusion. This proved highly detrimental to the country, and sowed the seeds of decay. The wealth that dazzled the eyes of the people and their governors was unreal, and Brazil in this moment of brilliant expectations was suffering a hectic triumph. The ordinary occupations of life, the steady objects of industry, were thrown aside—agriculture was abandoned for the gold-diggings; to the mines the mass of the people flocked, to accumulate as they hoped, with little trouble and less time, enormous wealth; and what humanity has the more to lament, the demand for slaves became greater and their prices immense. The tranquillity which had so long existed was broken. Other nations desired to share in the rich spoil of the earth; and Rio Janeiro, which had risen into rapid importance on account of its proximity to the mines, was twice taken and destroyed by the French. Whether this abandonment of agriculture and manufactures would have proved fatal in its result after the excitement had subsided and the people recovered from their frenzy, we have no means of judging, for a man arose in the councils of Portugal, whose policy directly tended to the ruin of his country. The Marquis de Pombal, minister of Charles III., was fired with the laudable ambition of raising Portugal to the rank of a first-rate maritime power. With this view he introduced the restrictive system. Foreigners were excluded from the ports of its colonies, monopolies were established, and the trade of three large and flourishing districts limited to one association. The failure of this scheme was soon experienced in the decreased number of vessels that frequented the different ports. But his policy yet wanted the final stroke. He entertained a violent prejudice against the order of the Jesuits, and imagined them to be at the root of everything evil. For this reason he expelled them from Brazil, and thus withdrew a class of men who, whatever might have been their conduct and discipline in other countries, had always been the promoters of order and peace in this, and the sole instructors of its vast population. From the period of their expulsion the Portuguese settlers began to retrograde, and the aborigines to fall back into barbarism.

For a short time Brazil recovered, and basked in the welcome presence of the royal House of Braganza. The victories of Napoleon and his generals had extended to Portugal, which was reduced to a province. The king and court of Lisbon abandoned the defence of their country, and took refuge in the distant and neglected shores of the western empire. The ports were thrown open to foreign trade, which immediately gave vitality to its commerce, energy to its people, and prosperity to the country. The presence of the royal family united the several provinces, which had gradually been becoming disaffected and jealous of each other. Books were imported, schools were established, European manners introduced,

and in 1815 Brazil was declared a kingdom. This succession of good-fortune wonderfully improved the condition of this favoured country, which continued until the year 1821, when the impatience and jealousy of the Cortes at Lisbon recalled the king, and, with the view of forcing Brazil into the position of an abject dependency, rescinded the wise measures of the preceding years. This conduct produced the most violent commotions, and the blind opposition of the court to the interests of the colonists drove them to extreme measures. At this juncture the Brazilians offered to the son of the king—who had been left behind as regent—the crown and sovereignty, and it was only when he saw that the people would resort to more desperate measures that he consented to accept the terms. His coronation took place on the 21st of September 1822, and he ascended the throne under the title of Emperor of Brazil.

From that period to the present Brazil has been the theatre of constant antagonism between the democrats and loyalists. The parties into which the country is divided are little else than violent factions endeavouring to obtain the ascendancy without any other ulterior objects than power and selfish aggrandisement. The violence of these political bands rose to such a height, and became so unmanageable, that the emperor, after a turbulent reign of a few years, thought it prudent to abdicate, which he did in the year 1831, in favour of his son, then a child. Since his accession he has had the task of appeasing a turbulent and wavering multitude—the democrats openly demanding the abolition of all sovereignty, and the royalists maintaining the cause of order and tranquillity against the latter's contentious spirit. These contests have occasionally been so strong as not only to weaken, but paralyse the power of the ministry, and, in fact, of all parties; and, what is no slight disgrace to the nation, the purity of election is sometimes so scandalised, that the king in 1842 refused to sanction the existence of the assembly, and ordered a new poll. It is more than probable that, unless some violent revolution occurs which suggests another course to him, the king will have to contend to the last against these distempered factions. Until a more settled condition of the country be obtained, its improvement is of course hopeless.

The population of this empire is perhaps more mixed than that of any other country in the world. It consists of Europeans; mulattoes—or a mixed caste between whites and blacks; Mamalucoes—a mixed caste between whites and aborigines; aborigines in a domesticated state called Cabocloes; Indians in a savage state; free negroes born in Brazil; manumitted Africans; Mestízoes or Zamboes, between the Mamalucoes and negroes: all of which amounted in 1844 to 4,450,249, of whom 363,973 are slaves.

Religion—which is Roman Catholic—and education are both, according to the latest statistical accounts, in a very depressed condition. The revenues of the church are so small that few respectable persons will undertake its duties; and those who do officiate are ill-instructed, and in some cases totally ignorant of all learning except the bare repetition of the prayers of the missal. Brazil may perhaps be alone in this respect; but it is an undisputed fact, that the priesthood is fast diminishing in numbers, and that there are many districts and parishes without any clergyman to attend to the spiritual wants of the people. The prospects

of education, though not bright, are better than those of religion, since the former is not absolutely retrogressive. Of late years efforts have been made, and with some success, to introduce into the curriculum branches of a higher character, and the colleges founded at Rio Janeiro have produced a number of excellent scholars. This fact would encourage us to hope that, aware of the advantage practically of a good education, those of her citizens who have distinguished themselves in her public seminaries will not allow the government to rest until it has done something for its dissemination amongst the people.

The lakes of Brazil are numerous as well as the rivers. Lake Xarayes in the wet season covers many thousand square miles, and looks like an inland sea. The Maranon, the noblest river in the world, with its countless tributaries, belongs to this country; while Rio Grande de Sol, Parana, Francisco, Rio Para, and innumerable others, water its plains, and afford every facility for internal navigation. Brazil produces in abundance sugar, cotton, cacao, yams, maize, tobacco, coffee, &c. Herds of cattle and horses wander over its vast plains in almost a wild state, while its forests are inhabited by beasts of prey. Gold and precious stones, amongst which the diamond may be mentioned, have been discovered in great abundance, and these have as yet formed its staple wealth; but lead and iron are also amongst its productions; and as the country becomes more settled, more wealthy, and more enterprising, its innumerable resources will no doubt be gradually ascertained and developed.

Gold-dust, sugar, cotton, oils, and spices of every kind, medicines, India-rubber, and choice woods, form the principal articles of exportation; while the ports are open to foreign produce, and receive in exchange every description of manufactured metals, glass, paper, earthenware, furniture, wearing-apparel, and every necessary and convenience of life which Europe produces. Para has a considerable trade with the interior by means of the Araguaya. Maranham has a rising trade, and is considered the best built city in Brazil. Parahiba, Bahia or San Salvador, and Pernambuco, are fine cities, and carry on a considerable trade in sugars and cottons. Rio de Janeiro, however, is the capital of the empire, and commands a central position. It is perhaps one of the loveliest spots of the world. The entrance to the bay is narrow; mountains and peaks of every shape crown it on either side. The town is built on the west side of the bay, formed by the *débouché* of the river of Janeiro, and has a very picturesque appearance from the sea: here embowered deep in trees; there lining the shores of quiet coves, or hanging on crags amid huge boulders of rock, of nature's own architecture. The houses, churches, and public edifices rise amidst the hills, and are brightly vivid with their white frontage standing out in bold relief from their verdant background. The haven is one of the most splendid in the world, and though secluded from the restless billows of the Atlantic, is still within hearing of its deep and mellow murmuring. Here vessels of every nation ride in safety after their long voyage; and here, in the calm waters of its harbour, may be seen the flags of England, France, Ho d, Denmark, and the United States, displaying their gay colours, and ng their bright streamers in the brilliant effulgence of an unclouded sun. Rio Janeiro contains 250,000 out of the small population of Brazil

—a circumstance which has given rise to the facetious saying that Rio is the Brazils. Trial by jury in criminal and sometimes in civil suits has been established; twenty pounds a year from income, trade, or labour, admit to the suffrage. Members of any religious fraternity are not allowed to vote, but all free blacks are. There are very few troops, and these principally watch the frontiers. The police force is required to be large in consequence of the number of slaves in Brazil; the principal employment of such officers is to hunt for those who have run away from their masters, and to reclaim them. The navy is now dwindled down to a thing of little importance; formerly it was large and efficient. These features in the aspect of the country afford a general idea of the whole picture, but there is one stain upon its surface which must not be overlooked. Previous to 1830 the number of slaves annually imported amounted to 40,000; since the prohibition of their importation, however, the numbers have fallen to 11,000; but as two-thirds are estimated to die during the voyage, upwards of 33,000 must be exported annually from the coast of Africa. The currency is paper—the gold and silver being mere articles of commerce, and consequently subject to great fluctuation. The revenue of the country is now about £4,500,000, and there is a public debt, but of no great magnitude.

We have now, as succinctly as possible, endeavoured to give a fair picture of the true condition of the Spanish and Portuguese American settlements. We have pointed out the arbitrary manner in which both these nations regulated every particular relating to the commercial enterprise and internal government of their colonies; we have seen that with the means of becoming first among the countries of the world, resources have been neglected, capital misused, and exertions misapplied; we have perceived that education is extremely deficient, religion bigoted and intolerant, the government oppressive and unjust; and we find that instead of riches poverty has been the result; instead of strength, weakness; instead of prosperity, ruin. Looking forward along the vista of the future we see these enslaved and dependent provinces bursting the fetters of tyrannical government—establishing constitutions for themselves, and declaring their total separation and independence; we see them ambitious of becoming free, striving to acquire power and influence, and seeking a more noble name and station among the empires of the world. Wherever there is a desire to accomplish a good thing, one-half the difficulty is surmounted, the way will doubtless follow the will, and necessity still be the parent of something new, of something better. But although the American republics may eventually become powerful, wise, and free, a long series of contention seems to lie before them: there is a tyranny which they have yet to cast off, a bondage from which they have yet to emancipate themselves—which is less felt because it presses not so much on the senses as on the mind, but which is not less cruel, less powerful, less oppressive. The republics of South America must learn a purer religion; they must learn to tolerate liberal opinions; they must learn to regard mankind as one brotherhood on earth and in heaven; they must comprehend the grand principles of religious philosophy before they can hope to attain to that progression and enlightenment which mark the people of the great northern Republic.

FRENCH AND BRITISH COLONIES.

We enter now upon the not least interesting portion of our subject—a portion of it which affords perhaps even greater variety than that we have already passed over. It embraces every change of scenery and climate that can be met with from the cold and icy regions of the north to the fiery regions of the tropics; and it presents a picture of intelligence and prosperity unequalled in the annals of the world. The colonisation of the West Indies and Mexico, and the possession of Peru and Chili, were achieved with comparatively little trouble and danger, and even enriched the avaricious adventurers by an immediate harvest of gold and spices. In the north of America, however, the difficulties to be overcome were great, and the dangers formidable. The French, so early as 1524, attempted to make discoveries, and to form settlements along its shores. Verazzani, and Jacques Cartier were sent out by Francis I. for that purpose, but both the expeditions failed. Admiral Coligni afterwards formed the design of colonising Florida, with a view to remove the distressed Huguenots beyond the reach of their persecutors; but the emigrants were shortly afterwards massacred by the Spaniards, upon whom a severe but just retaliation was made by Dominique de Gourgue, a soldier of an intrepid and heroic spirit. This happened in 1567.*

The religious disputes that distracted France at this period and for some time subsequently prevented her from directing attention towards the formation of a foreign empire; but in 1604 settlements were effected in Nova Scotia — called by her Acadia — with great success, and all the territory extending along the southern bank of the St Lawrence was claimed by her. With the object of pursuing the fur-trade, the French crossed that gigantic stream and established stations up the country to facilitate the conveyance of their merchandise, so that Canada was also annexed to the other countries they had seized. But the determined hostility of the Indians, especially the Iroquois, caused the settlers constant apprehension, and frequently reduced them to the last stage of despair. Instead of being, like the Peruvians or even Mexicans, of a tame disposition, they were men of an indomitable spirit—strong, active, and warlike, cunning and crafty, and skilled in every artifice and deceit that could lure an enemy to his destruction. Nova Scotia, however, seems to have been the most rapid in its improvement; and in a short time the country was parcelled out into neat farms, industry reaped a plentiful harvest, mills

* The pride and jealousy of the Spaniards could not endure the existence of a French colony in America; accordingly in a time of peace Philip II. sent Menendez to exterminate the French Protestants in Florida. He then sailed to Fort Caroline, the settlement, with a sufficient force, captured it, and hung on the surrounding trees all the colonists who could not escape, where they were suffered to remain with this inscription over them: 'These wretches have been executed, not as Frenchmen, but as heretics.' Dominique de Gourgue, fired with patriotism, and ambitious of avenging his country's honour, sold his estate, equipped three vessels, chose a band of gallant men, sailed to Florida, attacked the fort of the murderers, and after displaying great courage and ability, captured it, and hung his prisoners on the very trees on which they had formerly hung the French, with this inscription: 'Hung, not as Spaniards, but as assassins;' and returned home in triumph to his country.

were established, and an air of peace and comfort given to the new settlement. England, however, endeavoured to wrest this beautiful region out of the hands of the French, and several attempts were made from the year 1621 to 1632 to accomplish the design, but all failed; and the treaty of St Germain, which was signed about the same time, gave the latter peaceable possession. In 1654 it again fell into the hands of the English under the Protectorate, but was restored by the treaty of Breda to the French, by whom it was retained until 1716, when General Nicholson, by order of the British government, made a complete conquest of it.

The illustrious Champlain, who was appointed governor of the indefinite territory of Canada, founded Quebec in 1608. The situation of the city is admirably chosen, being built upon a bold promontory that stands out into the waters of the St Lawrence and commands its spacious channel. The harbour, capable of holding all the fleets of Europe, lies below, and affords ample accommodation for vessels. Montreal was placed higher up the stream, and made the emporium of the fur-trade, and several other forts were erected for the protection of the country.

The Jesuits, who had in Brazil proved themselves the friends of the natives, persevered here with untiring energy in the conversion of the Indians. Institutions were founded in Quebec and other places for their education. The principal college was a large quadrangular building, containing innumerable courts, which they made the centre of their operations, and where dwelt the heads of the order. In this edifice they formed plans for new missions, and from it issued their mandates. From hence they spread themselves along the banks of the St Lawrence and its tributaries, and formed stations on the Saghuny River, the river Detroit, at the commanding passes of the country, between the Ottawa, the great lakes, the Mississippi, and they penetrated even into the wildest and most remote provinces of those immense regions.

Canada, however, languished under the negligence and supineness of the company which had undertaken its establishment. Montreal, which had been made the centre of its internal trade, was invested in 1647 by the Indians, and again in 1658, when that city, together with Quebec, was attacked. The governor succeeded in repelling them on this occasion; but shortly after the Iroquois, 1200 strong, landed on the island of Montreal; plundered and burnt the houses and corn-fields; massacred men, women, and children; cut to pieces 100 of the regular troops, took 200 prisoners, and destroyed the forts of Frontenac and Niagara. To add to the calamity, an epidemic had broken out amongst the Canadians, and they were in great distress from want of provisions. Thus famine, pestilence, and war seemed combined to exterminate this colony, when the Count de Frontenac, who had been sent out by the French court, came to its relief, attacked the Indians, drove them back to their woods and wigwams, and pursued them with fire and sword into the innermost recesses of the forests. This infliction demonstrated the power of the French, and served as a warning to their enemies.

If the French felt so severely the disastrous incursions of the Indians, they were no less frequently disturbed and harassed by the hostility of the English, who, from their new settlements in North America, displayed the same inveterate hatred and jealousy of the French name as

had actuated their forefathers in Europe. In 1627 Quebec fell into their hands, but was restored by the treaty of St Germain: in 1709 an attempt was made upon Montreal, which failed, it is asserted, from the dissensions among the officers in command of the naval and land forces; while many petty attacks, too numerous to be described, filled up the interval, all of which bore the character of border warfare. So fatal had the continuance of these wars been to the progress of the colony, that while the English settlements in the same continent could raise upwards of 60,000 men capable of bearing arms, Canada could not muster 4500. A protracted state of tranquillity now proved favourable to the colony, which might have continued much longer had not the governor, the Marquis du Quesne, invaded the British territories, and in 1757 taken Fort George, where the barbarities committed by the Indians were such that the indignation of the whole nation was roused against the French. Active preparations for vengeance were immediately set on foot. A simultaneous attack was determined upon. Forts Niagara, Triconderago, Crown Point, and Quebec itself, were assailed at the same time. The defence and assault of the last-mentioned place were conducted by men of equal bravery and equal generosity, and both fell in the engagement. Wolfe, who directed and led the British up the steep of Abraham's Heights, was wounded in the onset, and expired in the moment of victory. The Marquis de Montcalm, who sustained the attack with no less courage and intrepidity, received several injuries from which he died a few days afterwards. Thus, in the acquisition of this extensive territory, the joy was shaded by the loss of her commander on the part of Britain, whilst the French had to bewail a twofold calamity—her influence in the West departed with the life of him who fought and fell to maintain it.

The attempts made to colonise Louisiana proved ruinous to those who undertook the enterprise. Many were lured from their homes to explore its wild and inhospitable tracts in the hope of finding gold, and discovered upon their arrival that the country was totally destitute of even the commonest necessaries of life. The delusive expectations held out by the government and the projectors of the Mississippi Scheme are so well known, that an allusion to them here is all that is requisite. The settlement at Biloxi, to which many emigrants flocked in 1718 and 1719, proved pestilential: many perished by disease, some of starvation, while others penetrated into the woods and became morally as well as socially mingled with the Indians. Some, wandering up the long course of the Mississippi, found a refuge in the settlements of Canada; and five years later the rest were transferred to the mouth of that vast river, to establish another colony, of which the city of New Orleans was to be the capital. The local disadvantages of the new city were great, yet it struggled against them; the social difficulties it had to contend with were not few, yet it has surmounted them all. When it was ceded to Spain by France it contained 6000 inhabitants; it was afterwards sold to the United States, and now forms a very valuable and important emporium of that Union.

The first attempts of the English to found a colony in North America terminated in the same disasters which the French had to encounter in Newfoundland, Canada, and Louisiana. The name of Sir Walter Raleigh connected with two expeditions which, however, failed; and so late

as 1602 no English settlement existed in the Western Continent. The first permanent establishment was effected at James's River in Virginia—a name then given to all of North America facing the Atlantic—on a site calculated to add strength and security to the town, which, in honour of the reigning sovereign, was called James's Town. Ample power was vested in the hands of a council for the administration of the affairs of this new settlement, a proceeding which exhibited the prudence and foresight of the British government. The liberty of enacting its local laws was granted, together with the right of inflicting punishment, except in the case of death, when the power was reserved for the crown; land was held by the same tenure as in England, and a community of labour enjoined for five years. Among other causes that tended to foster a spirit of emigration, religious persecution was not the least. The Huguenots of France and Switzerland were the most enterprising colonists in Canada and Nova Scotia, and endured hardships and privations with a fortitude and patience that nothing but the fervour of faith could inspire. In England the same kind of intolerance which drove these men from their homes was exhibited on the part of the church and state in their efforts to carry out a plan of uniformity in worship, obnoxious to many good and conscientious men, who chose rather to incur the penalty of disobedience than comply with what they in their hearts could not assent to. Others conceived and organised a system of colonisation as a means of escape from beyond the sphere of the church's authority. Accordingly, in 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers left their native land, and sought a new home and a new country on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. This district they called New England, and its capital Boston. In 1623 the Catholics, following the examples of the Puritans, colonised Maryland; and in 1682 Pennsylvania was colonised by the Quakers. The illustrious founder of this colony conceiving that the natives were the true owners of the land, by the unalienable law of occupancy, purchased it fairly from the Indians—a circumstance which created a friendly feeling between his people and the natives, and the benefit of which he afterwards experienced in the amicable intercourse carried on between them. Such was the rapid growth of his settlement, that within one year from its foundation the town consisted of eighty houses and cottages for the workmen and merchants.

To these colonies the same privileges had been granted which the settlers in Virginia enjoyed. But in 1663 a plan of colonisation was introduced of a very different character, and which proved highly unsatisfactory. An attempt was made to introduce the feudal system, and to establish an aristocracy of landed power and great influence. For this purpose a royal charter was bestowed upon several noblemen, and an immense tract of territory in Carolina. The constitution framed for this settlement placed the supreme power in the hands of the lords, who received the honourable appellation of Lords-Proprietors. They gave their assent or veto to all laws, appointed all offices, and bestowed all titles of dignity. Two other branches were established analogous to the legislature of England. Three ranks or classes of nobility were created, according to the extent of their landed possessions, and were called barons, cassiques, and landgraves. This body was the Upper House; the representatives of the different towns and provinces formed the Lower House. Thus the parliament of Carolina was

assimilated to the parliament of this country. Charleston was made the capital, and £12,000 was quickly expended on the new settlement. Universal toleration was one grand feature in its fundamental laws. Numerous dissenters consequently flocked to this quarter and speedily outnumbered the party of the established church. An attempt to exclude the new-comers from political privileges on the ground of religious opinion soon kindled a flame of contention that could not be extinguished. Riots and tumults ensued, and the whole colony was violently distracted. The lords-proprietors also fell into grievous disputes with the people, and a species of civil-war raged amongst them; the Indians, who had been provoked by some unjust and dishonest conduct, were hovering over the borders of the province like a cloud, and the condition of the colony was becoming every hour more and more critical, when the resignation of the lords-proprietors of their charter restored order and peace, and saved the settlement, the constitution of which was then assimilated to that of the other states of Anglo-America. So rapidly had the spirit of colonisation progressed, that within forty years settlements had been formed in Rhode Island, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and North and South Carolina, all of which continued in a flourishing condition, and amply rewarded the activity and industry of the colonists.

We are now arrived at a period when a mighty revolution changed the destinies of these rising states, and an era of unexampled brilliance was about to open upon them. The struggle for independence which the Anglo-Americans carried on so bravely against the stubborn political bigotry of England, and which achieved for them a glory, an empire, and a name, was not unprovoked or unpremeditated. So far back as the year 1755 the government of Great Britain began to change its policy with regard to its American colonies. A jealousy of their increasing wealth induced it to discourage the manufactures of the States; and for this purpose each province was restricted to the use of its own. As the suppression of the contraband trade with the Spanish American settlements had cut off the only supply of gold the Americans possessed, a commercial panic was created, which affected the merchants of Great Britain. Protests were accordingly made both by the English merchants and the colonists against the measure, but they received no redress, the government being deaf to all appeal. In 1763 the treaty consequent upon the conquest of Canada gave England a preponderating influence in North America. From the arctic regions to the Floridas her sovereignty was acknowledged. But this vast acquisition only dazzled her with vain glory, and impelled her into a course of action at once unjust and impolitic, which proved that in the midst of the elements of strength there is frequently a principle at work which eventually subverts the brightest hopes of ambition.

The expenses that had been incurred during the late war, and especially the war with Canada, had increased the national debt to an enormous amount. It was suggested, that as America had profited by this war, she should also contribute her share to the liquidation of the national burden. But here was involved a great principle: she was unrepresented in the British parliament, and refused to be taxed without her own consent. They thought of Hampden and the ship-money of Charles I., which had driven their forefathers to those very shores; and they resisted, unani-

mously but firmly, every attempt of the British parliament to enact a law which placed them in a position little above that of bondsmen. In 1765 the Stamp Act was passed by the Grenville administration; but in consequence of the disturbances produced by it in all the provinces, and especially in Massachusetts and Virginia, it was repealed the following year by the Rockingham ministry; but the addition of an obnoxious and irritating clause, to the effect that parliament was supreme in all cases, qualified the good it might have produced by calming the minds of the people. In 1767 duties on tea, paper, glass, and colours were established by the Revenue Act. The same opposition was renewed by the colonists to the right of the English to impose taxes; and an agreement was entered into by the several States to make use of no British commodities. To appease the Americans, the repeal of the duties upon all articles except tea was carried into effect in 1770, but failed to remedy the evil, since it was not the amount of taxation that was complained of, but the principle of taxation without representation; and the passing this partial measure was not only injudicious in itself, but exposed the weakness of the English government. Still more to shew the spirit of their determination, the people of Boston, during the night of the memorable 26th of December 1773, threw overboard into the harbour a cargo of tea which had lately arrived. This gave the finishing stroke to their opposition; and the government at home clearly saw that its authority could only be maintained by force of arms. Accordingly Boston was occupied by the king's troops on the 25th of March 1774.

Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia, readily united in the common cause, and convoked a *congress*, which met at Philadelphia. The men who were delegated to attend this general assembly were persons of education and experience, and the total absence on this occasion of what may vulgarly be called a mob distinguishes one great feature in the character of the people of the United Provinces. Hence this great revolution is to be considered as effected by a body of able, prudent, practical men, banded together for the defence of their natural rights, and having faith in the uprightness of their cause, rather than likened to the violent popular commotions of other countries, where social distinctions are great, and the line of demarcation between the governed and the governing broadly and deeply engraven; where political outbursts are the struggles of exasperated men, uneducated, oppressed, and demoralised, without law, without principle, and without aim. At the meeting of this congress a resolution was passed deprecating the conduct of Great Britain, and determining to suspend all communications with her, which left the latter no alternative than to comply with the demands of the colonists. Chatham and Burke in the British parliament poured forth their powerful arguments against the unnatural war with all the warmth and vigour of their patriotic eloquence, while the more dispassionate amongst the Americans endeavoured to avert the impending evil by representing in the most effective and affectionate language their loyalty to Britain, and the injustice they suffered; but to no effect. The battle of Lexington, 19th of April, commenced those hostilities which were only to close with the entire separation of the

United States from England, and the loss of her power over them for ever.

The war thus begun by the colonies was necessarily defensive on their part, and the plan of operations confined, like that of Fabius, or afterwards Lord Wellington in the Peninsula, to a guerilla warfare, harassing and distressing to the enemy rather than decisive for themselves. The general chosen to command the forces of the Union on this critical occasion was George Washington, a man in whom were united the highest attributes of a soldier and statesman, and who owed solely to his personal merits and tested virtues his high elevation. It is not our intention to enter into the details of this war, which belong more properly to the pen of the historian. *The Declaration of Independence by the thirteen United States*, July 4, 1776, established them at once as a distinct nation, and enabled them to open negotiations with foreign powers upon their own responsibilities. France, which was smarting from the recent loss of Canada, was the first to listen to proposals, and quickly promised her aid to the struggling independents. This conduct on the part of the French involved the English in another war with them; which, instead of being confined to the colonies, became a general maritime war, communicating itself to every quarter of the globe, and including France, Spain, and Holland in the number of the belligerent powers. Land, not water, however, was destined to be the theatre on which American independence was to be fought. It is unnecessary to enumerate the various engagements that took place, or the disasters inflicted upon the country as the inevitable result of war: the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, extinguished whatever hope the English might have had of regaining their sovereignty. Consequent upon this event, the preliminaries of peace were prepared and signed at Versailles, November 30, 1782, in which 'the independence of the United States was acknowledged, the boundaries so fixed that the great western territory was relinquished to them, and the navigation of the Mississippi left common to both parties.' Thus, after a struggle of a few years, was erected on the shores of America a system of government and a power of wholly a new character, resting its fabric on the basis of democracy, recognising the political equality of all its citizens, and challenging the opinion of the world as to its stability and duration. No war, no revolution of any country or of any time has been attended with such important consequences as have attached themselves to the establishment of this republic.

Notwithstanding that the alienation of the above States from the crown of Great Britain considerably abridged her territories in North America, she still retained an extensive empire, stretching from the waters of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. It included on the east New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, Labrador, and Lower Canada; in the interior, Upper Canada and the extensive country around Hudson's Bay; and on the west an indefinite tract, comprising Columbia and the disputed territory of Oregon. The mighty river St Lawrence, with its 10,000 islets, swelling sometimes into the likeness of an inland sea, but always preserving a magnificent channel, flowed through the most valuable districts.

The physical aspect of this extensive region is wonderfully diversified,

and presents all that variety of scenery and climate which gives an especial charm, whilst it invigorates the spirit of man to enterprise and endurance. Along the Atlantic, British America displays a rugged and broken coast, with cliffs of enormous height standing perpendicular out of the waves, and thickly wooded down to the water's edge; in others—as along the greater part of Newfoundland, the south-eastern shores of Nova Scotia, and the whole of Labrador—rocks with dwarfish trees growing upon them predominate. Within the Bay of Fundy the country is fertile and beautiful; and the features of Prince Edward's Island and the greater part of New Brunswick are soft, luxuriant, and picturesque. In Canada the imagination seems lost in wandering over its natural beauties and sublimities, and can scarcely realise the scenes that present themselves, so grand is the configuration of the country. From the eastern extremity of this vast territory, where it rises abruptly out of the St Lawrence, to the Rocky Mountains on the west, its lands and waters exhibit features of the most romantic character. Interminable forests, magnificent rivers, vast chains of hills, immense lakes, extensive prairies, bold ravines, fearful precipices, and roaring cataracts, startle the traveller in every direction. In spring and summer the whole region is adorned and enriched with the most luxuriant verdure; in autumn, when the glowing pencil of decay has touched the forest-leaves, the tints of the foliage are exquisite beyond the power of fancy to conceive; and in winter—when the spirit of that pitiless season has chained back the impetuous waters in bonds of ice, or rendered the rivers, lakes, and cataracts more terrible by the frozen fragments that rush wildly down their currents—the power, the terror, the grandeur of nature, are magnificently displayed. And beyond this tract extend forests whose recesses have never yet been penetrated, and which stretch to the shores of the ocean; or perhaps rocky deserts of unknown limits, such as that which separates California from the other states; but whatever may be the character of this untrodden expanse, it is certain that nature is not barren or ungrateful over the greater portion of it. Such and so vast, then, is the territory possessed by the British nation; but how thinly populated is the whole!—what ample plains, what rich prairies, what wealthy tracts, solicit the nurturing hand of the emigrant!—what infinite resources underneath the soil and upon its surface wait to be developed!

In Cape Breton we have the picture of a fine and healthy country almost a wilderness from the want of cultivators. Its depth of coal-fields entitles it to be regarded with peculiar attention, for its wealth in that particular would supply the world, were it necessary, for many generations. The settlements in New Brunswick are delightfully situated in the midst of fertile prairies, surrounded by noble forests and picturesque hills. It is rich in coal and iron, and the marble that has been found there is of fair pretensions; yet out of the 18,000,000 acres it contains, only 4,000,000, or less than a quarter, have been cultivated, and that poorly; although on their produce has subsisted a hardy and contented race, remarkable for health and longevity. Here the climate is beautiful in summer—unlike that of Newfoundland and Labrador, where the inclemency of the polar regions seems to descend and dwell. Though the severity of the season be there so great and the aspect of the country rugged, yet it is studded with fine woods, and has many lakes and rivers. The Esquimaux

are the principal inhabitants; other Indians set up a temporary abode, but we cannot tell what may not be accomplished for even this rude empire if the proper means were adopted for bringing it into better condition. From Labrador upwards of 1,000,000 hundredweight of dried cod, and no less than 500,000 seal-skins, are annually exported. The wild animals that live there are chiefly bears, wolves, foxes, and otters; beavers and deer are not numerous, but their furs are close and beautiful.

Of the physical aspect of Canada we have already spoken—of its rivers, lakes, and prairies; of its mountain scenery and its majestic cataracts: we would now proceed to give a brief view of its population, cities, and commerce. In 1765, immediately after its conquest, it was ascertained that, exclusively of Quebec and Montreal, the population amounted to 54,575, who were professed Christians, which we must understand to mean independently of the Indian tribes; and that only 597,347 acres were under cultivation for the production of corn and other grain. Only five or six vessels were employed in the fisheries and navigation, while the exports and imports did not reach £300,000 annually. The total imports from the United States alone to Canada, from 1832 to 1841, amounted to £8,467,825; and from Canada to the United States, £3,850,048, which trade is annually increasing. The commerce carried on between these two countries by means of lakes, rivers, and canals, is rapidly improving. The city of Toronto, which is favourably situated for this trade, has within the last ten years doubled its population, and exceeds now 20,000 inhabitants. Hamilton, another city excellently built, at the head of the Lake Ontario, in the midst of an extensive and fertile country, with hardy and industrious farmers, and enlightened and enterprising merchants, is also rising into importance on account of this traffic. The population of the two Canadas scarcely exceeds 1,300,000—a small proportion for so extensive a territory. A stream of emigrants, however, is annually pouring in from this country—in 1842 to the number of 44,000, and the following year to 21,000. The number of persons who leave England and Ireland and flock to the United States is much greater than the number of emigrants to Canada or any of our North American colonies—a circumstance which ought to be taken into consideration by our government. It has been shewn that no place in the world abounds with more majestic and diversified scenery; and the cities which it possesses are large and well built. Quebec contains more than 30,000 inhabitants; Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton are centres of a flourishing trade; and there is no doubt that Canada will still improve, and much more rapidly increase in the next ten years than she has in the last.

We now return to a view of the United States after the conclusion of the War of Independence. The government of this new republic, which had become established without any internal anarchy or convulsion, assumed, as much from necessity as choice, the form of a democracy. Almost every person, by his industry, prudence, or intelligence, had acquired a reasonable independence, which entitled him to some authority, whilst the property of all was too much equalised to admit of an overwhelming share of power in any individual. The representative government was retained by each of the states respectively, with the power of passing laws for its own internal regulations; but all the states were

federated under a Senate and House of Representatives. This form was not hastily or inconsiderately adopted. A few amendments* have been made since its promulgation in 1798, but the constitution itself has stood the test of more than half a century, and within that short period its people have advanced to a state of prosperity unrivalled in any country on the globe.

The United States, left to their own exertions and resources, entered into commercial alliances with foreign powers, and with England readily renewed that friendly intercourse which had been suspended during the continuance of hostilities. In 1817 the extension of the Union proceeded rapidly. The territories of Indiana and Mississippi were admitted as federal states. The Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Cherokee tribes ceded large tracts, and joined the Union. The Floridas were purchased from Spain, the possession of which was taken in 1821. In 1826 the banks of the Missouri supplied new accessions of land; and all the Indians, except one tribe of the Creeks, having removed to the west of the Mississippi, their territories fell into the hands of the federated government; and ten years later Arkansas, Michigan, and Wisconsin were admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States. These new acquisitions led to a liberal expenditure of the public money for the development of their resources, and Congress lent its sanction to several measures introduced for their improvement. It was also deemed advisable that the Indians residing in the states inhabited by European descendants should migrate beyond the Mississippi, and there, in congenial tracts, establish a local government, and live according to their own laws and customs. Justice as well as humanity suggested this proposition, for it has been observed that all savage tribes decline under the influence of civilisation. Nor is this necessarily the result of an extirpating war: it seems the operation of a principle in nature. The laws which govern a nation, and the obligations which regulate society in a civilised state, are intolerable to a race accustomed to wander in boundless forests, subjected to no will but their own, and amenable to no law but that of instinct. But removed to a greater distance, it was thought that missionaries might be sent to educate them in the principles of civil rights, and familiarise them with the just restraints of conventional rules. Education would naturally discipline the habits of the next generation; and as their manners were gradually reformed, they would learn to bear the easy restrictions of refinement, and perpetuate a race—the ancient hereditary and legitimate inhabitants of the wild woods of North America. The latest acquisitions of the Union are Texas and California—the former rich and fertile in cotton, corn, tobacco, sugar, &c.; the latter furnishing the chief supplies of gold for the government and commerce of the country. This auriferous region, whose wealth has only just been discovered, will eventually become one of the

* In 1827 South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia called in question the constitutional right of the whole state to legislate for a part. The cause of this hostility to the Union was the reduction of the tariff on foreign produce, which was vehemently opposed by these states; but a compromise on the part of the Union restored the good-humour of the disaffected provinces, although the principle of nullification was left unsettled, and still continues to be so. The late violent discussions on the slave-question have likewise been attended with the same hostility, and a threat to dissolve the Union.

most valuable possessions of America. It gives the States a firm and extensive footing on the Pacific, from whence communication with China, India, Japan, and the Indian Archipelago will be easy and expeditious.

The territory of the United Provinces, at the conclusion of the revolutionary war, together with Maine and Vermont, comprehended a superficies of 371,124 square miles—that is, 250,776 square miles more than the whole of Great Britain, or 156,214 more than France, including Corsica; or larger than the Austrian Empire by 113,584 square miles — containing, as it is generally estimated, a population of only 2,500,000. Since then its spread in territory and increase in population have been truly wonderful, and surpassed the most daring speculations of by-gone politicians. The thirteen provinces have become thirty-four; and the population, according to the census of 1840, had risen to above 17,000,000, while the recent estimate states it at above 24,000,000. The influx of emigrants from different parts of the world has contributed to swell these growing numbers,* but from the deficiency of correct returns we are unable to give a conclusive statement of the precise proportion. From 1820 to 1830 the number of emigrants amounted to 200,000; whilst from 1830 to 1840 it increased to 472,727, or more than one-half, and this calculation is considered to be much below the real fact.

On looking at the map of the United States we cannot but feel amazed at the gigantic federation which has placed the energies, resources, and powers of such a vast and diversified expanse of territory under the direction and control of one and the same legislature and executive. The richness of the soil is unsurpassed in any quarter of the globe, and the means of irrigation unrivalled. On the east lie the primary states of the Union, possessing a fine sea-board, and reaching to the mighty ridge of the Alleghanies inland. From these hills innumerable streams, all of considerable size and importance, flow down into the Atlantic. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore overlook the waters of the ocean, and in their capacious harbours meet the vessels of every commercial nation. As we leave these forest-covered and hilly districts and cross the Alleghanies, we come upon the stupendous Valley of the Mississippi, stretching into immense plains from the ocean-like lakes of the north down to the 'crescent city' at its mouth. Here vegetation unfolds itself in rich and rank luxuriance; prairies of unmeasured extent spread their grassy and flower-sprinkled lap to the sun; while the Missouri, Arkansas, Ohio, Tennessee, Wabash, and a thousand other glassy streams in innumerable channels swell the glorious flood of the Mississippi. Even here may be seen the strides of a rapid civilisation. St Louis, with its population of 30,000, resounds with the busy hum of men and the echoes of active industry. The hollow silence once brooding over the vast forests of the Missouri is broken, and this young metropolis of the interior dares to rival with its increasing trade many a more ancient city of the Union. Then as we proceed still more to the westward and cross the Rocky Mountains, we travel over a wild and romantic country, abounding in rocky hills, deep ravines, and arid wastes; yet not uninterrupted by

* Texas has added a population of 175,000; California, 165,000; Oregon, 10,000; New Mexico, 75,000; and the Mormon states, 20,000—nearly half a million, by the mere act of joining the Union.

extensive forests and far-spreading plains of rich fertility. Here the Indian lately roamed at large, and sought in the rudeness of the scenery an unmolested home. But hither have the footsteps of the persevering and enterprising Americans pursued him, and intent upon the prosperity of their republic, claimed a part of Oregon and New Mexico as federated states. From the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west, from the lake countries on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, the territories of this colossal empire, embracing every character of soil and every degree of climate, have extended within the last half century, and filled the untrodden forest, the uninhabited plain, and the bleak hills, with civilised communities, increasing towns, and a numerous population.

The difficulties which nature had apparently thrown in the way of intercommunication between the eastern and western states have been removed by the ingenuity and labour of man. The Ohio on the western side of the Alleghanies is united with the Atlantic by means of James's River and the Kanawha Canal. The Chesapeake and Ohio Aqueduct, when completed, will bring the waters of the Mississippi through Maryland; Pennsylvania and the trans-montane district will communicate by the canal which is made to join the Susquehanna and Ohio; while a great canal running through the fertile Valley of the Mohawk to the Hudson, and thence to the Atlantic, connects Lake Erie with New York. The railways that have been constructed and are in process of construction carry out this object far more effectively; whilst it must not be forgotten that communication with a city 1000 miles distant may be obtained in the course of a few minutes by that space-annihilating instrument — the electric telegraph.

The two great bodies which represent the wealth of the United States are the manufacturers and the agriculturists, whose interests frequently clash, and produce violent struggles in the country under the banners of free-trade and protection—the latter being the cry of the manufacturer, and free-trade that of the agriculturist. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio are the principal seats of the manufacturing interests, while the southern section of the Union is devoted to the cultivation of cotton and sugar. Notwithstanding, agriculture is not the sole occupation of these states, as considerable sums of money are expended in the prosecution of manufactures, consequently a common interest is thus being ubiquitously created, which will eventually cement even the most disaffected provinces. Before the revolution, the jealousy of Great Britain, it has been before remarked, threw every impediment* in the way of the manufacturers it was capable of doing by legislation, and by absurd laws endeavoured to suppress the energies of the people in this branch of industry. No sooner, however, had the Americans thrown off the yoke of imperial oppression, than they renewed their exertions and erected mills in different parts of the country. But it was not until lately that the chief

* That no manufactured goods could be exported was first enacted. It was then forbidden that any manufactured article should be sent to the neighbouring provinces—thus New York could not sell to Massachusetts; and farther, if the hat-manufacturer wished to sell his hats out of the town in which he resided, he was forbidden to convey them by means of horses, and, like the street-wandering Jew, had to carry them on his head. It is no wonder that the colonies rebelled; the surprise is that they bore the absurd regulations connected with their manufactures so long.

stimulus was given to the manufacturing spirit which has caused it to take such gigantic strides, and become so important an interest in the country. It is calculated that not less than 350,000,000 dollars are invested as capital in this branch of industry, of which New Jersey and Pennsylvania have embarked 55,000,000; the New England States, 100,000,000; Massachusetts and New York, 120,000,000. Cotton cloths and woollen goods, small arms and tools, flour and sugar, paper and leather, are the chief objects of manufacture; but nearly every kind of miscellaneous article is also produced for home-consumption and exportation. Lowell, Rochester, Lockport, and Paterson may be mentioned among the principal manufacturing towns; all of which have sprung into astonishing importance within a few years. Lowell, the American Manchester, on the Merrimac, in 1820 had a population of only 200, with property to the amount of 100,000 dollars, and for ten years later little notice was taken of it as a manufacturing position. It has now upwards of 30,000 inhabitants, and a capital of 12,000,000 dollars. Water is principally the motive-power in the mills of the United States — the abundant supplies of which render it cheaper than steam, and equally available. In some of the factories of the north, however, where heat as well as power is required, the latter is in use; but even there to no great extent.

The agricultural interest is at present the most important. While the manufacturers have invested in their establishment a sum of 350,000,000 dollars, we find the value of the crops in 1848 to have exceeded 560,000,000 dollars. The high importance of the agricultural produce to the wealth and prosperity of the country will be found in the fact, that in 1840 the exports of cotton, sugar, &c. exceeded the exports of manufactured articles by 21,000,000 dollars; both together being about 113,000,000 dollars, which has since increased to 154,000,000 dollars.

The mineral wealth of the republic is not less valuable than its agricultural productions and manufactures; the difference being that the former has only been lately discovered, while the latter have had, though a short, still a longer existence. Silver, mercury, and copper are readily obtained in many parts, and the recent acquisition of California has added a gold region of incalculable value to the States. In Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, and New York, iron is found in great quantities, and lead in the north-west part of Illinois. But as the former metals would be valueless without that by which they all are subjected to the use and benefit of man; so coal, the chief material in reducing them, is likewise found in abundance. It is estimated that there are no less than 70,000 square miles of coal-region in the United States, which embraces an area nearly equal to that of Great Britain, and upwards of thirty-five times the extent of its coal-fields. Pennsylvania is the centre of the mining district. Here the operations of mining have been carried on extensively; and here, for more than half a century, the iron wrought in America has been produced. The attention of several companies has been lately directed towards this important branch of wealth, a capital of 25,000,000 dollars being invested in mining, casting, forging, &c. We have not yet any correct data as to the quantities the mines have yielded; but as this interest is still in its infancy, we may confidently look forward to its fuller development. Of the coal-trade nothing certain is ascertained; but it is authoritatively stated

that so recently as 1820 not more than 360 tons were annually brought down to the tide-water from the mines of Pennsylvania; but since then the quantity has risen to 1,283,229 tons, and the money invested in the working them to 34,970,000 dollars. As the iron-manufactories become more developed, so the coal-trade must increase; and as railroads become multiplied, so every facility will be afforded for conveying the metals and coal to less-favoured parts. In whatever direction we look we cannot but see a great future for the American people; a wide field lies open for them in every branch of industry, and we doubt not they will display their labour and skill yet more triumphantly than hitherto.

What has been remarked of her agricultural, manufacturing, and mining energies may be applied to the commercial enterprise of America. Although some may look back upwards of two centuries for the commencement of trade and exchange in this country, yet, properly speaking, its commerce must not be dated farther back than 1790, as previous to that time the restrictions put upon it stunted its growth and nullified its benefits. In that year the total value of its imports did not exceed £5,000,000, and its exports may be estimated at about the same amount. In 1821 the latter had annually increased to above £14,000,000; and in 1845 they had risen to £26,000,000—shewing for the last quarter of a century an increase of nearly 100 per cent. For 1848 the official accounts report the exports and imports at £32,000,000, which exhibits an increase for the last three years of 23 per cent. It is also worthy to be observed, that of the exports in 1821 one-third was foreign merchandise re-exported; while in 1845 such re-exportation scarcely amounted to one-seventh part of the aggregate exports of the year. This shews the ratio in which the domestic industry of the Americans has increased, and how rapidly it has advanced within that period.

America is admirably adapted both for foreign and internal commerce. On the Atlantic and the Pacific she has ports and harbours to receive her vessels, and to despatch them to any quarter of the globe. Europe faces her on the east, Asia on the west; she is situated midway between them, and has but to put forth her hand to gather the fruits of her natural advantages. The intercourse of one state with another, which is unrestricted by law or any municipal regulation, is greatly facilitated by those gigantic streams we have before noticed. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the benefits of this free intercommunication. Mr Mackay in his 'Western World' has summed it up in a few words. 'We frequently judge,' he says, 'of a system from its monuments. American commerce need not shrink from being already tried by the same test. Of the cities it has reared upon the sea-board there is no occasion to speak; its rapid development is perhaps still more visible in the effect which it produces in the interior. Under its fostering influence communities start up, as it were, by magic in the wilderness; the spot which is to-day a desert may, thirty years hence, be the site of a flourishing town, containing as many thousand souls. These inland towns are being constantly brought to the surface by the commercial fermentation which never ceases. They arise under no other influence than that of commerce, they come forth at the bidding of no other voice.'

Universal toleration, it is well known, was proclaimed simultaneously

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with the declaration of independence, and the consequence of the liberty of faith thus guaranteed is, that many sects exist—too many, in fact, to be named; although we may mention, on account of their predominance, the Baptists and Methodists, and the Congregationalists, who use the service of the Church of England, but purged of what they consider vain repetitions and obnoxious passages. The Roman Catholics, with their wonted foresight, have numerous settlements in the Valley of the Mississippi, now comparatively unpeopled, but evidently with the intention of prepossessing the future comers in their favour, and having an undivided field to labour in.

A great experiment we must not overlook or lightly esteem is being made in conjunction with religion in the United States. The framers of the constitution were eager to afford every facility for the education of the people, and made large though local grants for the public instruction, whilst they left religion upon the voluntary basis. The result, we feel convinced, has been hitherto favourable. The word 'toleration' would be an insult to the American, for as no creed is disallowed, no toleration can exist where all are upon an equal footing. Instead of supporting a state-church, he supports education; and were we to follow the example of the United States, where we now expend on that essential the paltry sum of £100,000, we should bestow upwards of £2,000,000. There are altogether 173 universities, 8 colleges, 3248 grammar schools, and 47,207 primary schools. So general is education, and so well supported by the local government, that in another generation or so there will probably not be a wholly illiterate person in America. At present, the influx of unlettered emigrants, and difficulties at home, leave a balance of 549,000 persons on their census who have received no instruction; but how comparatively small is this number when taken in conjunction with the whole population!—how small when contrasted with our own educational lists!

The economy which exists in every branch of the American executive is a subject of ridicule to some, but a lesson of wisdom to others. It shews, however, that good government and moderate stipends may be allied, and that it is not in the amount of salary the strength of political prudence dwells. The whole amount paid to all the officers of the government, from the president down to the secretary of the navy, is only £16,885—a sum considerably less than that it costs England to govern Ireland. But if we proceed further we shall see a vast difference again in the regulation of the finance department of America and Great Britain. Mr Mackay says: 'Englishmen pay £4,000,000 sterling for the government of from thirty to forty colonies; Americans pay about £1,250,000 for the local government of thirty states. The colonies contain an aggregate population of 5,000,000, the States one of 20,000,000. But the £4,000,000 paid by the imperial government is only half what it takes to support the government of the colonies, the other half being defrayed by the colonists themselves. It thus takes £8,000,000 sterling to govern 5,000,000 of colonists; and as England pays one half of this sum, she may be said to pay £4,000,000 sterling for governing 2,500,000 of colonists.' It is only by this contrast that the economy of the American can be properly shewn; and the efficiency of the government cannot be called in question.

Some slight notice is perhaps necessary of the slave population of the United States, as it remains a deep reproach upon the character of those

states which still maintain the abuse, and casts a partial shade upon the whole republic. Although there are 3,000,000 slaves in the country, their numbers may be said to be decreasing. In 1830 it appears that out of twenty-five states only one was wholly exempt from the stain. Massachusetts had one, and Maine two registered slaves; others varied in their numbers; while Columbia possessed 6119; Virginia, 469,757; and the two Carolinas, 561,002. In 1840 only thirteen out of the twenty-six states employed slaves, the number of whom amounted to 2,487,213. Every new state the Union acquires will add strength to the party of the abolitionists; whilst the increase of manufacturing industry amongst the agricultural slave-holding districts will erect even in the very centre of slavery a population averse to this inhuman property, and eventually have a preponderating influence over the planters now in favour of it. Thus if legislation does not interfere to emancipate the degraded blacks of the United States, the probability is that circumstances will before long compel the holders to abandon their wretched prey.

Having now given an account of the United States, their government, establishments, trade, and commerce, it is but fair to give some account of the inhabitants. Of course, in so extensive a latitude as their possessions embrace, some disparity of character will occur; but generally the Anglo-Americans are represented as being intelligent, industrious, and frugal. Their love of freedom in every sense of the word is absolute; and the pride with which they regard the giant progress of their country has infected them with a sort of national hyperbole which creates a levity of manner, especially towards strangers, which makes them on first acquaintance disagreeable; but it will afterwards be found that they are warm-hearted, affectionate, and hospitable, though they despise in a great measure those conventionalities which restrain the feelings and mould the conduct of Europeans. They are distinguished for a spirit of daring and enterprise, which never suffers them to slumber or rest while there is an opportunity open of advancing their interests at home or abroad. Hence they are rapidly outstripping the kingdoms of the Old World, not excepting England, in commercial connections; and whilst we are pausing on the threshold of prescriptive opinion, they will probably step in and seize the prize out of our hands. Countries such as Siam and Japan—which, from a false delicacy on the part of European cabinets, are permitted to keep their gates closed against the admission of foreigners, and maintain a restrictive policy, prejudicial alike to themselves and the common interests of mankind — will probably before long be compelled to open their ports to the demand of American enterprise.

To sum up the progress of the United States, we may observe that in everything which tends to civilise and refine there exists a noble and generous emulation between that country and this. America is indebted much to our institutions for the liberty she now possesses; but whilst she has learned much from us, we on the other hand have received many useful lessons from her. In whatever is practical she holds out many judicious examples for our imitation. In the simplicity of her jurisprudence, in the economy of her legislature; in the universality of education, in the cheap diffusion of knowledge; in her railways, telegraphs, ship-building—in fact, in every branch of her establishments and industry

there are many things to excite an honest envy; and in all these the two countries have a mutual interest, which we trust will never be severed. But what are our anticipations for the future of this great congeries? Some there are who would look forward to the dissolution of the Union, and the substitution of independent governments over the whole of this vast continent. They hear of divisions and rumours of wars between the northern and southern states, and predict that the hour is come; or, failing this, they view the immense agricultural interest about to spring up in the Valley of the Mississippi, and believe it to be incompatible with the manufacturing interest now so rapidly increasing in the sea-board states, especially since the two appear to be separated by that vast natural barrier, the chain of the Alleghanies, and farther westward, the Rocky Mountains. For ourselves, however, we entertain very different expectations. The Union, as it exists, is a union of several states for mutual advantage and strength, having the most ample and absolute power in themselves to regulate every particular relative to their individual local necessities. Thus whilst all enjoy the benefit, no partiality exists; whilst each pays, as it were, a mite towards the general good, together they reap abundantly. The interest of each will be so interwoven with the commonwealth that none will dare to attempt the separation of the smallest part. We feel that the empire of the United States will extend still farther, not by the force of armies, but by the moral influence of attraction. Mexico, for instance, longs to enjoy the peace and stability which she sees so near her, and this is to be obtained without forfeiting her independence by joining the Union. But we feel the destiny of this federation to lie farther. Having annexed Mexico, it will not be too great an effort to traverse the Isthmus, and by the same influence unite other nations. Thus empire upon empire, and federation upon federation, may be drawn together until the New World from north to south has received the institutions of this country, and the whole western hemisphere enjoys the liberty and speaks in the language of Great Britain.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

SOME doubt has been allowed to rest upon both the date and place of the birth of this illustrious man; but after some rigorous investigations, it appears tolerably certain, that he was born in Merrion Square, Dublin, on the 29th of April 1769. His father, Garret, Earl of Mornington, was noted as an amateur in musical composition, and some glees by him are still much admired. The mother was Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Viscount Dungannon. The Wellesleys, or, as they long entitled themselves, Wesleys, had been eminent in Ireland from the time of the first invasion under Henry II., whom their progenitor served as standard-bearer. But the family of the Duke of Wellington had only assumed this name on succeeding to the property of Garret Wesley of Dangan, who had married a collateral relation of the subject of this memoir. The original family name was Colley or Cowley, and the paternal ancestor of the illustrious Duke had come into Ireland as a lawyer in the reign of Henry VIII. Richard Colley, Esq., originally proprietor of Castle-Carbery, a moderate estate in King's County, and afterwards, by bequest, of the estate of the Wesleys in Meath, represented the borough of Trim in parliament, and, in 1746, was ennobled as Baron Mornington—a title which his son exchanged in 1760 for an earldom. By birth and ancestral history, the Duke was thus connected with Ireland, although few of her sons have ever exhibited less affinity to the prevalent traits of the national character.

A startling and significant page in the world's history was opened, and its giant characters were partly traced, during the youth of the future field-marshal. The military power of Great Britain had been successfully withstood by the infant States of America; and the soldiers of despotic France, who had assisted in the vindication of the liberties of the British colonists, returned to their homes, were repeating to eagerly-attentive audiences the strange and thrilling words they had become familiar with in the far-off western world. Daily the fierce and angry murmur grew and strengthened, and it required little sagacity to foresee that men of the sword must reap abundant harvests ere the new principles inaugurated by the rifle-volleys of Bunker's Hill, and so ominously echoed in the most powerful of the continental states of old Europe, should either become

permanently triumphant, or be trampled out beneath the heels of the still vigorous though decaying feudalism against which they were so audaciously arrayed. Arthur Wellesley, with the full consent of his relatives, chose the army for a profession; Richard, his eldest brother, by his father's death Lord Mornington, and afterwards Marquis of Wellesley, decided for the civil service of the state; and both were at an early age removed from Eton—Richard to the university of Oxford, and Arthur to the military school of Angiers in France, then under the direction of the celebrated Engineer Pignerol. Napoleon Bonaparte was at the same time receiving instruction at the sister-school of Brienne.

Arthur Wellesley returned to England soon after completing his seventeenth year, and on the 7th of March 1787 was gazetted ensign in the 73d Regiment. His elder brother, Richard, on attaining his majority was returned to parliament for the borough of Beer-Alston, a seat which he subsequently exchanged for that of the royal borough of Windsor. He early succeeded in obtaining place under Mr Pitt, and was appointed one of the commissioners for the affairs of India. Family influence and connection told rapidly also upon the advancement of the young soldier, who, gazetted ensign on the 7th of March 1787, was on the 25th of December in the same year a lieutenant in the 76th. The following month he exchanged into the 41st. In 1790, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Trim, a portion of the Mornington estate. On the 30th of June 1791 he was promoted to a company in the 58th Foot, which, in the following year, he exchanged for a troop in the 12th Dragoons. On the 30th of April 1793 he was gazetted major of the 33d, and on the 30th of September following he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the same regiment; having in little more than five years passed through the various grades from that of an ensign to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and the actual command of a veteran regiment.

The young lieutenant-colonel had not greatly distinguished himself in the House of Commons. He spoke seldom, and then merely to give confused and ineffective utterance to the family-borough politics, the main points of which, like others originating in the same sources, appeared to be the continued, peremptory exclusion of Catholics from the privileges of citizens, and the advancement of the personal interests of the Trim proprietary. But the curtain was about to rise on a fitter theatre for the development of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's genius than the House of Commons. The sullen murmurs of which we spoke just now had by this time broken into a tumultuous roar of hate and indignation. The king and queen of France, and those of the nobility and clergy who were bold enough to confront the hurricane of rage that had burst forth, all perished miserably. Public feeling in England, artfully and eloquently stimulated, rose quickly to fever-heat, and amidst the frantic applause of almost the entire nation Mr Pitt declared war to the death against the French Republic. A British army was not long afterwards despatched to Flanders under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of York—a general and bishop by virtue of his royal birth alone, and about as well-fitted to direct the operations of an army as to fill the episcopal chair of Osnaburg. In 1794 reinforcements were despatched, rather with a view to enable the princeral to retreat in tolerable order and safety, than with any reasonable

hope of arresting the triumphant progress of the French armies. Amongst others the 33d Regiment was ordered to embark, and marched to Cork for that purpose.

The troops arrived at their destination in time to learn that the Duke of York had been already driven into Holland, and that an immediate re-embarkation was necessary in order to reach Antwerp by the Scheldt. This was effected; and in the following January (1795), Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, as senior officer, commanded three battalions in the retreat through Holland, and early in the spring embarked with the troops at Bremen for England.

The superiority of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley as a regimental officer was clearly manifested by the celerity with which the 33d, which had greatly suffered, was reorganised and reported fit for service. It joined the camp near Southampton, and in October 1795 was embarked in the fleet destined for the West Indies, under the command of Admiral Christian. Baffling storm and tempest, against which they vainly struggled for six weeks, drove them back, and the destination of the 33d was afterwards changed to India, for which country the regiment sailed in April 1796, arriving at Bengal in September, accompanied by Colonel Wellesley, who had joined it at the Cape of Good Hope in June, illness having prevented him from taking his departure with it from England.

Nothing requiring remark occurred till 1798, when Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's regiment was attached to the Madras establishment, where preparations for a manifestly inevitable conflict with Tippoo Sultan, the ruler of the Mysore territory, were, under the direction of the new governor-general, in course of rapid progress. The new governor-general was Colonel Wellesley's elder brother, Lord Mornington, who had succeeded Sir John Shore in that high and responsible office. Never perhaps had the government of British India been assumed under graver circumstances. The storm raging in Europe had given life and energy to the temporarily-subdued or overawed native princes and potentates, to whom the increasing power of the English was obnoxious, either from the memory of past defeats, or apprehension that the signal chastisement already inflicted upon some of their number might ultimately reach all. French officers abounded in the armies of the native princes, especially in those of the Mahratta chiefs Dowlut, Rao Scindiah, and Holkar, of the Nizam, and of Tippoo Sultan. Those officers naturally availed themselves of their position to excite the princes of India against the nation that had driven the French out of the country, and which was now at war with the French Republic; and there was unfortunately no lack of inflammable materials for the fire which they nothing doubted of being able to kindle into a tempest of flame that would wither up and consume every vestige of British rule in the Indian Peninsula. Above all, Tippoo Sultan, the son of Hyder Ali, and a fanatic Mussulman, nourished the fiercest hatred of the power that, by the treaty dictated by Cornwallis in 1792, had stripped him of half his territories, treasure to an immense amount, 800 pieces of cannon, and carried off two of his sons as hostages for the due fulfilment of his engagements. The agents of the French republic fed his hopes of vengeance by the most lavish promises of support, and Tippoo listened, fatally for himself, to assurances of aid which Nelson's victory of the

Nile, and the prompt, decisive measures of the governor-general, prevented the French, however sincere may have been their intentions, from redeeming. Tippoo not only greatly caressed the officers of that nation, whom he permitted to form a Jacobin club at Seringapatam, in which war was proclaimed against all kings, except of course Tippoo himself, but made earnest overtures to the great Mahratta chiefs, to induce them to join in his purposed invasion of the Carnatic. His proposals were favourably received, but the indolent, procrastinating habits of Asiatic rulers were no match for the virile energy of the new governor-general, and long before any effectual combination could be realised, the capital of Tippoo was in the hands of the English, and himself deprived of life as well as empire. In order that our readers should thoroughly comprehend the full extent of the peril from which the Marquis of Wellesley, one of the ablest proconsuls this country ever sent forth, saved the mighty interests confided to him, it is necessary to direct their attention for a brief space to the map of the Indian Peninsula. The three presidential cities, they will perceive, of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, are so situated that lines drawn from one to the other would intersect the large portion of territory south of the Nerbudda River, forming the centre of the peninsula; but these presidencies, admirably situated as strategic points, were but as dots and fringes along the eastern and western coasts compared with the extent of the vast country, which from north to south, from Delhi to the Toombuddra River, measures 1000 miles, and in width from the Bay of Bengal to the Gulf of Candy, 900 miles, gradually diminishing to its southern extremity. The country north of the Nerbudda is Hindostan proper; between the Nerbudda and the Kistnah are Poonah, the dominions of the Nizam, and Berar; and south of the Kistnah, the Deccan, Mysore, and the Carnatic—Madras and the Carnatic lying to the east of Seringapatam and the Mysore country. All that immense territory, with the exception of the Mysore and the Nizam's dominions, and of course the British provinces, were nominally under the government of the Rajah of Sattarah, but really, so far as any actual power existed, under that of the Peshwah—a hereditary minister, who ruled in the rajah's name at Poonah, a city not far distant from Bombay. The aggregate army of this power amounted to 300,000 men, and if directed by one single will in fact, as it was in theory, would have been extremely formidable. This, however, was far from being the case, the Mahratta territories nominally under the Peshwah's rule being divided into five military jurisdictions, each governed by a rajah. Of these chieftains, Scindiah and Holkar, whose territories were in the Malwah country, north of the Nerbudda, were the most powerful, and, as well as the less potent Rajah of Berar, determined, though not as yet open enemies of the intrusive English. Scindiah had greatly strengthened himself by his conquests in the north as far as Delhi, and by his influence at Poonah, where he in effect held the Peshwah in subjection. Of Scindiah's army, 40,000 infantry, 9000 cavalry, and 150 pieces of artillery, had been organised and disciplined by M. De Boigne, a native of Savoy in France, who entered Scindiah's service in 1784. He was succeeded by M. Perron, who at this time commanded at Delhi and the northern provinces. Two-thirds of the ers of the army thus disciplined were Frenchmen or other Europeans. kar, a rival Mahratta chief, in order to strengthen himself against the

growing power of Scindiah, had also engaged great numbers of French officers, and his numerous army was also in a high state of efficiency. Menaced by such formidable neighbours, who, although jealous of each other, were well disposed to combine against their common enemy the English, it behoved the governor-general to be prompt and decided if he would avert or dissipate the tempest rapidly gathering around him. He *was* swift and deadly. War was declared against Tippoo Sultan, and an admirably-appointed army of 80,000 men, previously assembled at Bellore, marched on the 10th March 1799 under General Harris upon Seringapatam. With the army of the Carnatic moved the Nizam's contingent, to which the 33d European Regiment had been attached under the command of Colonel Wellesley. This force operated on the right, and were somewhat harassed during the march by the sultan's troops. At Mallavilly Tippoo drew up in position, and offered hesitating battle to Wellesley's force, which, reinforced by some squadrons of horse under Sir John Floyd, the father-in-law of the late Sir Robert Peel, overthrew him with slight loss to themselves; and the troops continuing their rapid march, arrived with the bulk of the army on the 3d of April before Seringapatam—an irregularly but strongly fortified city, situated on an island formed by the confluence of the Cauvery and Coleroon. The Cauvery was passed, active operations against the sultan's capital commenced at once, and were urged forward with untiring energy and zeal. On the night of the 5th of April Colonel Wellesley was directed to attack the Sultaun-pettah Tope, a kind of copse or grove intersected with water-courses and ruined habitations, from which the troops were frequently assailed by rockets. The 33d and two native Bengal regiments were ordered on this service. The night was extremely dark; Colonel Wellesley and his troops lost their way, and after many vain efforts to remedy the mischance, it was found necessary to withdraw the men; but this was not done, unfortunately, till after twelve grenadiers of the 33d had been cut off and carried into Seringapatam, where they were savagely murdered by Tippoo's order. Colonel Wellesley, separated from his soldiers, wandered blindly about in the thick darkness till nearly twelve o'clock, when he recovered the track, and as soon as possible presented himself before General Harris in a state of great agitation, to announce that the attack had failed. This is the plain, unvarnished history of an affair which the decriers of the Duke's military reputation have magnified into a disgraceful defeat; attended with we know not what inglorious circumstance, involving want of discretion, presence of mind, and even personal bravery. Such imputations are simply ridiculous, and but for the Duke's subsequent dazzling career, in which an action less brilliant than the rest shews like a shadow or a stain, would, we may be sure, never have been heard of. Sir David Baird, who scoured another Tope with cavalry on the same night, also lost his way on returning. It was, in fact, one of those misfortunes which neither prudence nor skill nor daring can at times prevent, and is only one amongst scores of instances of the risks that must ever attend night-attacks, especially in tangled and broken localities, with which neither officers nor soldiers are acquainted. The next day the attempt was renewed by Colonel Wellesley, the attacking force being increased by the 94th Scotch Regiment. It was completely successful, and Tippoo Sultan began to feel some misgivings that his frequently-repeated

boastful exclamation—'Who can take Seringapatam?'—might receive a fatal solution. He wrote to General Harris, suggesting a negotiation. The reply was decisive: half his territory to be ceded, the expenses of the war to be paid in full, and hostages given for the performance of those hard conditions. There could be no parleying or negotiation. The fanatic sovereign of Mysore turned sullenly away from such ruinous terms of peace, and continued the defence. Daily, hourly, the walls of the devoted city crumbled beneath the thunder-strokes of the English batteries, and at noon on the 4th of May the glittering ranks of the troops destined for the assault were seen from Seringapatam, drawn up in two columns, and waiting only for the signal that should loose them on their quarry. It was speedily given; and led by Sir David Baird, who had volunteered for the service, the assaulting columns, preceded by their respective forlorn-hopes, advanced swiftly against the breach. The reserve in the trenches was commanded by Colonel Wellesley. The preparations for the decisive struggle, visible from the walls, had been duly reported to Tippoo, who received the intelligence with a smile of disdainful unbelief in the possibility of an assault upon the impregnable city in broad daylight. He was sitting, on this the last hour of his life, still obstinately incredulous as to the reality of the attack, with some members of his family in the open air, under a kind of penthouse, when messengers, whose tidings were terribly confirmed by the increasing din and uproar of the assault, announced with quivering lips that the storming of the city had not only begun in earnest, but was already partially successful.

Tippoo, at length convinced, calmly arose, finished his religious exercises, and then hastened to the scene of conflict. It was all too true. The city, on his arrival, was substantially won; and after a brief struggle, Tippoo, mounted on horseback, was borne away by a crowd of panic-stricken soldiers, who, hotly pursued, endeavoured to escape by the covered gateway leading to the interior of the city. The sultan strove to force his way through the dense mass of fugitives; but in that terrible hour his once all-potent menaces had lost their influence: the living barrier before him could not be passed, whilst nearer and nearer behind him flashed and thundered the fatal volleys of his pursuers. Presently his horse was shot, and with difficulty his faithful attendants raised and placed him in a palanquin. His foes were soon at hand-grip with him. A soldier made a furious grasp at a glittering jewel in his turban—the hallowed turban, dipped in the sacred waters of the Zem-Zem—Tippoo struck feebly at the man with his scimitar, inflicting a slight wound, and the infuriated soldier the next instant sent a bullet through his head. His attendants were next despatched, and in a few minutes sultan, servants, palanquin, were hidden beneath a heap of dead, pitilessly sacrificed by troops whose vengeful passions had been kindled to fury by the too-authentic stories related of Tippoo's cruelties towards the British prisoners that had fallen into his hands. Effective resistance was at an end; but those alone who have witnessed the revolting spectacle of a crowded city in the power of a soldiery, drunk with the triumph of a desperate and sanguinary assault, can realise the confusion, uproar, terror

it accompanied the entrance of the victorious troops into Seringapatam, which continued not only during the afternoon but through the

night, and far into the next day. So universal at first was the disorder, that the officers could not for some time prevent the men from plundering the sultan's treasury; and before an efficient guard could be marched in from the reserve by Colonel Wellesley, an immense booty was carried off. This important service effected, inquiries were made for Tippoo, and an active search set on foot to discover him. He could not be found, and it began to be feared that he had escaped, when word was brought that he was supposed to have fallen in the covered gateway. This was a fact of too great importance to be left in doubt, and Sir David Baird with Colonel Wellesley immediately proceeded to ascertain the truth of the report with their own eyes. By the time they arrived at the indicated spot darkness had fallen; but torches being procured, the bodies of the slain were removed under the immediate inspection of the two officers. As the frightful heap diminished, first Tippoo's palanquin, then his attendants, were disinterred, and immediately beneath them the corpse of the sultan presented itself. The features of Tippoo were serene and composed as if he slept; so completely so indeed, that it was for a moment thought he was merely feigning death. To satisfy himself, Colonel Wellesley stepped close to the body, placed his hand upon the pulse and then upon the heart. 'He is dead fast enough,' was the remark; and orders were immediately given to convey the corpse to the habitation of the family of the deceased ruler, over which a strong protective-guard had been placed.

St George's flag waved proudly in the morning sunlight from the towers of the captured city, from which there still went up to Heaven the shouts and din and curses of unbridled violence and outrage. It was full time to quell the disorder, and with this view Colonel Wellesley was appointed commandant and governor of Seringapatam. He set to work at once, and vigorously, as the following brief extracts from letters hurriedly despatched to General Harris during the day amply testify:—

'10 A.M., *5th May.*

'MY DEAR SIR—We are in such confusion that I recommend it to you not to come in till to-morrow, or at soonest late this evening.'

'*Half-past Twelve.*—I wish you would send the provost here, and put him under my orders. Until some of the plunderers are hanged, it is vain to expect to stop the plunder.'

'*Two o'clock* P.M.—Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad; and until the provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order or indeed safety.'

The provost was granted; four of the plunderers were caught red-handed, briefly doomed, and hanged without loss of time. This is not pleasant reading, for even the justice of war shocks one as a frightful cruelty; but the severity appears to have been imperatively necessary, and it certainly answered its purpose, inasmuch as Colonel Wellesley was enabled on the next day to write as follows:—

'*May* 6.—Plunder is stopped. The fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their homes fast. I am now burying the dead, which I hope will be completed to-day, particularly if you send me all the pioneers.'

Some idea of the value of the plunder carried off by the soldiery may be drawn from the well-attested fact, that some diamonds purchased of a

private by Dr Mein for a trifle were afterwards sold for £32,000 sterling. With all such drawbacks, however, upon the amount of valuables officially captured, the victorious general carried off treasure to the enormous amount, as set down in the returns, of 45,580,350 star pagodas!

The war, as far as the Mysore country was concerned, was now over; and the bulk of the army retraced its steps, after the youthful grandson of the ruler whom Hyder Ali had deposed had been restored to the rajahship of Mysore, in accordance with British-Indian policy. The restored rajah was of course for the future merely the puppet-monarch of a diminished territory, really as much governed by the Company's officers as that portion of the Mysore over which they ostensibly ruled.

Colonel Wellesley was appointed civil and military governor of Seringapatam and Mysore, and in that dual capacity is admitted to have displayed administrative talents of a high order. However deaf and stern to the pleadings for mercy towards proved offenders against the rigours of positive law this great soldier may have shewn himself throughout his remarkable career — a peculiarity of character which may perhaps account for the indisputable fact, that whilst he extorted the respect and confidence of the troops under his command, accustoming them as he did to look upon the day of battle as one of assured victory, he was never regarded by his soldiers with personal affection, much less enthusiasm, like that, for instance, which Nelson inspired—still it cannot be denied that he ever held the balance of his iron justice fairly between the highest and the lowest. A more depressed, ill-used body of men than the coolies of India could not perhaps be found upon the face of the earth. Of a servile and degraded caste, they are accustomed from earliest childhood to submit with the resignation of despair to the most flagrant wrong; and British officers were not, it appears from Colonel Wellesley's correspondence, ashamed to cheat and plunder the helpless, miserable people. Coolies are the carriers and porters of India, and it was a common practice to engage them for short journeys at a small sum, and then insist upon their performing a much greater distance without any additional remuneration. This scandalous oppression was peremptorily checked by Colonel Wellesley, as the following extracts will shew: — 'The history of Captain ——'s conduct is quite shocking. The system is not bearable; it must be abolished entirely, or so arranged and modified as to render it certain that the unfortunate people employed as coolies are paid, are not carried farther than the usual stage, and are not ill-treated. Besides Captain ——, I have another Bombay gentleman in my eye, who has lately come through the country with a convoy of arrack, and I suspect played the same tricks —that is to say, never paid the people pressed and employed by him in the public service. I have directed inquiries to be made upon the subject, and if I find my conjectures to be well founded, I shall try him at the same time with Captain ——.'

The oppressed coolies must have been as much bewildered as surprised to find the mighty governor of Mysore insisting that despised outcasts such as they should receive equitable treatment at the hands of the exalted and magnificent persons that British officers in India are held to be.

Colonel Wellesley's command in the Mysore continued with only one temporary interruption till he left India. In 1801 he left Seringapatam

for Trincomalee, where a force of 3000 men were assembled to act against the Mauritius; but the duplicate copy of an overland dispatch to the governor-general, commanding him to detach the same number of men to Egypt, having been placed in Colonel Wellesley's hands by Mr Dundas, he immediately determined on sailing with the troops to Bombay, in order that they should be ready to start at once for Egypt. This decision was approved of by the governor-general, and Sir David Baird being appointed to command the expedition, Colonel Wellesley was attached to the force as second to that general. An attack of fever, by which he was for a time prostrated, prevented him from accompanying the troops, and on his recovery he was restored to his command in the Mysore territory.

The first considerable interruption to his energetic administration of affairs was caused by the incursions of Dhoondiah Waugh, a Mahratta trooper, who at the fall of Seringapatam had been liberated from one of its dungeons. He was a dashing, daring adventurer, and by his success as a highwayman and freebooter soon gathered round him a great number of desperate vagabonds, eager to join in the same gainful trade. So rapidly did his followers increase, that he was soon at the head of a large, and, so far as numbers went, a powerful army. His self-estimation grew even faster than his apparent power, and he assumed the magnificent title of 'King of the Two Worlds.' This great monarch, after receiving several checks from detachments of the British forces, was, unfortunately for himself, come up with at Conaghale on the 10th September 1800 by Colonel Wellesley, after a forced and rapid march with the 19th, 25th, and 22d Light Dragoons, and the 1st and 2d Regiments of Native Cavalry. The attack was instantaneous, and the rout total, the King of the Two Worlds being himself amongst the slain. An anecdote is related of Colonel Wellesley in connection with the extinction of this freebooter which does him honour. One of the captives was the favourite son of Dhoondiah—a beautiful boy, called Sulaboth Khan—and Colonel Wellesley, commiserating his forlorn state, took him under his especial protection, had him properly educated, and ultimately procured him employment in the service of the Rajah of Mysore, which he retained till his death by cholera in 1822.

The Mahratta chiefs, Scindiah and Holkar, instead of vigorously assisting Tippoo Sultan in his extremity, had got up a war between themselves; and in October 1802 Holkar defeated the combined forces of Scindiah and the Peshwah, and seated a puppet of his own on the musnud. The Peshwah, previous to leaving Poonah after his defeat, applied to the Company's resident for help and protection. The application, on reference to the governor-general, was favourably entertained; a treaty of alliance was entered into with the expelled Peshwah; and it was determined to put down not only Holkar, who, in the elation of his triumph over the Peshwah, menaced the Nizam's dominions with invasion, but Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. A force sufficient for the purpose was assembled at Hurryhur, and placed under the command of Major-General Wellesley. This rank the governor-general had conferred upon his brother on the 2d of April 1802. We have previously given the dates of the unearned military grades conferred upon the Duke of Wellington, and it may be as

well now to set down those for which he was indebted, not to the accident of birth and family connection, but to his great services. His commission of colonel was conferred on the 3d of May 1796; that of major-general, 2d of April 1802; of lieutenant-general, 25th April 1808; of general in Spain and Portugal, 31st July 1811; of field-marshal, 21st June 1813.

We have space only for a glance at General Wellesley's chief exploits during this Mahratta war, as it is called. The army, consisting of about 20,000 troops of all arms, moved from Hurryhur on the 9th of March 1803, and without encountering any serious opposition arrived at Poonah on the 20th of April. On the 13th of May the Peshwah was replaced on the musnud. Supreme civil and military authority in the territories of the Nizam, the Peshwah, and the Mahratta States, was soon afterwards conferred on General Wellesley, and on the 6th of August he took the field against Scindiah and his allies. Pettah, a native town, garrisoned by 3000 Mahratta troops and 1500 Arab mercenaries, was, without stopping to breach the wall, stormed by the help of a few scaling-ladders, and the loss of only 140 men. Gocklah, a Mahratta chief, wrote the following account of this affair to his friends at Poonah:—'These English are a strange people, and their general is a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. What can withstand them?' The strong fortress of Ahmednuggur was next attacked, and compelled to surrender. There was a palace in the interior which contained an immense quantity of valuables, and of so tempting a kind that the general was compelled to hang two native soldiers in the gateway before he could quietly secure the booty for distribution in the proper way. The fort of Baroach shared the fate of Ahmednuggur little more than a fortnight afterwards, and so successful were General Wellesley's operations, that if a good blow could be struck at Scindiah's army—reputed to be extremely formidable, not only from its numbers but the excellent discipline of the infantry, and its powerful, well-organised artillery—the Mahratta difficulty in that part of the peninsula at least might be considered terminated. To effect this desirable object no effort was spared, and on the 22d of September the hurkarus or scouts brought intelligence that the army of Scindiah was posted at Bohendur, no very great distance off. General Wellesley immediately divided his army into two divisions, one of which he placed under the command of Colonel Stevenson, with directions to make a detour to the west, in order to avoid passing through a narrow and dangerous defile; whilst he himself took the more direct easterly route. Stevenson was to rejoin him late in the evening of the 23d. Early on the morning of that day General Wellesley was informed by the hurkarus that Scindiah's cavalry had gone off, but that the infantry still remained at Bohendur. Wellesley put himself in motion instantly, leaving his baggage behind under a sufficient guard, and after a sultry, hurried march, found himself about noon suddenly in the presence of an army of 50,000 men, of which full 30,000 were cavalry, drawn up between the rivers Juah and Ketnah, the village of Assye on the Juah being nearly in the centre of the line! The hurkarus had either wilfully or ignorantly deceived

as this terrible battle elicited the first unmistakable proof that General

Wellesley possessed those rare and indispensable attributes of a great commander—the eagle sweep which takes in at a glance all the essential points of the situation, however terrible it may be, or however suddenly presented, and the prompt sagacity and daring that at once decides upon and executes the fittest means of overcoming the threatened danger — a somewhat detailed account of the unequal conflict may be desirable.

The Mahratta forces were, as we have said, drawn up between the rivers Juah and Ketnah: which streams gradually approaching each other, met on their left. In this narrow part of the peninsula, as we may call the ground thus marked by the confluence of the two rivers, the infantry, a disciplined body of about 12,000 men, were posted; in the centre 100 guns fully manned were ranged; and on the right, in the broader and still widening space leading up to Bohendur, upwards of 30,000 well-mounted horsemen, glittering in all the rainbow splendour of Eastern costume, were encamped—their apparently innumerable and various-coloured tents presenting all the life and bustle of a town, with jewellers, smiths, and other trades, pursuing their avocations as if within the walls of a peaceful and crowded city. The British force, amounting to no more than 8700 sabres and bayonets, with seventeen guns, arrived directly in front of this numerous and formidable cavalry, the river Ketnah running along their front till its junction with the Juah. It was a startling as well as magnificent spectacle, and so apparently desperate were the odds that General Wellesley has been frequently blamed by rule-and-line tacticians for hazarding a battle in which he had, according to them, no right to expect success. He should have retired, say they, and declined a battle till Stevenson had joined. Such reasoners appear to forget that there is a relative force and weakness of armies that cannot be estimated by merely counting their proportionate numbers. Above the colours of the English battalions there floated a halo which, however boldly the Mahratta soldiers might carry it, disquieted them more than would thrice the number of men, however brave and disciplined, who lacked it. The crash of the falling towers of Seringapatam, the swift destruction that had overtaken the King of the Two Worlds, the storming of Pettah, the capture of the strongholds of Ahmednuggur and Baroach, must have been vividly present to the imaginations of those impressionable children of the East, exciting dread and apprehension which no array of cannon nor of numbers on their own side could diminish, much less dissipate. To display fear or hesitation would be to throw away that mighty moral force; to retreat, to turn back before that numerous cavalry, would be ruin!

Whatever General Wellesley felt on finding himself unexpectedly before so imposing an array, no look or word betrayed the slightest surprise or dismay. A few minutes decided his plan of attack, which was as vigorously executed as it was ably conceived. The troops wheeled off quickly to the right, towards the confluence of the two rivers, and passing the ford of Peepulgao near the extremity of the narrowing peninsula, turned the left of the Mahratta force, compelling the infantry that composed it to change their front, and draw up in several lines *across* the peninsula, their right resting on the Ketnah, and their left on a nullah or stream which flowed parallel with the Ketnah, on the Juah side, by Assye. By this change of position it is evident the Mahratta cavalry could not fairly

operate till their infantry and artillery, now between them and the British force, were either beaten or victorious. A furious battle at once commenced; but it was soon found that the seventeen field-pieces possessed by the British could make no effectual reply to the numerous and well-served guns of the enemy, and General Wellesley commanded an attack by the bayonet along the entire front. A loud cheer greeted the welcome and decisive order; an advancing line of levelled steel glittered through the driving cannon-smoke; and with a fierce and rapid step the British soldiers closed upon their numerous foes. They were not waited for: the Mahratta infantry fired a feeble, ineffective volley, then broke and fled; the British left, which General Wellesley led in person, pursuing them with terrible slaughter, and capturing all their guns. The British right, composed of the 74th Regiment and some pickets, were equally successful in the charge; but in following it up, the officer in command, instead of taking a more sheltered circuitous course towards Assye, led his men across level ground, which the Mahratta artillery swept like a glacis, and the men fell by dozens. Seeing this, an immense body of Mahratta horse crept round by Assye, and fell upon the staggering English infantry. At this crisis of the battle, Colonel Maxwell was ordered to charge with the 19th Dragoons and a sepoy cavalry regiment. He did so valiantly, swept through, over, the Mahratta horse, cut down as he passed the gunners at their pieces, and broke through Scindiah's left with irresistible fury, utterly routing it. This gallant charge, successful as it was, was an exhausting one; and a cloud of Mahratta cavalry, which, drawn up on an eminence, had as yet only overlooked the battle, now joined in it, rallying as they came on the dispersed artillerymen and broken infantry. This movement the British general had foreseen and prepared for. The 78th Regiment and one of native horse had been held in reserve, and these, with the survivors of the 74th, vehemently charged the but as yet half-beaten Mahratta forces: Maxwell's brigade, who had in the meantime breathed their horses, joined in the fierce onslaught, and in a few minutes Scindiah's army, horse and foot, was a mass of panic-stricken fugitives, abandoning and throwing away in their headlong flight cannon, tents, arms, and stores, after losing in slain and wounded men and prisoners nearly twice the number of their assailants.

The victory was a splendid one, but it was dearly purchased. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 1584 men, according to the official lists; and amongst the former was the gallant Colonel Maxwell, who was slain in the pursuit. General Wellesley had two horses shot under him: 'one of them,' he wrote the next day, 'was Diomed, Colonel Aston's horse.' The loss fell, as usual in Indian battles, in much the greatest proportion upon the British part of the attacking force. The 74th especially suffered severely, and a picket that went into action with one officer and 150 men, mustered after the battle only four rank-and-file!

The Mahratta chiefs never recovered this heavy blow, followed as it was by the less remarkable, though quite as decisive victory of Argaum and the capture of Asseerghur and Gawulgur. They sued for peace, and Lord Lake having been quite as successful in the northern provinces and at Delhi against M. Perron, terms dictated by the conquerors were agreed upon, and on the 30th of December 1803 the Mahratta war terminated.

The work of General Wellesley in India was now accomplished, and he was anxious to return to Europe, where no soldier had yet appeared capable of measuring himself against the marshals of France, who, with their redoubted chief, had not only inspired the continent with a panic-terror of their arms, but were again threatening a descent upon England. He embarked for Europe on the 10th of March 1805 in the *Trident* frigate, after having received from the officers of the army he had commanded, the merchants of Calcutta, and the native inhabitants of Seringapatam, highly gratifying and substantial tokens of admiration and esteem. The officers of the army subscribed for a gold vase, to be inscribed with the name of his great victory, Assye—this was subsequently changed to a service of plate; the merchants of Calcutta presented him with a sword valued at a thousand guineas; and a far more honouring tribute than these—the native people of Seringapatam presented him with an address, containing a prayer 'to the God of all castes and colours,' to bless and reward him for his just and equal rule in the Mysore. He had been previously, on the 1st September 1804, created a Knight-Companion of the Bath, and was consequently now Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.C.B.

The cannon of Trafalgar awoke Napoleon from his day-dream of a successful invasion of England; and the British ministry, relieved from the idea of a French army advancing upon London, that had so long haunted them, despatched Earl Cathcart and General Don with a British force to Northern Germany, to assist in the confidently-predicted march to Paris of the now allied Austrian and Russian armies. The recently-arrived young 'General of Sepoys'—as the scribes of the 'Moniteur,' not yet knowing him quite so well as in afteryears, sneeringly called Sir Arthur Wellesley—was ordered to join them there. By the time he arrived Lord Cathcart had received intelligence of the battle of Austerlitz, and the detachment against him of Augereau with 40,000 men of the Grand Army. The earl's first thought on receiving this news was of the transport-ships, and his next to summon a council of war, to decide upon embarking. It was of course attended by Major-General Wellesley, who was the youngest general-officer present. The elders of the council were unanimous in their opinion of the desirableness of getting back to England as speedily as possible, although of course for different, but all equally cogent reasons. The sole dissentient was Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was of opinion that a heavy blow might be struck through Augereau at the superstition of French invincibility which prevailed throughout the continent, that would go far to rekindle the hopes extinguished in the blood of Austerlitz. 'Say,' argued the young general—'say that Augereau has forty thousand men: they will be greatly diminished before he can reach us by his hurried march through a wasted and unfriendly country. And even if otherwise, strongly posted and abundantly supplied as we are, we ought to beat him. A victory might have immense results, and a defeat would not be ruinous, as we could always embark under cover of the shipping. That is a sure and ought to be a last resource.' The seniors listened to the inexperienced soldier with elevated eyebrows and good-natured superiority. He might know how to win such battles as Assye, but what was that to encountering such terrible fellows as Augereau and forty thousand men of 'the Grand Army!' The rash

advice was spurned, and Wellesley, with a cold disdainful smile playing about his keen gray eyes and thin compressed lips, left the council, and soon afterwards was again in England.

On the 10th of April 1806 Sir Arthur Wellesley married the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Lord Longford. By this marriage he had issue two sons: Arthur, born 3d of February 1807, at Harley Street, London; and Charles, born 16th January 1808, at the Secretary's Lodge, near Dublin.

In 1806 Sir Arthur was returned to parliament for the borough of Rye, and on the 3d of April 1807 he accepted the office of chief-secretary for Ireland; with the express understanding, however, with the minister, that his secretaryship should not stand in the way of his military employment should occasion require his services. His administration of Irish affairs was characterised by an unbending harshness, that rendered him very unpopular there—for which probably he did not care one straw. He was the author of the famous Insurrection Act, which, amongst other pleasant provisions, enacted that any Irishman found out of his house after sun-down in the proclaimed districts should be liable to transportation. Sir Arthur organised a police for Dublin, and in this is said to have rendered good service to the Irish metropolis. But work for which he was much better fitted was again preparing for him.

The Austro-Russian combination ended by Austerlitz and the treaty of Tilsit instead of the march to Paris and the dethronement of the French Emperor; and after some scandalous transactions between Napoleon and Alexander, by which, for the sake of a Russian alliance against Great Britain, the ruler of France agreed to transfer Wallachia and Moldavia to the northern potentate, with a half promise to throw in Constantinople over the bargain at some future day, the two emperors solemnly and magnanimously offered peace to England—a peace to be based upon the principle that each power should retain all it had acquired during the war. France, her continental acquisitions, including Spain, which Bonaparte, by shameless perfidy and force, had just taken military possession of; Russia, the two principalities we have mentioned; and England, the sugar-islands—colonies, even Malta, once so vehemently refused by Napoleon, that she had wrested from France, Spain, and Holland. This proposal, made with great form and circumstance, was substantially repelled at once, the British government in their reply refusing to treat without their allies, including the Spanish insurgents, as the tzar and the emperor styled the outraged and indignant Spanish nation. Prosperity must have weakened Napoleon's ordinary observation, if it be true, as M. Thiers intimates, that he believed his new alliance would terrify this country into the abandonment of Spain and Turkey, and the acceptance of an unstable, futile peace. Russia, in any possible combination against Great Britain, must count for next to nothing, from not possessing any efficient means of offensive action against her, for the 'march to India' is nothing more than a dream. But there was a nearer and much greater fear: the Crown-Prince of Denmark, who had been for some time coquetting with Bonaparte, and who was known to be extremely anxious to retain his continental possessions—the portion of Germany that has lately been the cause and theatre of so much strife and bloodshed, and which in 1807 was completely in the

power of the French ruler—had a numerous fleet at Copenhagen, that, if added to the French navy, might have redressed the catastrophe of Trafalgar, and this was therefore for England a veritable danger. Under these circumstances the British ministry determined on sending a naval and military expedition to the Danish capital, to enforce the surrender of the fleet to England, in trust, till the conclusion of a general peace. We shall not attempt to defend the much-controverted morality of this enterprise: indeed the morality of the most approved war-tactics is, if it exist at all, of so subtile and fugitive a nature, that, if willing, we should be quite unable to say what is or what is not in harmony with it; but this at least is certain, that subsequent disclosures proved irrefragably that if the Danish fleet had not been forcibly taken possession of by the English, it would have been handed over to Napoleon. But whatever the justice or expediency of the project, its execution was complete and masterly. The military force was nominally under the orders of Earl Cathcart, but Sir Arthur Wellesley, second in command, was virtually the leader of the expedition; and he, by the vigour and rapidity of his operations, left little else for the naval commander, Admiral Gambier, to do, than to escort the surrendered fleet safely home. Immediately on the arrival of the troops in the Isle of Zealand, the brief campaign commenced. The Danish forces offered a brave opposition at Kiöge; but they were pushed aside, or driven headlong upon Copenhagen, with the loss of 1100 prisoners, including sixty officers and ten pieces of cannon. The cannonade and bombardment of the Danish capital followed quickly afterwards: it was in flames on the 4th, and on the 5th of September 1808, just as the storming forces were about to attack the breach, the Crown-Prince capitulated. The Danish fleet, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, with an immense quantity of naval stores, were given up to the British admiral, and conveyed to England. Two ships on the stocks were also taken to pieces and carried away, and two others were burnt. The operations were throughout conducted by Sir Arthur Wellesley—the Earl Cathcart, much to his credit for good sense, having confined himself to receiving and perusing the dispatches to head-quarters of his skilful and audacious second in command. For this service Sir Arthur, and of course Earl Cathcart and Admiral Gambier, received the thanks of the crown and parliament.

Lord Roslyn, who accompanied the expedition, took a favourite mare with him, which proved with foal in the isle of Zealand. On her return home a colt was produced, which was named Copenhagen and was the famous horse that carried the Duke through the day of Waterloo, and was buried with military honours at Stratfieldsaye in 1835.

The desperate though badly organised and unsuccessful resistance of the insurgent Spanish people to the infamous seizure of their country by Bonaparte, and the occupation of Lisbon by Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantès, induced the British government to send an auxiliary army to the Peninsula, and the command of the troops assembled at Cork for that purpose was given to Sir Arthur Wellesley. The ardent general arrived at Corunna on the 20th of July 1808, and was there informed by the vapouring junta that Spain had plenty of soldiers: she only wanted money. They added that the British army could not be better employed than in clearing Portugal of

the French force under Junot. The unaccountable surrender of Dupont at Baylen had in fact turned the brains of the juntas throughout Spain, and it required many and bitter lessons to bring them back to modesty and reason. Sir Arthur immediately sailed for the Tagus, and after an interview with Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, who was blockading a Russian squadron that had taken refuge in that river, decided on landing at the mouth of the Mondego, an operation which was effected on the 3d of August 1808. General Spencer had joined, and their united forces amounted to nearly 20,000 men, but were utterly deficient in cavalry, there being only a few hundred badly-mounted horsemen with the force. Sir John Moore, Sir Arthur's senior officer, was daily expected with a large reinforcement; but General Wellesley, naturally anxious to strike a good blow before another arrived to snatch the command from him, marched rapidly along the coast towards Lisbon. General Bernardin Freire, a Portuguese officer, at the head of about 6000 men, accompanied Wellesley for some distance; but as they neared the French, a rooted disbelief in the possibility of vanquishing Napoleon's generals grew upon him, and casting about for an excuse to avoid the approaching conflict, he hit upon the singular one of demanding that the British general should supply the Portuguese troops with rations! This absurd requisition was of course refused; indeed it was impossible to comply with it, and Don Bernardin separated himself from the English commander, leaving, however, at the request of the latter—who was anxious to retain the moral support with the country people of the presence of native troops—one regiment with the British, whom Sir Arthur undertook to supply with rations. The first resistance encountered was at Roliça, where the French general, Laborde, resolutely defended some difficult, tangled passes, retiring slowly step by step, and inflicting great loss upon the British, who could not from the nature of the ground return his incessant, well-directed fire with any effect. This destruction accomplished, Laborde retreated rapidly and skilfully before the English could reach him in any sufficient force. The day after this bitter fight, the army resumed its route, and received intelligence that Junot had marched out of Lisbon—after threatening to fire it on his return if, during his absence, there should be any effort at revolt—had rallied Laborde and Loyson, and was coming on with the fixed intention of 'driving the Leopards into the sea;' this being the stereotyped 'Moniteur' phrase for beating and drowning the English armies. Meanwhile the 'Leopards,' confident in their general and themselves, were in the highest spirits, nothing doubting that a gazette-extraordinary would, before many days elapsed, silence the exasperating sneers of certain eloquent English politicians at the folly and rashness, as they were pleased to term it, of opposing the 'pipe-clayed soldiers of Whitehall' to the war-accustomed veterans of France. A dark cloud came between them and their hopes. A dispatch from Lord Castlereagh had informed Sir Arthur Wellesley that Sir Harry Burrard was on his way to supersede him in the command of the troops, and that shortly afterwards Sir Hew Dalrymple might be expected to supersede Sir Harry. The first instalment of the threatened calamity had arrived. General Burrard's presence on board a frigate off the coast was signalled, and Sir Arthur, as in duty bound, waited upon him, and reported the state of affairs. He related what had been already

done, and announced his intention of marching to meet Junot at dawn the next morning. Sir Harry Burrard would not hear of such a proceeding, than which nothing, he said, could be more rash. 'Offer battle without cavalry, and with artillery horses, as Sir Harry Burrard understood, good for nothing! Sir Arthur must not think of such a thing: no battle must be offered till the arrival of the reinforcements under Sir John Moore.' Vainly did Sir Arthur urge his reasons for desiring immediate battle, and assure General Burrard that success was as certain as any not yet accomplished event in war could be. It was useless: the advance of the army was peremptorily forbidden; and one can easily believe that as Sir Arthur stepped into the boat that was to convey him ashore, the same bitter smile which had been observed in Earl Cathcart's council-room again played about his lips with increased intensity, and that a flushed and angry brow surmounted the flashing eyes. Fortune made amends for the injustice of his official superior. The morning disclosed the gratifying sight of Junot's army in full march towards the English, and without a shameful flight, battle was inevitable. Sir Arthur's dispositions were quickly made, and with perfect tranquillity and confidence he awaited Junot's approach. The French attacked with their usual valour and impetuosity, and after an obstinate conflict were driven back in utter confusion upon all points, leaving in the power of the British thirteen guns and many hundred prisoners, amongst whom was a general-officer. It was now twelve o'clock; Sir Harry Burrard, who had landed a short time previously, assumed the command, and Sir Arthur's order for two divisions of the army to press fiercely upon the disordered French and drive them over the Sierra de Baraguedo, whilst Hill, Anstruther, and Fane by a rapid flank-march gained the Pass of Torres-Vedras, and cut Junot off from Lisbon—which would have been equivalent, or nearly so, to the French commander's surrendering at discretion—was countermanded. Sir Arthur Wellesley expostulated warmly it is said. General Burrard gave his reasons:—Enough had been done; the English had no cavalry; the French were rallying; the artillery-traces were damaged, etcetera. In fine, he would hear of no pursuit; especially of no flank-march upon Lisbon, which was a thing contrary to all rule. Sir Arthur, obliged to yield, turned to one of the staff, and said: 'We had better see about getting some dinner, as there is nothing more for soldiers to do to-day.' Thus ended the battle of Vimeira.

Junot, thanks to Sir Harry Burrard, got safely back to Lisbon, and there dictated a bulletin explanatory of the reasons why he had not driven the Leopards into the sea, afterwards published in the 'Moniteur' as materials for history. Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived soon afterwards, and he and Sir Harry Burrard, with General Wellesley's sullen assent—for in the present posture of affairs nothing better seemed likely to be done—concluded the famous Convention, called of Cintra, why it is difficult to say, by virtue of which the French army were to evacuate Portugal, on condition of being comfortably conveyed with all their arms, horses, artillery, baggage (plunder), to the nearest French port, in British vessels! One of the conditions granted by Dalrymple was that the Russian fleet should be permitted to leave the Tagus, and be given certain *law* or distance, as sportsmen do to a fox, before the British admiral started in pursuit.

This article required the consent of Sir Charles Cotton, and was at once rejected by that officer. This news arriving in the British camp caused immense exultation there, from the belief that the hated Convention was consequently at an end. Sir Hew Dalrymple thought so too, and wrote in that sense to Junot; but the marshal was too well satisfied with the Convention to hesitate at the sacrifice of the Russian fleet; and at once signed it, quite regardless of the omission of the stipulation in behalf of the French Emperor's august ally.

Sir Arthur Wellesley got away home as quickly as he could, and resumed his duties as Irish secretary, grimly awaiting a time when he might measure himself with those famous French marshals unfettered and uncrippled by such well-meaning, old-world generals as Burrard and Dalrymple.

The burst of indignation excited in England by the news of the Convention of Cintra compelled the ministry to appoint a court of inquiry, which, under the presidence of Earl Moira, met at Chelsea. It led to no result, and would scarcely have been worth mentioning here except for the purpose of relating a very honourable, although apparently trifling incident in so crowded a life as that of the Duke of Wellington. Sir Arthur was questioned relative to the refusal of Sir Harry Burrard to permit the flank-march upon Lisbon after the victory of Vimeira. He generously excused Burrard, although of course maintaining that he had judged rightly in ordering the movement which that general had countermanded. 'I would do so again,' said Sir Arthur, 'under similar circumstances; still, I am bound to say that Sir Harry Burrard decided on fair military reasons.' No doubt of it. The only difference was, that Sir Arthur could see farther and more clearly than the aged veteran, who, there can be no doubt, decided, as he believed, for the best.

The able but disastrous campaign of Sir John Moore followed—a campaign flippantly condemned by the glittering rhetoric of Mr Canning and other orators, but of which the Duke of Wellington has written the following defence:—'The only error I can discern in Sir John Moore's campaign is, that he ought to have looked upon the advance to Sahagun as a movement in retreat, and have sent officers to the rear to mark and arrange the halting-points of each brigade. But this is an opinion formed after a long experience of war, and especially of Spanish war, which must be seen to be understood. Finally, it is an opinion formed after the event.' Marshal Soult, who commanded the French at Corunna, speaks thus of the English general: 'General Moore opposed every possible obstacle to me during a long and difficult retreat, and died in a battle which does honour to his memory.' These testimonies are as honourable to the commanders who penned them as to the gallant but ill-fated soldier whose fame they vindicate.

The deliverance of the Peninsula was still a prime object with the people of Great Britain, and it was determined to make another strenuous effort towards its accomplishment. Sir Arthur Wellesley, upon the distinct understanding that he should not be again superseded without reasonable cause, accepted the command of the army in Portugal; finally resigned the of Irish Secretary; and arrived at Lisbon on the 22d of April 1809, n Cradock, who had previously commanded there, returning home.

Active preparations for immediate hostilities at once commenced, and were urged with such unflagging vigour by Sir Arthur that in little more than a fortnight after his arrival in Portugal he was enabled to strike the terrible blow at Soult which, reverberating throughout Europe, first roused the nations to a perception of the great fact that a general had at last entered the lists against France, who in skill, promptitude, and daring was to the full the equal of the distinguished military chieftains that had sprung from that soldier-teeming soil. Our space will forbid us to do more than glance at the series of brilliant triumphs that illuminate the history of the Peninsular campaign: we can only hurriedly point to the more salient and conspicuous heights along which leaped the flame of victory till it shone upon the startled land of France. And let us not be misunderstood in thus speaking of the skill and hardihood displayed by our countrymen in the strictly-defensive contest waged in behalf of the betrayed and downtrodden peoples of Spain and Portugal. We yield to none in our dislike of war. Successful violence and wrong, however gilded over with fine-sounding phrases, however blazoned in history and song, are still with us detestable violence and wrong. But the spirit which prompts resistance to insolent invasion, and valiant defiance of triumphant oppression, is a virtue, a true heroism: its aim, the vindication of justice—its final victory, peace.

Marshal Soult had some time previously invaded Portugal from Orense in Galicia, and after dissipating the undisciplined forces opposed to him, and committing or permitting many cruel excesses, established his head-quarters at Oporto, on the Douro, with about 25,000 men. Marshal Victor, with another considerable French army, was at Almeida. It was desirable to attack them separately, and at once; and the British general, after providing against danger from Victor, marched with the step of a giant upon Oporto. Arrived on the borders of the Douro, he found Soult quietly reposing in the subjugated city, after taking the precaution of destroying the bridge and securing all the boats to his own side of a river three hundred yards wide. This done, he felt perfectly satisfied that he could not be attacked except by sea, and without receiving full notice of the intention of his enemy. He was slumbering in a fool's paradise. Sir Arthur Wellesley first despatched Beresford to seize the bridge at Amarante held by Loyson, and prevent Soult's escape by that road; then Sir John Murray, with the British cavalry, was sent off to cross the Douro some miles further up; and at dawn of day on the 12th of May, Sir Arthur with his staff, partially concealed from the unsuspicious French outposts by a bend in the river, was eagerly searching for means of crossing to the other side. The eye of the British general rested upon a large unfinished building on the opposite shore, called a seminary. Could he find or contrive means of crossing, it would, he saw, afford a strong *point d'appui* for the passage of the troops. At this moment Colonel Waters, a zealous and adventurous staff-officer, brought the welcome intelligence that, having met a poor barber crossing in a skiff at some distance up the river, he, aided by the influence of the prior of Amarante, had persuaded the barber not only to lend his boat, but to return with them to the other side, and assist in unfastening and bringing across three barges. This was great news. The barges were quickly reported ready,

and a brief 'Let the men cross,' gave the order for this daring enterprise. The first detachment landed unobserved, and took quiet possession of the unfinished seminary; the second and the third were equally fortunate; but before the fourth could cross, the quick firing of the French sentinels, soon followed by the hurried roll of Soult's drums, announced that they were discovered; and the British troops, who had hitherto been kept out of sight, crowded to the banks of the river, and greeted the French—who presently poured out of Oporto in order to attack the seminary before its defenders became too numerous—with loud shouts of exultation and defiance. The struggle at the seminary soon became furious—deadly. Paget was wounded. Hill succeeded him, but so doubtful at one time appeared the issue that Sir Arthur, but for the remonstrances of his staff, and the reflection that Hill would do all that man could to maintain the position, would himself have crossed over. Presently loud shouts were heard from the quays of the awakened city, whose inhabitants, roused from their slumbers by the din and tumult of the surprise and contest, were unchaining the boats, and rowing them with frantic eagerness across the river. The British now crossed by hundreds, and it was not long before a cloud of dust, through which glimmered the flashing sabres of the English cavalry, announced the approach of Sir John Murray. Soult saw that the game was lost; and abandoning the city, his sick, stores, baggage, and artillery, everything with the exception of a few light field-pieces, went off rapidly in the direction of the bridge of Amarante, which he expected to find in the safe-keeping of the 3000 men under Loyson. This hurried retreat must at once have changed to a headlong flight but for the unaccountable inaction of Sir John Murray, who kept his impatient squadrons immovable in their ranks whilst the disordered stream of soldiery swept past. General Stewart, now Marquis of Londonderry, impatient of this strange inactivity, charged without, or rather in defiance of orders, at the head of the 14th Dragoons alone, right through the retiring columns; but remaining unsupported by Murray, got roughly handled, and lost a considerable number of men. Soult, eagerly followed by the British army as soon as it could be got in order for that purpose, crossed the Souza River, and there, to his mortification and dismay, met Loyson's force, which had hastily retired from before Beresford. The French marshal's position now appeared desperate, and Loyson suggested the idea of a convention like that of Cintra. Soult, hopeless in all probability of cheating out of the fruits of his calculated daring the general who had struck him the blow he was writhing under, rejected the proposal; and having found a Spanish pedler, who informed him there was a road which led over the Sierra Catarina to Guimaraens, the marshal abandoned Loyson's and his own remaining cannon, baggage, military chest, and boldly followed his Spanish guide across the mountains. Everything was thrown away that could in the slightest degree impede this terrible retreat—terrible not only to the French, whose stragglers were mercilessly slain by the peasantry, roused into ferocious activity by the unlooked-for sight of the discomfiture and rout of the so-lately recklessly triumphant troops—

'The desolator desolate, the victor overthrown'—

but to the wretched country people in the line of march, whom the French, in retaliation for the cruelties inflicted in their sight upon the maimed and footsore of their own people, shot without scruple or remorse, at the same time firing their dwellings, thus marking every step of their flight with blood and flame and ruin. It was doubtful, too, if after all they would escape, for at every pause for scanty rest the tramp and gallop of the British army sounded more and more distinctly in their rear, and tidings reached Soult that the only bridge by which escape was possible—that of Ponte Nova, on the Cavado—was partly cut, and in possession of a Portuguese guard. Sending for Major Dulong, an officer of distinguished bravery, the marshal, after briefly explaining the situation, said: 'Take a hundred grenadiers and twenty-five horsemen, and endeavour to surprise and repair the bridge. If you are successful, let me know immediately; if you fail, you need send no message—your silence will be enough.' Dulong, favoured by the storm and darkness of the night, succeeded in his perilous and wellnigh desperate enterprise. Only a narrow ledge of the bridge remained passable, and over this he and his grenadiers crawled in single file upon their hands and feet. One soldier lost his hold and fell into the Cavado, his cry of agony, fortunately for his comrades, being drowned in the roar and splash of the howling storm and rushing waters. The Portuguese sentinel was surprised and slain, and the heedless guard were overpowered and dispersed. The bridge was hastily repaired, and the French army was enabled to pass slowly over, a portion of the British artillery only arriving in time to strew the passage and defile the river with numerous dead and wounded men of the rearguard. Soult ultimately reached Orense in Galicia, and there the British cavalry desisted from further pursuit. The French marshal had left that town eleven weeks previously with 25,000 veteran troops, fifty-eight pieces of artillery, numerous stores, and valuable baggage. He returned to it with 19,000 men, destitute of everything but the arms in their hands and the ragged clothing on their backs. With such passages in this terrific war as this frightful retreat or rather flight presents, and with the dreadful misery and ruin inflicted and suffered fresh in the memory—the war, it is impossible to deny, originating in the insatiable ambition of the French Emperor—the recollection of the sentimental cry set up against the cruelty of Napoleon's imprisonment at St Helena strikes the mind with a feeling of astonishment at the infinitely-varied and discordant scale by which human actions are sometimes judged in this strange world of ours.

Marshal Victor, on hearing of the disaster which had befallen Soult, united himself with Jourdan and King Joseph, and, conjointly with them, on the 28th and 29th of July, fought the battle of Talavera de la Reyna against General Wellesley's army and the Spanish force under Cuesta. This battle would never have been hazarded by the British general had he not been misled into an almost inextricable position by the imbecility and braggadocia of Cuesta. The Spanish soldiers, individually as brave perhaps as others, were so wretchedly organised, so inefficiently commanded, that they, on the day of trial, proved almost useless. The position of the British army when it was ascertained that Cuesta's army could not be relied upon was manifestly one of extreme peril. Joseph, Victor, and Jourdan, were in front with an army immensely superior to that commanded

by General Wellesley; and Soult, who with veteran readiness had already re-organised and re-equipped his so lately-beaten force, which had moreover been powerfully reinforced, was in full march upon Sir Arthur's communications with Portugal, with the intention of falling upon the British rear. Soult sent messenger after messenger to King Joseph, begging him not to fight till he (Soult) could get up. Fortunately Victor's presumption and Joseph's pliancy prevented this wary counsel from being adopted. Talavera was fought: the French, after a tremendous contest, were driven beyond the Alberche with the loss of ten guns, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, whom victory alone could enable to retreat, withdrew his army, by this time reduced to 17,000 men, by the line of the Tagus into Portugal. The Spanish troops, now become a mere armed mob, followed, hotly pursued by Marshal Victor, who captured the British hospitals, unavoidably left for a brief space under Cuesta's charge. General Craufurd's brigade was sixty-two miles distant from Talavera when he first heard of the imminence of the unequal fight. He instantly put his troops in motion, marched without rest towards the scene of action, his own and his soldiers' impatience but stimulated by meeting scores of runaways from the first day's fight—not all of them Spaniards, nor private soldiers—who asserted that the British were beaten and in full retreat. Craufurd crossed the field of battle on the evening of the victory, having brought his men in heavy marching-order sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours, and this, too, in the July of a Spanish summer. That ground had been traversed a short time before his arrival by a far deadlier enemy than the French. The tall dry grass had by some accident caught fire, and hundreds of wounded soldiers thickly scattered over the field of death perished miserably in the flames. For this battle, and the passage of the Douro, the British general was on the 26th of the following August created a peer of England by the title of Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington. He also received the thanks of parliament for Talavera, a battle in which he had unquestionably displayed consummate mastery in the art of handling troops in the face of an enemy, and abundant resources in moments of perilous emergency. On the 10th of February 1810, the Commons voted Lord Wellington a pension of £2000 a year, with succession for two generations.

Determined never again to trust to the co-operation of Spanish generals or armies, Lord Wellington now anxiously directed his attention to the best mode of effectually defending Portugal by the British army, aided by the Portuguese regiments which were being disciplined, organised, and officered under the direction of General Beresford, created for that purpose a marshal in the Portuguese service. His meditations resulted in the conception of the celebrated lines of Torres-Vedras, which were at once commenced, but without the slightest ostentation or hint of the purpose to which they were destined.

In the spring of 1810 Marshal Massena, 'the spoiled child of victory,' as he was designated by Napoleon, was appointed to the as yet baffled task of driving, with Ney's assistance, the English Leopards into the sea; but the renowned commander quickly found that Dame Fortune has frowns as well as favours for the most indulged of her children. Massena crowed loudly, assuring the French Emperor that he was certain of success, and the aspect of affairs appeared to justify his vaunting arrogance. The French army

destined to operate against Wellington had been increased to 90,000 men, chiefly veteran soldiers, to whom the English general could not oppose more than 40,000 British troops, the remainder of his army being composed of the as yet untried Portuguese regiments. The thousands of gallant men sent to perish in the pestilential marshes of the low countries might indeed have more than restored the balance; but they died uselessly, victims of the presumptuous ignorance of such men as Perceval and Canning, who, unwarned by failure, *would* persist in directing the military operations of Great Britain. Massena opened the campaign with great spirit, and advanced with elate step towards Lord Wellington, who, having concentrated his force, slowly retired, to give time to the Portuguese people to retire, as he commanded, with all the provisions and property they could take with them to Lisbon, after destroying and laying waste that which could *not* be carried off.

These orders were in general cheerfully obeyed. His plan of defence, as yet not guessed at by the French marshal, worked efficiently: and in order to give a hopeful tone to the mind of a nation whom imperious necessity compelled to submit to such terrible sacrifices, as well as to check the exulting tide of French impetuosity, he halted and offered battle at Busaco. He was unhesitatingly attacked, Ney leading one of the divisions—all of which were defeated, and hurled back with heavy loss and discomfiture. Not the slightest impression could be made by 'the spoiled child of victory;' and after waiting in position a sufficient time to enable Massena to renew the attack, if he had so willed, Wellington, in pursuance of his settled purpose, leisurely withdrew to the lines of Torres-Vedras, which he reached and occupied on the 10th of October. The French marshal, with confidence restored by this retrograde movement, eagerly followed through a wasted country an enemy whom he fondly imagined was retreating to the shelter of his ships. On the 12th Massena arrived in front of the lines and looked at them. He did no more, remaining in a state of stupor and inaction till the 16th of November, when no food of any kind, not even pulse or horse-flesh, being any longer attainable, his suffering, demoralised army retreated, pursued by Wellington, who had been reinforced seaward, and the enemy were ultimately driven out of Portugal.

In 1811 Lord Wellington received the thanks of the British crown and parliament for the liberation of Portugal. We have no space to recount the incidents of the battles of Fuentes d'Onor on the 3d and 5th of May, wherein victory, as was her wont, rested with the British general; nor those of the terrific fight at Albuera, in which the desperate bravery and hardihood of the rifle-brigade, under the direction of Captain, now Lord Hardinge, retrieved a battle perilled by the hesitation or incapacity of Marshal Beresford; and the dashing enterprise of General Hill at Arroyo de Molinos—where that gallant officer surprised Girard, dispersed his force, captured all his cannon, and 1700 cavalry of the Imperial Guard—must be passed over. 'The spoiled child of victory' had been recalled, and his place filled by Marshal Marmont, who was ordered to finish with the British general at any sacrifice; and that he might do so, the army placed under his orders was powerfully reinforced by numerous battalions of the Imperial Guard.

Marmont very speedily concentrated between 60,000 and 70,000

admirable soldiers, who, confident of victory, marched exultingly to battle. The first rencontre of Marmont's troops with the British was in a slight affair, as far as numbers were concerned, at El-Bodon, and remarkable only for the proof it afforded of the impossibility of overthrowing a valiant, well-disciplined infantry, by charges of cavalry, however brave, numerous, and determined may be the horsemen.

When this combat occurred, the British general, now Earl of Wellington, was making a retrograde movement for the purpose of uniting his somewhat widely-sundered army. He himself took post at Guinaldo; Craufurd, who with the light division was about sixteen miles distant, was ordered to join him there immediately; the left of the army under Graham was ten miles off; and the 5th division was at Parfo, in the mountains, twelve miles distant. In this situation of the army, Craufurd's disobedience or neglect of orders, but for the iron nerve of the British general, would have lost the light division. Instead of marching without pause upon Guinaldo, he halted for the day, after accomplishing about four miles only. This gave time for the concentration of Marmont's imposing force, consisting, as we have before stated, of nearly 70,000 excellent soldiers, in front of the position occupied by the Earl of Wellington at Guinaldo, with not more than 14,000 men! To leave the post without waiting for the light division was to abandon the latter to certain destruction or capture; and during that evening and night, and the next day till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the light division was out of danger, the British general held the position at Guinaldo so confidently that Marmont firmly believed himself to be in front of Wellington's entire army; and whilst meditating the best mode of attack, displayed his splendid troops by a grand parade in the plains below. The apparent coolness of Wellington, upon whose impassive countenance, as he looked upon the brilliant show beneath, only a grim smile was seen occasionally to pass, excited the wonder of his staff, all of whom were of course aware of the extreme peril of the situation. At last an officer galloped up to announce the safe arrival of the light division, when a long-drawn, heavy breath, and a broken exclamation of joy, which escaped the British general, shewed how keen had been the anxiety concealed beneath the marble exterior. The troops were instantly withdrawn, and an able concentric movement united the army on the following day.

The astonishment of Marmont on becoming aware of what had occurred was extreme, and his pre-occupation for several hours afterwards was remarked by all who approached him. During a conversation with the officers of his staff, one of them happened to speak of Napoleon's brilliant star. 'And this Wellington,' said Marmont, looking suddenly up and speaking with vivacity, 'his star is brilliant too.' The remark was a prophetic one, as the French marshal before many days had passed learned to his cost.

We now come to the astonishing winter-campaign of 1812, but even that we may but briefly dwell upon. And here a statement must be made that will greatly surprise those readers who remember what enormous subsidies were squandered during the war by successive English ministries upon inefficient foreign armies. Lord Wellington, whose victories were the sole aliment of hope to the struggling peoples of the continent, was, spite of the most urgent, almost pathetic entreaties,

kept nearly penniless for weeks and months together. At the close of the year 1811, he was involved in enormous debt, contracted for the supply of his troops; and after all he could raise by way of credit, the pay of the army was more than three months in arrear, and that of the muleteers eight months! Half and quarter rations were frequently served out, and more than once the soldiers were without bread for three days together. An official personage wrote as follows to the harassed general: 'I have clamoured for money—money—money for you in every office, and everywhere with no effect. Our great men (Messrs Perceval and Canning) seem just now more occupied with the O. P. playhouse riots than with your necessities.' The clothing, too, of the British troops had become so patched and variegated, that a regiment could scarcely be distinguished by its uniform; and yet these scantily-fed and barely-clad troops had withal become terribly efficient in the field—rough, stubborn soldiers, who would hesitate at no odds however great, shrink from no danger however imminent and terrible; would, in fact, in their general's words, 'go anywhere and do anything.' Lord Wellington was extremely anxious to strike a great blow, if it could be done with any chance of success, not only to gratify the British people—who little imagined how miserably, since the Marquis of Wellesley had ceased to influence the British councils, their gallant army and favourite general were starved and stinted—but to fan the rising flame of resistance, once more beginning to shew itself in the east and north of Europe. In order to do this, it was necessary to make even his needs subservient to his audacious purpose. There were two French armies at no great distance: one under Marmont; the other commanded by Soult in Andalusia. These armies remained separate, from the clear impossibility of both finding subsistence in one locality. The French marshals were informed by their numerous spies of the destitution in many important respects of their great antagonist, and he determined they should continue to believe him to be in every way helplessly crippled. His object was to storm the two strong and important Spanish fortresses, both garrisoned by choice French troops, of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and so conceal and time his enterprise that neither Soult nor Marmont should be able to afford either of the garrisons any effectual relief or assistance. To effect this the closest secrecy as to his purpose was of course absolutely necessary. Hitherto his intentions, if intrusted to subordinate officers, or communicated to ministers, always by some means or other found their way into the English newspapers, translations of which were made in Paris and transmitted to the French commanders. He determined this time to put the ubiquitous journals on a wrong scent, and succeeded admirably. General Quartermaster Murray, requesting leave of absence, was granted it immediately, 'as nothing could be done till the spring.' This was repeated by General Murray on his arrival in England, and extracts from the London newspapers in due time certified the fact to the anxious French marshals. Even the chief engineers of the army only guessed that a siege or the semblance of a siege was contemplated. He hit upon a still more effectual mode of deceiving the French generals. A splendid iron battering-train had arrived at Lisbon from England. Wellington had it reshipped with some ostentation for Cadiz, causing it to be met at sea by vessels of light draught, into which the cannon were shifted,

and conveyed first to Oporto and then in boats to Lamego, whilst the ships went on to Cadiz. At length, his preparations thoroughly complete, and his project unguessed even by his own soldiers, he suddenly put the army in motion, reached, battered, and stormed Ciudad Rodrigo. Its fall on the 16th of January 1812 came like a thunderbolt upon the French marshals, who did not at first credit the intelligence. There was, however, no help for it; and as their spies informed them that Wellington was returning to his old quarters, after a little idle bustle, they gradually settled into quietude again. The thunder of the English cannon, directed against the crumbling walls of Badajos, awoke them a second time from their dream of security; but before any effectual combination could be concerted, that fortress too had fallen. It was stormed on the night of the 6th of April, at a sacrifice of life so frightful as to overcome for a moment the iron sternness of the British general, who, at the sight of the thousands of his gallant veterans that had fallen before an entrance could be won, burst into tears. Philippon, the commandant of Badajos, preserved Soult from a worse disaster than had yet befallen him, by conveying to him timely intelligence of the fall of that fortress. The Duke of Dalmatia was marching to Philippon's assistance when the messenger reached him, and he had just time to retrace his steps, and escape the signal overthrow that General Hill, who had been lying in wait for his advance, would unquestionably have inflicted upon him, seconded as he would now have been by the whole of the disengaged army.

In the beginning of July the opposing armies once more gradually approached each other near Salamanca. A contest of manœuvres took place on the Tormes, in which neither side for some time gained any advantage. At length Lord Wellington, becoming utterly destitute of the means of keeping the field, reluctantly determined on retiring by the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, and dispositions with that view were made. His inability to prosecute the campaign arose entirely from the supineness of the English ministry, who had failed to afford him the necessary supplies. 'I have never,' he wrote at the time, 'been in such distress as at present, and some serious misfortune must happen if the government does not attend to the subject, and supply us regularly with money.' Marmont divined the intention of the British commander, and on the 22d of July hazarded a move which, had a less skilful player been opposed to him, might have been successful, but attempted against Wellington it turned out to be a disastrous blunder, ruinous alike to the French army and the marshal's own reputation. He despatched Thomière's *corps d'armée* with fifty guns by a circuitous route to turn the left of the British army, and thus prevent its retreat by Ciudad Rodrigo. Owing to the nature of the ground, this movement was not observed by the English officers till about two hours after it had commenced. It was of course immediately communicated to Lord Wellington, who saw at a glance its full significance. He sprang to his feet so eagerly that he overturned the table at which he had been sitting, and exclaimed with irrepressible exultation: 'If that be so, Marmont's good-fortune has for once deserted him.' It was quite true. Thomière's *corps d'armée*, extending two or three miles in length, was hopelessly sundered from the main body of Marmont's troops. The blunder was an enormous one, and the British general

quickly rendered it irreparable. Staff-officers went off at a gallop in every direction; the infantry stood to their arms; the cavalry vaulted to their saddles; the artillery unlimbered; and Marmont's weakened army was instantly attacked in overwhelming force. The French marshal saw his error, and officer after officer was despatched to command the return of Thomière. They never reached him. As the head of Thomière's leading column emerged upon the Ciudad Rodrigo road, where they expected to find the British in full retreat, Pakenham fell like a thunderbolt upon his rear, and rolled up the long, straggling line with hideous slaughter, to which no effectual resistance could be opposed. Marmont's heart died within him at the sight. Brave as steel, however, as most French soldiers are, he struggled desperately to maintain the combat, but the explosion of a shell grievously wounding him, he was carried out of the battle. Clausel succeeded to the command, but the fortune of the day could not be changed. The French army was utterly defeated, and driven off the field, with the loss of its artillery, several thousand prisoners, and a vast number of slain and wounded men. General Foy, who exerted himself zealously to protect the retreat, writing of Salamanca, said: 'It was a battle in which forty thousand men were beaten in forty minutes.' The news of Marmont's signal defeat reached the French Emperor just as he had crossed the Borodino, and must have fallen as a dread and evil omen upon that superstitious votary and child of destiny. Salamanca was by far the completest victory yet gained by the British general over the French armies, and was always that upon which he chiefly prided himself. 'I saw him,' remarks the historian, General Napier—'I saw him late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry shewed how well the field was won: he was alone. The flush of victory was upon his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. With a prescient pride he seemed to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things to come.' The valour and enthusiasm displayed by all ranks of the victorious army on this occasion historians speak of as remarkable; and one of the weaker and better sex exhibited a heroic disregard of danger that would not have shamed the bravest soldier there. 'The wife of Colonel Dalbiac,' says the author we have just quoted, 'a delicate and timid English lady, rode deep into the fire, actuated by a fear stronger than that of death.' A daughter of this lady is, we believe, the present Duchess of Roxburghe.

On the 12th of August following, Wellington made his triumphant entry into Madrid amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and was immediately afterwards appointed generalissimo of the Spanish armies. On the 18th of the same month he was created Marquis of Wellington by the Prince-Regent of England.

The next great incidents of the war were the unsuccessful attack upon the fortress of Burgos, numerously garrisoned by French troops commanded by Marshal Clausel, the consequent retreat upon Portugal, and the evacuation of Madrid.

In the beginning of 1813, the Marquis of Wellington, upon whom the colonelcy of the royal regiment of Horseguards had been previously conferred, was created a Knight of the Garter. He visited Cadiz, and sailed thence to Lisbon, where he was received by the population with great

enthusiasm. Hope of permanent deliverance had revived in the hearts of the people. The news of the disastrous issue of Napoleon's Russian campaign had been published, and everywhere a determination to press the French armies vigorously was manifested. The Marquis of Wellington's army advanced rapidly through Spain, King Joseph and his marshals retiring to concentrate their forces near Vittoria, where, on the 21st June 1813, they accepted battle, and the total irremediable rout of the French army was the result. That army lost their cannon, stores, a vast number of killed, wounded, and prisoners, and the intrusive monarch his carriages, treasure, and baggage, glad doubtless to escape with life from his imaginary kingdom. Marshal Jourdan, in the hurry of his flight, left his truncheon behind him a trophy for the victors, which on 3d of July the Gazette announced had been conferred by the Prince-Regent upon Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington. Honours and rewards were thickly showered about this time upon the triumphant British general. One hundred thousand pounds for the purchase of an estate had been voted him by the English parliament, and he was now created by the Spanish authorities Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo, and a grandee of Spain of the first class. The estate of Soto de Roma, of which the unhappily celebrated Prince of Peace had been despoiled, was bestowed upon him by the Cadiz Cortes, 'in testimony of the gratitude of the Spanish nation.' He accepted the gift, but the proceeds of the estate were devoted during the war to the public service.

These honours, gifts, and compliments were, so far as the Cortes and ruling powers of Spain were concerned, mere veils to hide from the world their envy and dislike both of the English nation and their general. All fear of the French having passed away, the instinctive Spanish aversion to foreigners seized anew upon the soldiers and people, to whom, it galled their pride to be compelled to confess, they were mainly indebted for the recovery of their national independence. They did not want plausible excuses either for their enmity towards the British army. The horrors enacted at St Sebastian by some of the furious soldiers—who, during five hours of dreadful battle at the breach, had seen nearly 3000 men struck down around them by the fierce destruction vomited forth from the at last captured town—were published with many exaggerations by the municipality of the ill-fated city, and created naturally a strong sensation throughout Spain. The town, it was well known, had been fired by the French garrison as they retired through it to the citadel; but the fact was purposely concealed, and every horror of the fearful time—flame, robbery, murder—were attributed, not alone to the infuriated ruffians who had perpetrated the outrages, but to the entire soldiery: a gross injustice, the mass of the troops, as well as the officers who risked their lives, and in two instances lost them, to calm the dreadful tumult, being as indignant at the excesses committed as the Spaniards themselves could be. Two-thirds of the officers of the storming force were unfortunately killed or hurt, and it was for some hours impossible to maintain or restore discipline. Lord Wellington was not present on the day of the successful assault, although he had intended to be so, when, angered by the former failure of the 5th division, he issued his requisition, demanding fifteen volunteers from each of the regiments composing the 1st, 4th, and light divisions—'men who could shew other troops how to mount a breach'—an appeal answered by

750 gallant men, who nearly all perished. Sir Thomas Graham (Lord Lynedoch) commanded, but the day after the assault Wellington arrived: some severe examples were made, and order was restored with a rigorous, unsparing hand. These calumnies on the army appear to have irritated the British general much more than the numerous libels directed personally against himself. Amongst other things he was accused of plotting to get himself made king of Spain by the nobles, and some of the grandees thought it worth while to publish a solemn contradiction of the rumour. The quarrel became at last so envenomed, that when about to enter France he fully expected a civil war to break out upon his communications, and wrote home that if he were the government the army should not remain in the country another hour. Happily these disputes were checked before they could break out into open violence: the mass of the population, the soldiers, and regimental officers had no confidence but in his leadership; the turbulent spirits of the Cortes were overawed, and decorum, if not content, was re-established.

The French Emperor sent Soult from Germany, with full powers as his lieutenant to take the command of all the French troops in Spain, in order if possible to arrest the conquering march of Wellington upon France. This task Soult gallantly, if vainly, attempted. But the hour of defeat had struck. Step by step all intervening obstacles, whether of man or nature, were pushed aside or overleaped, and in November 1813 the standards that three years before had floated over the last dike at Torres-Vedras, which withstood the irruptive torrent of the Imperial armies, now waved in retributive triumph over the vainly-imagined 'sacred soil' from whence the armed invasion had come forth. We need not further dwell upon the incidents of a struggle, terminated by the bitter fight before Toulouse, that, during six years, had desolated the Peninsula. Enough has been written to shew how terrible was the strife, and how great and constant were the skill and courage ultimately crowned with victory.

The peace of 1814 terminated the war, it was hoped permanently, and the British troops returned home. Their renowned commander was created, on the 3d of May of that year, Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington; and in June £400,000, making, with the previous grant of £100,000, half a million of money, was awarded him by the House of Commons. On the 28th of the same month the Duke took his seat in the House of Peers, and subscribed the parliamentary-roll, the patents of all his titles having been first read by the officer of the House.

The Duke of Wellington was at the Congress of Kings in Vienna when the news of Bonaparte's return from Elba startled the world from its transient dream of peace, and speedily afterwards we find him in Belgium, to use his own expression, at the head—with the exception of his old soldiers who had fought in Spain—'of the m r in the world.' The British troops with the D a exceed 35,000 men, the rest of the a g composed of troops be the 70,000 men led by fiery ordeal of the unquestionable bra

conscripts—to say that the struggle would have been nothing like so long and obstinate as it proved.

The events of the 16th and 18th of June 1815 are too familiar to every reader in the British Empire to need recapitulation here. There is, however, one circumstance in connection with them, with respect to which delusion still extensively prevails, chiefly perhaps because some of Lord Byron's best verses chronicle the fiction: we mean those relative to the way in which the Duke of Wellington and his officers are represented as being suddenly startled by the sound of cannon whilst dancing—unconscious of the approach of danger—at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the night of the 15th, at Brussels. They commence thus—

'There was a sound of revelry by night;'

and presently we are told that, amidst the voluptuous swell of music the sudden booming of the French artillery arrested the flying feet of the dancers, paled the cheeks of the fair dames, and pressed innumerable sighs from out young hearts. Nothing can be prettier, only there is not a particle of truth in the story. It would have been odd if there were, the French attack on the Prussians at Charleroi commencing in the morning and closing before dark: the echoes of the 'opening roar' of the guns must have taken an immense time on the road only to reach Brussels at midnight. But the truth is, that long before a ball-candle was lighted, or a ball-dress fitted on, every officer and man in the army knew of the attack of the French on the Sambre, and had received orders from the quarter-master to be in readiness to march at daybreak. The last order issued by the Duke of Wellington on the evening of the ball was dated 'à Bruxelles, ce 15 Juin, 9½ P.M.,' and directs the Duc de Berri to send what force he had to Alost by daybreak. Brunswick's 'fated chieftain' had, before going to the 'surprise'-ball, directed his corps, by order of the British field-marshal, to assemble and bivouac on the high-road between Brussels and Bivorde, in readiness for the march at dawn. Provided the invited officers had made the necessary preparations for departure, there could be no possible objection to their attending the ball for a few hours—the reverse rather; for men do not now, any more than in the days of paladins and tournaments, fight the less bravely for the actual or recent presence of graceful and beautiful women. The whole story is an invention, not one whit truer than the words ascribed to the Duke of Wellington during the great fight, 'Would that the night or Blucher were come!' And, in truth, spite of all the fables and assumptions of both French and Prussian writers—excusable perhaps under the circumstances—Blucher's army took no effective part in the fight, invaluable as they proved themselves in the pursuit. If this were not so, the Prussian authorities would scarcely have studiously omitted to publish an official list of their killed and wounded in the battle.

The capitulation of Paris, agreed to between Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmul, acting on behalf of the provisional government, at the head of which was Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, and Wellington and Blucher, was signed on the 3d of July 1815, and the French army occupying Paris retired beyond the Loire.

Two days after the Convention was signed, Marshal Ney, who, on being intrusted by Louis XVIII. with the command of a body of troops to arrest